# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 197, Number 17

OCT. 25, 1924

5cts.

Isaac F. Marcosson—Sophie Kerr—P. G. Wodehouse—James Hopper
Richard Connell—Thomas McMorrow—Forrest Crissey—Sewell Ford

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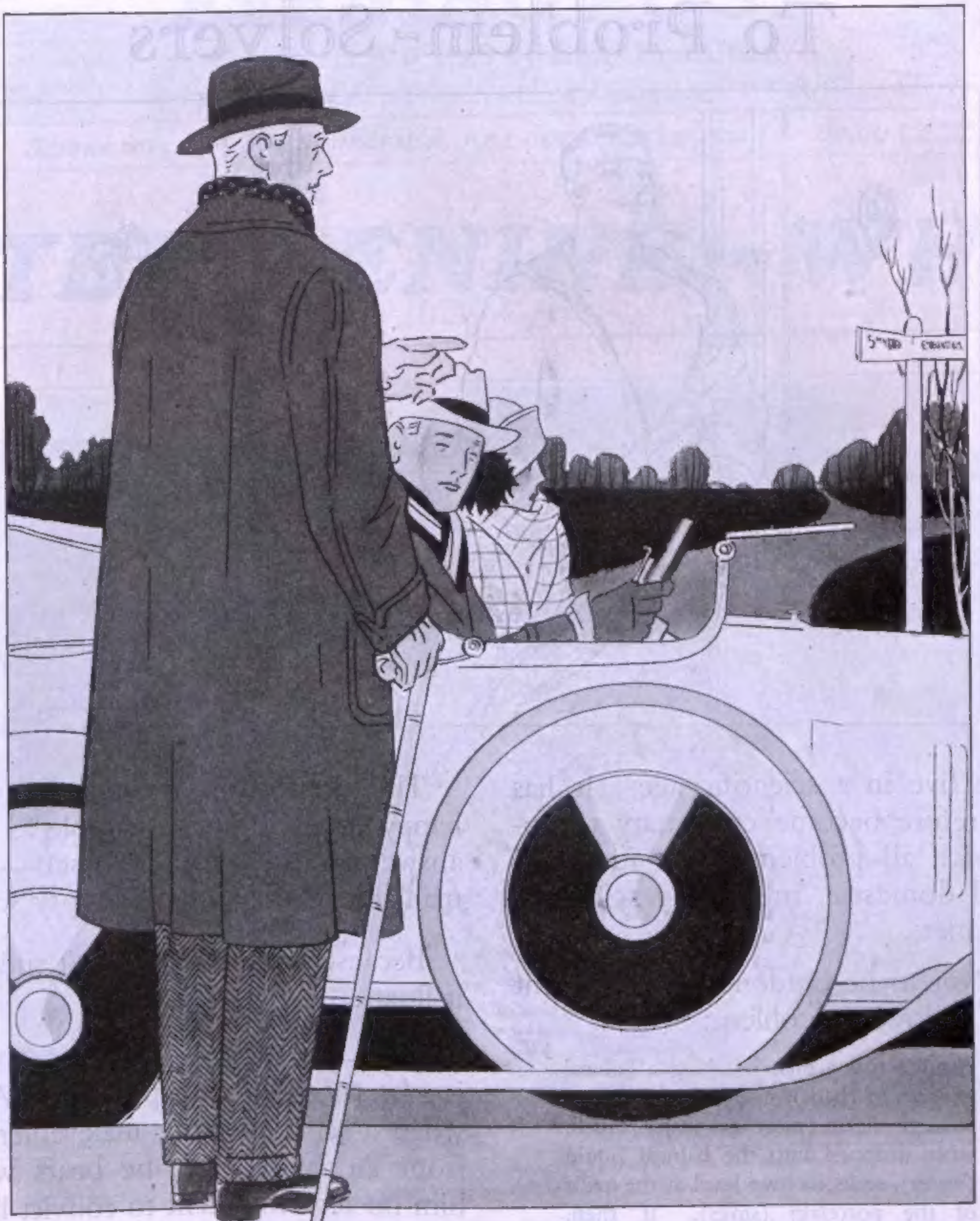

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 25, 1924 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 17

# AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

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*Some of the Real Rulers of Russia. From Left to Right: Kalinin, Rykoff (in Rear), Bukharin, Zinoviev, Tomsky, Kamenev*

## By Isaac F. Marcosson

UNDER the ancient walls of the Kremlin in the Red Square at Moscow stands a flat brown terraced structure that looks more Egyptian than Slav. Red Guards stand sentinel all around and reverent pilgrims pass in and out. This glorified wooden box is to Soviet Russia what Mohammed's tomb is to the world of Islam. It shelters a glass casket that rests on a crimson velvet bier, and in that coffin lies the body of Nikolai Lenine. In death as in life, he works for the cause with which his name is inseparably linked.

Two details of that mute but weirdly spectacular exhibit are peculiarly revealing in the light—or rather the plight—of present-day Russia. Such is the miracle achieved by the embalmers that there is a trace of a smile on the sardonic face of the departed apostle of Bolshevism. It seems to perpetuate the jest he made of life, and to crystallize his mockery of mankind—a permanent laugh, as it were, on the people to whom he left a heritage of moral decay and economic confusion.

More significant is the second feature. The dead man's hands rest lightly on his chest and the right is clenched. Nothing could be more fitting, because figuratively Lenine still holds Russia in his grasp. "Living, he was the land," and dead, his will prevails. From that drab temporary tomb in the heart of the Soviet capital issues the silent command that keeps the fettered millions to the course of their tragic destiny.

This destiny, or rather the sinister force that continues to shape it, is a vital concern to a considerable portion of the civilized world. With Germany set for stabilization under the ægis of the Dawes Plan, with the Balkans doped into something like temporary amity, with Turkey absorbed in the unfolding of the marvel of a democratic régime, the one remaining factor to disturb the political equanimity of Europe is Russia. Her crimson still jars the international color scheme. Hers is the discordant note in what might almost be the miracle of a concert of powers because, for the first time since the Armistice, Europe is showing signs of sanity.

That Russia continues diseased—and the most superficial investigation will reveal the symptoms—means that the infection might spread, although a growing sophistication on the one hand and a shrinkage of the sinews of war on the other have helped to offset Soviet propaganda to a considerable extent. Yet in the face of Teutonic rebuff, the failure to sovietize England, to say nothing of the departed dream of red terror in Hungary and Austria, the Bolsheviks cling to the myth of a world revolution. Hence their potentialities for discord on the Continent are not to be dismissed as a destructive gesture.

Geographically Russia occupies a peculiar position as trouble source. Leningrad—the Petrograd of other and happier days—is the window into Europe that Peter the Great intended her to be when he reared a great capital on the marshes of the Neva. Though the panes of that window are pretty well smashed its strategic strength is unimpaired.

Far more significant is the red spread to the east, where a new hunting ground has been marked out amid the growing liberalism of Japan and the well-nigh incredible political chaos of China. Here are the makings of a new Far Eastern bloc not altogether dripping with fraternity for the Anglo-Saxon race and particularly the American portion of it. The potentialities for unrest that lurk in this liaison, as well as in the persistent Bolshevik penetration of India and Egypt, are obvious.

But these are only a few of the reasons why the Russia of today looms so big in the international eye, and why, to a greater degree perhaps than has obtained since that fateful overthrow of November, 1917, she is a fruitful subject for analysis. Two events have brought about the situation by which the Soviet institution as originally projected will stand or fall. This does not mean that there is any question of the tenure

of Bolshevism. Its red roots are deep into the earth and it will require a stronger hand than any that exists in Russia, or for that matter outside her confines, to tear them out. No man can study the Slav domain today without realizing how futile is any hope of White succession. Whatever changes impend during the next few years can only affect the degree of communism that will prevail.

The first of the events so pregnant in aftermath was the inauguration of the so-called new economic policy in 1921, when Lenine, with a Rooseveltian divination of what the people wanted, ordered the historic retreat from Bolshevism as the last desperate effort to stave off economic chaos. His ear was to the ground and he heard the mighty rumble of dissatisfaction from the peasant horde which constitutes 85 per cent of the Russian population. If Russia is ever to go back to anything like a normal government again it will be because, through education, the peasant will rise in his might. The new economic policy, essentially a concession to the peasant, who is a hereditary capitalist in a small way, meant a return to some degree of capitalism, and temporarily prevented disaster. I say temporarily because perhaps the most outstanding fact in Russia today is the brutal offensive being waged against the very process of private trade that saved the nation from ruin. This, however, is a later and much longer story.

*An Autographed Photo of A. I. Rykoff, Successor to Lenine as Premier of Soviet Russia*

The second event was the death of Lenine early in January of this year. It not only inspired the most astounding demonstration of grief that these last few decades have known, but loosed a struggle for power among his heirs that is bound to affect the Russian future and with it the political status of a considerable portion of Asia. Lenine's broad conception of expediency as expressed in the new economic policy is not shared by what might be called the left left wing of the Communist Party, which is waging the warfare against the denatured capitalism still struggling for existence.

### *The Price of the Experiment*

IS RUSSIA drifting back to undiluted communism or is she consolidating her energies for a real economic advance? How has the new capitalism fared? What, if any, is the opportunity for outside business to participate in the development of one of the greatest world reservoirs of natural resources? Who are the successors to that remarkable man about whose very clay passion and publicity still beat? In short, after Lenine—what?

These are some of the questions that clamor for reply amid the din and dust—there is plenty of the latter—of a Russia in transition. That the business of revolution is at an end—for a long time, at least—there is no doubt. Hence these next months must witness an evolution that will mean a reversal to a more or less self-contained state socialism or a still wider swing from it than Lenine ever dreamed about when he startled his followers with the near economic freedom promulgated in 1921.

Whatever her fate, the important fact is that at the moment Russia, whose domain constitutes one-seventh of the surface of the earth, continues to be the vast laboratory in which the lives, fortunes and traditions of 130,000,000 people—one-twelfth of the human race—are the elements. They—that is, the great mass of the people—are paying the price, and will continue to pay the overhead for the most stupendous economic and political experiment in all history. And it is still an experiment.

I went to Russia to ascertain the status of this supertest of faith and folly. My particular objective, as usual, was the economic situation. In the stronghold of Bolshevism, however, the economic is likewise the political. Nor is this unholy alliance the now familiar and costly European spectacle of a great economic problem, such as reparations, capitalized for vote-getting purposes. Poincaré made the Ruhr a personal issue, but behind that issue was a sane, coördinated and normally functioning republic. In Russia the state is the economic structure, and vice versa. Thus you cannot discuss Soviet economics, such as they are, without dealing with their astounding political ramifications as well.

Going to Russia has ceased to be the farewell-to-family-and-friends affair that it was in the earlier Soviet day. There is no physical hazard for the visiting alien who attends strictly to business and maintains a discreet tongue. The exceptions have mainly been those who asked for what they got. Some sought incarceration for publicity purposes, and others even imagined that they had received death sentences. Once you are in Russia—the principal job is to get a visa to enter—you are absolutely safe.

### *Departed Gayety*

DESPITE this physical safety a curious and indefinable oppression is in the air and weighs like a pall. Nor is it the result, so far as my personal experience was concerned, of any tangible espionage or definite interference. Of course the Bolsheviks knew everything that I was doing and saying, but they carefully camouflaged their tracks.

This sense of oppression is first of all the inevitable result of the system which puts everybody under suspicion. It is only the primary cause. Another is the state of sodden drabness into which Russia has fallen. Except for the omnipresent red in the flags and garments, there is an utter lack of color. Gayety has perished. You seldom hear a laugh. The joyousness seems to have gone out of life. In a word, Russia has become a vast slum, and even to be a vicarious part of it is to become impregnated with the deadening mediocrity which is the keynote of all existence.

In the course of my work I have been through wars and the no less devastating horrors of peace. I have mingled with primitive savages in the heart of Africa and been in uncomfortable corners in various parts of the world. Through all these years of tumult and travel I have never experienced such blessed relief as exalted me the moment I passed outside the confines of Soviet Russia. I felt like embracing the not particularly prepossessing Latvian soldier that stood just inside the frontiers of his country.

I intrude this personal episode for what it is worth and with no desire to indict the rule which creates the atmosphere I have just described. I am constrained, however, to make this comment. If I, as a perfectly free agent, had this sensation, what of those millions who are subject to every whim and caprice of the Bolshevik Government? Whatever resentment toward the existing régime that even the most dispassionate investigation inspires, is more than matched by an immense pity for the innocent victims of it. It all grows out of the astounding state of affairs—you shall presently see it in detail—which permits a small autocracy to impose its ruthless will upon a vast populace. The Red Russian steam roller goes roughshod. It has achieved a dictatorship not of, but over, the proletariat.

Such previous convictions as I might have had about Bolshevism were parked outside when I went in. In analyzing Russia it is not a question of being pro or anti Bolshevik. Rather is it a matter of simple presentation of facts which speak for themselves. Whatever the Bolsheviks have done or left undone—omission is not one of their cardinal virtues—they gave me a free hand. I have no provocation for reprisal and would make none even if

(Continued on Page 68)

*The Red Square in Moscow. Manifestation of the Delegates to the All-Russian Conference of the Workers of People's Education in Front of the Mausoleum That Shelters Lenine's Body*

# JANE GETS OFF THE FAIRWAY

## By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE side door leading into the smoking room opened and the golf club's popular and energetic secretary came trotting down the steps onto the terrace above the ninth green. As he reached the gravel a wandering puff of wind blew the door to with a sharp report, and the oldest member, who had been dozing in a chair over his Wodehouse on the Niblick, unclosed his eyes, blinking in the strong light. He perceived the secretary skimming to and fro like a questing dog.

"You have lost something?" he inquired courteously.

"Yes, a book. I wish," said the secretary, annoyed, "that people would leave things alone. You haven't seen a novel called The Man with the Missing Eyeball anywhere about, have you? I'll swear I left it on one of these seats when I went in to lunch."

"You are better without it," said the sage with a touch of austerity. "I do not approve of these trashy works of fiction. How much more profitably would your time be spent in mastering the contents of such a volume as I hold in my hand. This is the real literature."

The secretary drew nearer, peering discontentedly about him; and, as he approached, the oldest member sniffed inquiringly.

"What," he said, "is that odor of—— Ah, I see that you are wearing them in your buttonhole. White violets," he murmured. "White violets. Dear me!"

The secretary smirked.

"A girl gave them to me," he said coyly. "Nice, aren't they?"

He squinted down complacently at the flowers, thus missing a sudden sinister gleam in the oldest member's eye—a gleam which, had he been on his guard, would have sent him scudding over the horizon, for it was the gleam which told that the sage had been reminded of a story.

"White violets," said the oldest member in a meditative voice. "A curious coincidence that you should be wearing white violets and looking for a work of fiction. The combination brings irresistibly to my mind——"

Realizing his peril too late, the secretary started violently. A gentle hand urged him into the adjoining chair.

"—— the story," proceeded the oldest member, "of William Bates, Jane Packard and Rodney Spelvin."

The secretary drew a deep breath of relief and the careworn look left his face.

"It's all right," he said briskly. "You told me that one only the other day. I remember every word of it. Jane Packard got engaged to Rodney Spelvin, the poet, but her better feelings prevailed in time and she broke it off and married Bates, who was a golfer. I recall the whole thing distinctly. This man Bates was an unromantic sort of chap, but he loved Jane Packard devotedly. Bless my soul, how it all comes back to me! No need to tell it to me at all."

"What I am about to relate now," said the sage, tightening his grip on the other's coat sleeve, "is another story about William Bates, Jane Packard and Rodney Spelvin."

In as much, said the oldest member, as you have not forgotten the events leading up to the marriage of William Bates and Jane Packard, I will not repeat them. All I need say is that that curious spasm of romantic sentiment which had caused Jane to fall temporarily under the spell of a man who was not only a poet but actually a nongolfer appeared to have passed completely away, leaving no trace behind. From the day she broke off her engagement to Spelvin and plighted her troth to young Bates, nothing could have been more eminently sane and satisfactory than her behavior. She seemed entirely her old self once more. Two hours after William had led her down the aisle she and he were out on the links, playing off the final of the Mixed Foursomes, which—and we all thought it the best of omens for their married happiness—they won hands down. A deputation of all that was best and fairest in the village then escorted them to the station to see them off on their honeymoon, which was to be spent in a series of visits to well-known courses throughout the country.

"Let Mother Show You How to Hold That Mashie"

Before the train left, I took William aside for a moment. I had known both him and Jane since childhood, and the success of their union was very near my heart.

"William," I said, "a word with you."

"Make it snappy," said William.

"You have learned by this time," I said, "that there is a strong romantic streak in Jane. It may not appear on the surface, but it is there. And this romantic streak will cause her, like so many wives, to attach an exaggerated importance to what may seem to you trivial things. She will expect from her husband not only love and a constant tender solicitude——"

"Speed it up," urged William.

"What I am trying to say is that, after the habit of wives, she will expect you to remember each year the anniversary of your wedding day, and will be madder than a wet hen if you forget it."

"That's all right. I thought of that myself."

"It is not all right," I insisted. "Unless you take the most earnest precautions, you are absolutely certain to forget. A year from now you will come down to breakfast, and Jane will say to you 'Do you know what day it is today?' and you will answer 'Tuesday,' and reach for the ham and eggs, thus inflicting on her gentle heart a wound from which it will not readily recover."

"Nothing like it," said William with extraordinary confidence. "I've got a system calculated to beat the game every time. You know how fond Jane is of white violets?"

"Is she?"

"She loves 'em. The bloke Spelvin used to give her a bunch every day. That's how I got the idea. Nothing like learning the shots from your opponent. I've arranged with a florist that a bunch of white violets is to be shipped to Jane every year on this day. I paid five years in advance. I am, therefore, speaking in the most conservative spirit, on velvet. Even if I forget the day, the violets will be there to remind me. I've looked at it from every angle and I don't see how it can fail. Tell me frankly, is the scheme a wam or is it not?"

"A most excellent plan," I said, relieved. And the next moment the train came in. I left the station with my mind at rest. It seemed to me that the only possible obstacle to the complete felicity of the young couple had been removed.

Jane and William returned in due season from their honeymoon and settled down to the normal life of a healthy young couple. Each day they did their round in the morning and their two rounds in the afternoon, and after dinner they would sit hand in hand in the peaceful dusk, reminding each other of the best shots they had brought off at the various holes. Jane would describe to William how she got out of the bunker on the fifth, and William would describe to Jane the low raking wind cheater he did on the seventh; and then for a moment they would fall into that blissful silence which only true lovers know, until William, illustrating his remarks with a walking stick, would show Jane how he did that pin splitter with the mashie on the sixteenth. An ideally happy union, one would have said.

But all the while a little cloud was gathering. As the anniversary of their wedding day approached, a fear began to creep into Jane's heart that William was going to forget it. The perfect husband does not wait till the dawning of the actual day to introduce the anniversary motif into his conversation. As long as a week in advance he is apt to say dreamily "About this time a year ago I was getting the old silk hat polished up for the wedding," or "Just about now, a year ago, they sent home the sponge-bag trousers, as worn, and I tried them on in front of the looking-glass."

But William said none of these things. Not even on the night before the all-important date did he make any allusion to it, and it was with a dull feeling of foreboding that Jane came down to breakfast next morning.

She was first at the table and was pouring out the coffee when William entered.

He opened the morning paper and started to peruse its contents in silence. Not a yip did he let out of him to the effect that this was the maddest, merriest day of all the glad new year.

"William," said Jane.

"Hullo?"

"William," said Jane, and her voice trembled a little, "what day is it today?"

William looked at her over the paper, surprised.

"Wednesday, old girl," he replied. "Don't you remember that yesterday was Tuesday? Shocking memory you've got."

He then reached out for the sausages and bacon and resumed his reading.

"Jane," he said suddenly—"Jane, old girl, there's something I want to tell you."

"Yes?" said Jane, her heart beginning to flutter.

"Something important."

"Yes?"

"It's about these sausages. They are the very best," said William earnestly, "that I have ever bitten. Where did you get them?"

"From Brownlow."

"Stick to him," said William.

Jane rose from the table and wandered out into the garden. The sun shone gayly, but for her the day was bleak and cold. That William loved her she did not doubt. But that streak of romance in her demanded something more than mere placid love.

And when she realized that the poor mutt with whom she had linked her lot had forgotten the anniversary of their wedding day first crack out of the box, her woman's heart was so wounded that for two pins she could have beaned him with a brick.

It was while she was still brooding in this hostile fashion that she perceived the postman coming up the garden. She went to meet him and was handed a couple of circulars and a mysterious parcel.

*He Found the Studio Congested With Rodney Spelvin and His Friends, Many of Them Playing Ukuleles*

She broke the string, and behold, a cardboard box containing white violets!

Jane was surprised. Who could be sending her white violets? No message accompanied them. There was no clew whatever to their origin. Even the name of the florist had been omitted.

"Now who ——" mused Jane, and suddenly started as if she had received a blow. Rodney Spelvin! Yes, it must be he. How many a bunch of white violets had he given her in the brief course of their engagement! This was his poetic way of showing her that he had not forgotten. All was over between them, she had handed him his hat and given him the air, but he still remembered.

Jane was a good and dutiful wife. She loved her William and no others need apply. Nevertheless, she was a woman. She looked about her cautiously. There was nobody in sight. She streaked up to her room and put the violets in water. And that night, before she went to bed, she gazed at them for several minutes with eyes that were a little moist. Poor Rodney! He could be nothing to her now, of course, but a dear lost friend; but he had been a good old scout in his day.

It is not my purpose to weary you with repetitious detail in this narrative. I will, therefore, merely state that the next year and the next year and the year after that precisely the same thing took place in the Bates' home. Punctually every September the seventh William placidly forgot, and punctually every September the seventh the sender of the violets remembered. It was about a month after the fifth anniversary, when William had got his handicap down to nine and little Braid Vardon Bates, their only child, had celebrated his fourth birthday, that Rodney Spelvin, who had hitherto confined himself to poetry, broke out in a new place and inflicted upon the citizenry a novel entitled The Purple Fan.

I saw the announcement of the publication in the papers; but beyond a passing resolve that nothing would induce me to read the thing, I thought no more of the matter. It is always thus with life's really significant happenings. Fate sneaks its deadliest wallops in on us with such seeming nonchalance. How could I guess what that book was to do to the married happiness of Jane and William Bates?

In deciding not to read The Purple Fan I had, I was to discover, overestimated my powers of resistance. Rodney Spelvin's novel turned out to be one of those things which it is impossible not to read. Within a week of its appearance it had begun to go through the country like Spanish influenza; and, much as I desired to avoid it, a perusal was forced on me by sheer weight of mass thinking. Every paper that I picked up contained reviews of the book, references to it, letters from the clergy denouncing it; and, when I read that three hundred and sixteen mothers had signed a petition to the authorities to have it suppressed, I was reluctantly compelled to spring the necessary cash and purchase a copy.

I had not expected to enjoy it, and I did not. Written in the neodecadent style which is so popular nowadays, its precocity offended me; and I particularly objected to its heroine, a young woman of a type which, if met in real life, only ingrained chivalry could have prevented a normal man from kicking extremely hard. Having skimmed through it, I gave my copy to the man who came to inspect the drains. If I had any feeling about the thing it was a reflection that, if Rodney Spelvin had had to get a novel out of his system, this was just the sort of novel he was bound to write. I remember experiencing a thankfulness that he had gone so entirely out of Jane's life. How little I knew!

Jane, like every other woman in the village, had bought her copy of The Purple Fan. She read it surreptitiously, keeping it concealed, when not in use, beneath a cushion on the chesterfield. It was not its general tone that caused her to do this, but rather the subconscious feeling that she, a good wife, ought not to be deriving quite so much enjoyment from the work of a man who had occupied for a time such a romantic place in her life. For Jane, unlike myself, adored the book. Eulalie French, its heroine, whose appeal I had so missed, seemed to her the most fascinating creature she had ever encountered.

She had read the thing through six times when, going up to town one day to do some shopping, she ran into Rodney Spelvin. They found themselves standing side by side on the pavement, waiting for the traffic to pass.

"Rodney!" gasped Jane.

It was a difficult moment for Rodney Spelvin. Five years had passed since he had last seen Jane, and in those five years so many delightful creatures had made a fuss over him that the memory of the girl to whom he had once been engaged for a few weeks had become a little blurred. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, he had forgotten Jane altogether. The fact that she had addressed him by his first name seemed to argue that they must have met at some time somewhere; but, though he strained his brain, absolutely nothing stirred.

The situation was one that might have embarrassed another man, but Rodney Spelvin was a quick thinker. He saw at a glance that Jane was an extremely pretty girl, and it was his guiding rule in life never to let anything like that get past him. So he clasped her hand warmly, allowed an expression of amazed delight to sweep over his face and gazed tensely into her eyes.

"You!" he murmured, playing it safe. "You, little one!"

Jane stood five feet seven in her stockings and had a forearm like the village blacksmith's, but she liked being called "little one."

"How strange that we should meet like this!" she said, blushing brightly.

"After all these years," said Rodney Spelvin, taking a chance.

It would be a nuisance if it turned out that they had met at a studio party the day before yesterday, but something seemed to tell him that she dated back a goodish way. Besides, even if they had met the day before yesterday, he could get out of it by saying that the hours had seemed like years. For you cannot stymie these modern poets. The boys are there.

"More than five," murmured Jane.

"Now where the deuce was I five years ago?" Rodney Spelvin asked himself.

Jane looked down at the pavement and shuffled her left shoe nervously.

"I got the violets, Rodney," she said.

Rodney Spelvin was considerably fogged, but he came back strongly.

"That's good!" he said. "You got the violets? That's capital. I was wondering if you would get the violets, little one."

"It was like you to send them."

Rodney blinked, but recovered himself immediately. He waved his hand with a careless gesture, indicative of restrained nobility.

"Oh, as to that ——"

"Especially as I'm afraid I treated you rather badly. But it really was for the happiness of both of us that I broke off the engagement. You do understand that, don't you?"

A light broke upon Rodney Spelvin. He had been confident that it would if he only stalled along for a while. Now he placed this girl. She was Jane Something, the girl he had been engaged to. By Jove, yes! He knew where he was now.

"Do not let us speak of it," he said, registering pain.

It was quite easy for him to do this. All there was to it was tightening the lips and drawing up the left brow. He had practiced it in front of his mirror, for a fellow never knew when it might not come in useful.

"So you didn't forget me, Rodney?"

"Forget you!"

There was a short pause.

"I read your novel," said Jane. "I loved it."

She blushed again, and the color in her cheeks made her look so remarkably pretty that Rodney began to feel some of the emotions which had stirred him five years before. He decided that this was a good thing and wanted pushing along.

"I hoped that you might," he said in a low voice, massaging her hand. He broke off and directed into her eyes a look of such squashy sentimentality that Jane reeled where she stood. "I wrote it for you," he added simply.

Jane gasped.

"For me?"

"I supposed you would have guessed," said Rodney. "Surely you saw the dedication?"

The Purple Fan had been dedicated, after Rodney Spelvin's eminently prudent fashion, to "One Who Will Understand." He had frequently been grateful for the happy inspiration.

"The dedication?"

"'To One Who Will Understand,'" said Rodney softly. "Who would that be but you?"

"Oh, Rodney!"

"And didn't you recognize Eulalie, Jane? Surely you cannot have failed to recognize Eulalie?"

"Recognize her?"

"I drew her from you," said Rodney Spelvin.

Jane's mind was in a whirl as she went home in the train. To have met Rodney Spelvin again was enough in itself to stimulate into activity that hidden pulse of romance in her. To discover that she had been in his thoughts so continuously all these years, and that she still held such sway over his faithful heart that he had drawn the heroine of his novel from her, was simply devastating. Mechanically she got out at the right station and mechanically made her way to the cottage. She was relieved to find that William was still out on the links. She loved William devotedly, of course, but just at the moment he would have been in the way, for she wanted a quiet hour with The Purple Fan. It was necessary for her to reread in the light of this new knowledge the more important of the scenes in which Eulalie French figured. She knew them practically by heart already, but nevertheless she wished to read them

again. When William returned, warm and jubilant, she was so absorbed that she only just had time to slide the book under the sofa cushion before the door opened.

Some guardian angel ought to have warned William Bates that he was selecting a bad moment for his reëntry into the home, or at least to have hinted that a preliminary wash and brush up would be no bad thing. There had been rain in the night, causing the links to become a trifle soggy in spots, and William was one of those energetic golfers who do not spare themselves. The result was that his pleasant features were a good deal obscured by mud. An explosion shot out of the bunker on the fourteenth had filled his hair with damp sand, and his shoes were a disgrace to any refined home. No, take him for all in all, William did not look his best. He was fine if the sort of man you admired was the brawny athlete straight from the dust of the arena; but on a woman who was picturing herself the heroine of The Purple Fan he was bound to jar. Most of the scenes in which Eulalie French played anything like a fat part took place either on moonlit terraces or in beautifully furnished studios beneath the light of Oriental lamps with pink silk shades, and all the men who came in contact with her—except her husband, a clod-hopping brute who spent most of his time in riding kit—were perfectly dressed and had dark, clean-cut, sensitive faces. William accordingly induced in Jane something closely approximating the heeby-jeebies.

"Hullo, old girl," said William affectionately. "You back? What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh, shopping," said Jane listlessly.

"See anyone you knew?"

For a moment Jane hesitated.

"Yes," she said. "I met Rodney Spelvin."

Jealousy and suspicion had been left entirely out of William Bates' make-up. He did not start and frown; he did not clutch the arm of his chair; he merely threw back his head and laughed like a hyena. And that laugh wounded Jane more than the most violent exhibition of mistrust could have done. "Good Lord!" gurgled William jovially. "You don't mean to say that bird is still going around loose? I should have thought he would have been lynched years ago. Looks like negligence somewhere."

There comes a moment in married life when every wife gazes squarely at her husband and the scales seem to fall from her eyes and she sees him as he is—one of Nature's Class-A fatheads. Fortunately for married men, these times of clear vision do not last long or there would be few homes left unbroken. It was so that Jane gazed at William now, but unhappily her conviction that he was an outsize in roughneck chumps did not pass. Indeed, all through that evening it deepened.

That night she went to bed feeling for the first time that, when the clergyman had said "Wilt thou, Jane?" and she had replied in the affirmative, a mean trick had been played on an inexperienced girl.

And so began that black period in the married life of Jane and William Bates, the mere recollection of which in after years was sufficient to put them right off their short game and even to affect their driving from the tee. To William, having no clew to the cause of the mysterious change in his wife, her behavior was inexplicable. Had not her perfect robustness made such a theory absurd, he would have supposed that she was sickening for something. She golfed now intermittently and often with positive reluctance. She was frequently listless and distrait; and there were other things about her of which he disapproved.

"I say, old girl," he said one evening, "I know you won't mind my mentioning it, and I don't suppose you're aware of it yourself, but recently you've developed a sort of silvery laugh. A nasty thing to have about the home. Try to switch it off, old bird, would you mind?"

Jane said nothing. The man was not worth answering. All through the pages of The Purple Fan, Eulalie French's silvery laugh had been highly spoken of and greatly appreciated by one and all. It was the thing about her that the dark, clean-cut, sensitive-faced men most admired. And the view Jane took of the matter was that if William did not like it, the poor fish could do the other thing. But this brutal attack decided her to come out into the open with the grievance which has been vexing her soul for weeks past.

"William," she said, "I want to say something. William, I am feeling stifled."

"I'll open the window."

"Stifled in this beastly little village, I mean," said Jane impatiently. "Nobody ever does anything here except play golf and bridge, and you never meet an artistic soul from one year's end to the other. How can I express myself? How can I be myself? How can I fulfill myself?"

"Do you want to?" asked William, somewhat out of his depth.

"Of course I want to. And I shan't be happy unless we leave this ghastly place and go to live in a studio in town."

William sucked thoughtfully at his pipe. It was a tense moment for a man who hated metropolitan life as much as he did. Nevertheless, if the solution of Jane's recent weirdness was simply that she had got tired of the country and wanted to live in town, to the town they must go. After a first involuntary recoil, he nerved himself to the martyrdom like the fine fellow he was.

"We'll pop off as soon as I can sell the house," he said.

"I can't wait as long as that. I want to go now."

"All right," said William amiably, "we'll go next week."

William's forebodings were quickly fulfilled. Before he had been in the metropolis ten days he realized that he was up against it as he had never been up against it before. He and Jane and little Braid Vardon had established themselves in what the house agent described as an attractive bijou studio apartment in the heart of the artistic quarter. There was a nice bedroom for Jane, a delightful cupboard for Braid Vardon and a cozy corner behind a Japanese screen for William. Most compact. The rest of the place consisted of a room with a large skylight, handsomely furnished with cushions and samovars, where Jane gave parties to the intelligentzia.

It was these parties that afflicted William as much as anything else. He had not realized that Jane intended to run a salon. His idea of a pleasant social evening was to have a couple of old friends in for a rubber of bridge, and the almost nightly incursion of a horde of extraordinary birds in floppy ties stunned him. He was unequal to the

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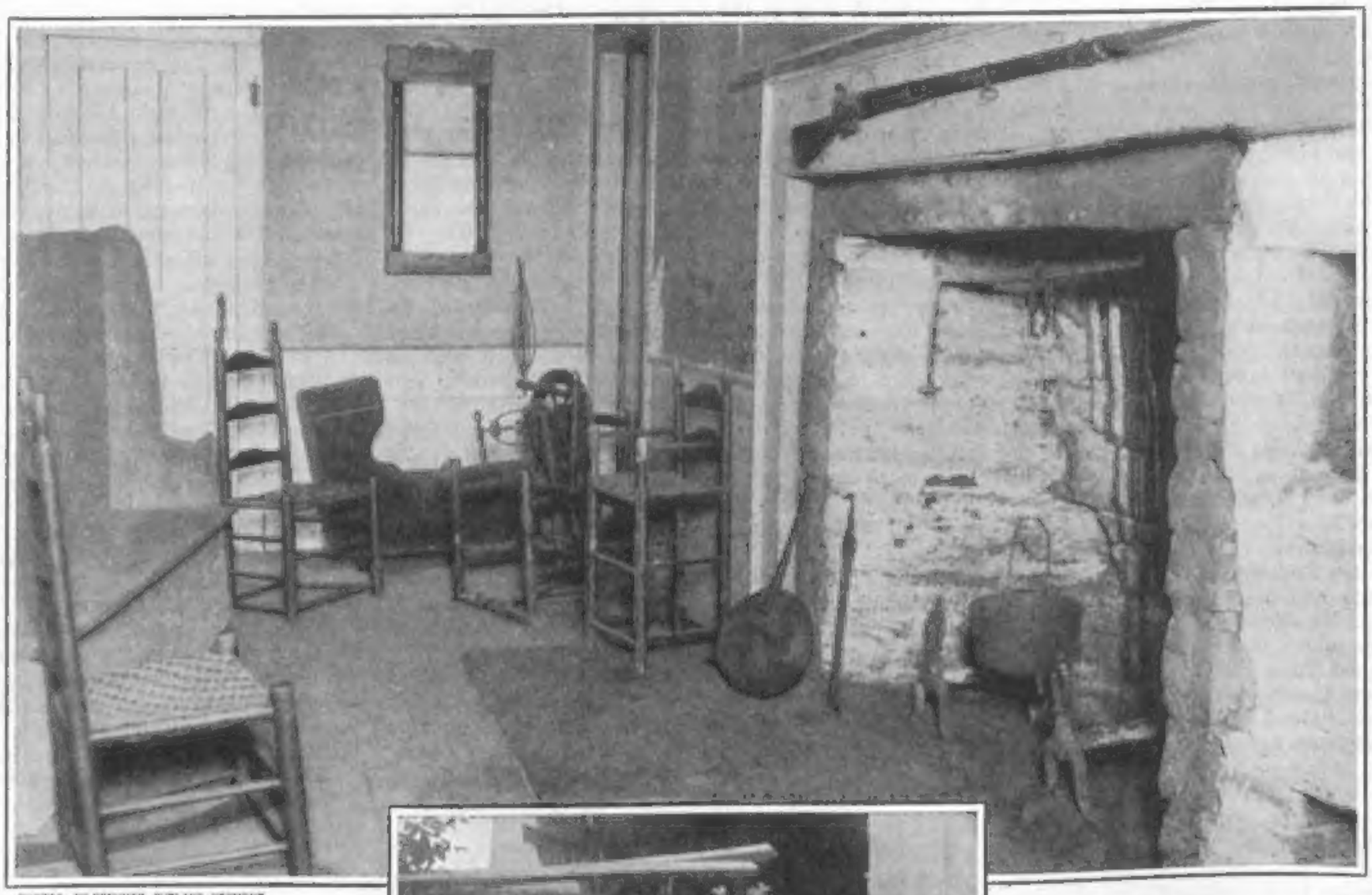
*Before the Train Left, I Took William Aside for a Moment. I Had Known Both Him and Jane Since Childhood, and the Success of Their Union Was Very Near My Heart*

# THEY CALL HIM CAL

## By Forrest Crissey



PHOTOS, BY BRENNER, RUTLAND, VERMONT

IN SOME parts of the country natives who have never known New England have some little difficulty in their efforts to understand Calvin Coolidge, the man. They have no difficulty as to his utterances. His words are clear, crisp, specific—and few.

It is the fewness of his words which makes him a mystery. That a man in public life can be so saving of words and still have a full working equipment of human feelings is not readily understandable to men and women who are at no more pains to conceal their emotions than their clothes.

One of these puzzled men once remarked to me, "I wish I knew the truth about that man. I don't want to think of him as a Vermont brook trout breathing cold mountain spring water instead of air—but that's the picture that comes to me in spite of all I can do."

My answer was, "That's because you don't understand Vermont nature. A thoroughbred Vermonter, of real top-shelf quality, is like a prize New England pie—a lot of sweet and juicy insides entirely surrounded by crust. Crust, not shell!"

"Well," responded my friend, "you may be right; I hope you are, for I'm a Republican, and every time the President loosens up and lets go of a few words I like him better. But I'd be comforted and cheered beyond measure to learn, for a fact, that he was a regular boy and got into boyish scrapes like the rest of us. You know, it's mighty hard for most of us to warm up to a man who hasn't, as we understand him, any sense of humor and who never kicked up his heels as a kid."

Being an expert pie eater and coming straight from Green Mountain stock, I departed for Plymouth, Vermont, to put my theories to the test. Entering the little store there, I asked for Florence Cilley, its owner, and was told that she would see me in the back room, in which Calvin Coolidge was born.

### The Story of the Razor Pie

WE HAD hardly seated ourselves when she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there's Jennie Townsend! She can tell you more about Calvin as a small boy than anybody else, for she was always helping at the Coolidge home, from a girl up. She was Jennie Chamberlin and lived right here in Plymouth. No matter what steady help they had at Colonel John's, Jennie was always called in to help out. And for quite a long time she was there all of the time. You can rely on anything she tells you. It isn't in her to give you anything but the solid facts. Wait till I bring her in."

It is not, as I well knew, Vermont form to deliver on first acquaintance; therefore I made an engagement to call at her home later, in company with a native of the hills who has her high respect.

"I live up Bridgewater way," she directed, "just a little short of the village corners. You drive under a bridge that joins a barn with some fields, and mine's the next place."

When the call was made and we were seated in a spotless sitting room that upheld the highest New England traditions of cleanliness, I asked, "What kind of boy was Calvin Coolidge?"

She laughed and answered, "One day, when he was a little tad but was going to school, he called out to me from the buttery and asked, 'Jennie, m'have some pie?'—just like that! I told him yes and forgot all about it until next day when the teacher happened to meet me up by the store. She seemed a considerable put out and wanted to know why I had handed over a whole raisin pie to little Cal and allowed him to take it to school. I ought to have known, she said, that every youngster there would be eatin' pie in school hours.

"Then I told her how little Cal had contrived to get hold of the pie—he always called it razor pie—and we had a good laugh together. Cal had shared his pie with the other children and there wasn't a clean face left in the whole school. He was always up to things like that."

When I suggested that, of course, the future President never once failed to fill the family wood box, Jennie Townsend giggled with delight.

"Cal didn't like to bring in wood any better'n Dell Ward or Ed Blanchard or any other boys. He wasn't lazy and he didn't mind fillin' the box most of the time. But he'd strike times when he hated to be held to that task, and he'd do his best to shirk it. That was just the boy of it. What's more, he had an odd way, even as a little tad, of getting back at anybody who forced him to do work that he had tried to get out of. Time and again, when chided for failing to fill the wood box, I've seen him leave all the doors open behind him, way out into the woodshed. Of course that made everybody uncomfortable—which was just what he intended."

*Colonel John Coolidge Whetting the Blade of the Ancient Hand-Made Grain Cradle Used by His Great-Grandfather, Grandfather, Father and Himself. Above—Kitchen of the Old Plymouth House in Which the President's Father and Grandfather Were Born. All the Objects Shown Were Rescued From the Attic. The Highchair Was Used by the President When, in Infancy, He Was Taken to Grandma Coolidge's. Like the Cradle It Has Held More Than Four Generations of Coolidge Babies in the President's Line. All the Articles Shown are Ancient Coolidge Heirlooms*

### The Little Wooden Shovel

"ONCE when he did this I didn't call out to him to shut the doors behind him. Instead I never said a word but went and closed the woodshed door myself. It was stinging cold that night and the room was cooling off fast. When he came back and saw what I'd done he said nothing, but carefully braced the door open and gave me a lesson by bringing in all the wood the boxes and the stoves would hold. It was his way of answering me. I most froze.

"Always Cal had odd ways of his own—queer little quirks. One day, when he was small, he put in a long time whittling out a tiny shovel. It was a neat job too. When it was all done he handed it to me with the remark, 'Better keep that, Jennie. Y'may want to use it sometime.' And I have kept it; never, of course, expectin' he'd become President of the United States.

"My father, George Chamberlin, always laughed over how he rescued little Cal from the big snowdrift. When he was real small Cal had the run of three houses and was likely to stay at either grandmother's when night overtook him. This was understood at his own house. Well, one morning my father was driving into the village from our house, which brought him past the old Coolidge place. In the night it had snowed and drifted so hard that the road was filled, and the only way teams could get through was to turn out into the mowin'.

"Father had just started to break through when his eye was caught by something that made him roar. Out there was little Cal stuck fast in a deep drift. He wasn't frightened or excited—but just stuck! Driving the bobsled alongside, father reached out and lifted little Cal in without anything on his feet but socks. Then father realized that he had lifted the boy out of his grandfather's boots, which were stuck fast in the drift. He pulled these out of the drift, shook the snow out of them and then put Cal back into 'em and carried him home. I think little Cal had the notion that he could go through most anything with his grandfather's boots on. Anyhow he wouldn't go ahead and leave the boots behind!

"Just because Cal wasn't ever any hand to talk, it doesn't carry that the house was quiet. I think he could get more noise out of a pair of bones than any other boy in the village, and he started playin' bones when he was real small. Fact is, Cal would almost rather hector somebody or something

than eat raisin pie. We had an old cat that gave him a lot of practice and fun in hectorin'. He discovered a knack of crackin' his pair of bones together in a way that would send the cat out of the rockin'-chair in a shot.

"It wasn't so very long ago that he was home from Massachusetts and someone had brought a visitin' cat into the house. Colonel John's cat and the visitor didn't seem to get along very well. Calvin finally remarked, 'Don't you think they'd get acquainted faster if someone tied their tails together?' Now that was Cal all over! He could set the others up to more mischief than most of 'em could think of themselves.

"Boys used to wear long pants at a much earlier age when Cal was little than they do now. But I can recall the first ones little Cal ever had—and I'll warrant he can. They were made out of a pair of his grandfather's pantaloons. After a time a hole appeared in one knee and then in the other. This worried him. When he was in the house he'd look at the holes and fuss with 'em.

"Then, one day, he came in smiling and said, 'Jennie, got my pants fixed.' His grandmother had cut the legs off close up to the body and turned them around so that the worn spot would come inside the knee. That was the quick way of mending small trousers in those days

"When he came home from school he brought a young man with him. Of course that started the girls up, and the kitchen parties began. I think the first was up on Messer's Hill. Anyhow Cal and his school friend were there, but Cal didn't bring any girl, which left him without a partner. But that didn't worry him, for he never was much of a hand for dancing. He just sat on the corner of the kitchen table, swung his feet and watched the others dance. But when the fiddler struck up the Portland Fancy, Cal caught each girl in turn and balanced with her. He seemed to enjoy cuttin' in that way better than dancing the whole figure."

Holding that any man who is thoroughly human finds it difficult to resist a plausible temptation to talk about his boyhood to a sympathetic and interested auditor, I took steps to place this temptation before President Coolidge. He fell for it with a genial grin.

Seating himself at a window of the summer White House—the village hall in which so many sharply contrasting scenes of his life have been staged—the President indicated his readiness to answer questions about his boyhood.

"How did you earn your first money?" I asked.

### *Going to the Circus*

"THERE was scarcely anything a boy could do, when I lived here, to earn money for himself. Every family in the village was sufficient unto itself, under ordinary circumstances, in the matter of labor. Besides, most of the boys here were fully occupied in helping in their own families. This labor they were not paid for; but they were sometimes given a little money for holidays.

"However, my Grandfather Moor did give me a chance to earn a little spending money by sawing stove wood. He gave me fifty cents a cord for sawing four-foot wood twice in two. And sometimes he also paid me for piling it in the woodshed. I appreciated those opportunities and the pay seemed very satisfactory. I felt that I was fortunate to have a grandfather who would give me a chance to earn spending money.

"As I look back at those days I realize that my father was as generous to me in providing amusements as he well could be. He always took me to the circus. I think we

*The Big Elm in Center of Village Green, Plymouth, Vermont, Under Which Calvin Coolidge Made His Fourth of July Address. At Right—The President at the Time of His First Speech*

missed going only a few seasons from the time I was seven until I went away to school. My first circus was at Ludlow and I recall distinctly how Adam Forepaugh looked as he sat in a sort of pulpit outside the entrance to the big tent. To my childish eyes he was a very great man. That was a wagon show, traveling overland by team.

"One of the most exciting experiences of my boyhood was that of starting for the first time for Rutland, with my father, to see the great Barnum and Bailey circus unload from the cars and put up the big tent. To accomplish this we had to start at three o'clock in the morning, after a candlelight breakfast that I was too excited to eat. This gave us ample time to make the drive to Rutland and get there by five—before the work of setting up the tent began. But I was anxious until we were actually on the ground. It seemed to me that so many things might happen to prevent us from being on the scene before a stake was driven or a car unloaded. I think we were never late and never missed seeing the whole show. Perhaps the fact that my father enjoyed a circus almost as well as I did may have had something to do with our punctuality, although he would rather have disappointed himself than me. Those drives over the hills to Rutland in the darkness just before dawn were big events."

Looking out of the window upon the Coolidge mowing, the President's eye undoubtedly caught sight of a strip of fence which stirred memories, for he remarked, "All boys had to work up here in the days before I went away to school; work was their part of keeping the family going It generally took all that all the members of a family could do to support it and to put aside something for emergencies and for old age. Perhaps my lot was as easy as any boy's who grew up here, but I did about every kind of work which was done on the farm."

"Did you split any rails?" he was asked.

### *Vacations in the Hayfield*

"NO," CAME his quick answer, "because we do not use any rail fences up here, as you do where stones are not as common as they are in the Green Mountains. We use poles above rough stone walls. I've split plenty of stones for the walls and lots of long ash stakes to straddle the walls and hold the poles in place. Then, of course, I helped in the routine kinds of farm work through the year, as the seasons came and went—sugaring, plowing, seeding and planting, haying and harvesting, milking and caring for the livestock. As a boy, that kind of work did not appeal to me as a pastime; now it seems to me about the pleasantest kind of vacation. I particularly enjoy haying. Of course I would not be a very profitable haying hand now, but I like it."

Catching the expression in the President's eyes as they rested on the sector of the amphitheater of hills visible from the window, I remarked upon their verdant beauty.

"Yes," he replied; "I have always thought the Green Mountains more beautiful than any others I have ever seen. Of course they are home to me, and that makes me partial. But the peculiar charm of their greenness is generally admitted, I think—even by those who have traveled widely. Their richly wooded slopes and their grassy intervales make them seem to me much more friendly than any other mountains I know."

Parked on Plymouth green, as I came down from my interview with the President, was a high-powered car bearing a Vermont license plate. The back was stacked high with milk cans. Seated on the step of the car was a

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*The Kitchen Where the Coolidge Women Spun Their Flax and Watched Their Babies. At the Right—Attic of the Old Coolidge House Which Has Sheltered Four or Five Generations of Coolidges. Objects Front Line, Reading From Left to Right: Rawhide Hat Box, Yarn Reel, Warping Beam, Mortar and Pestle, Coopered "Switchel Jug" for Carrying Drink to Mayers and Harvesters, Coopered Canteen (Tiny Barrel) Carried by Captain John Coolidge in Revolutionary War, Ancient Grain Fan Fashioned From Huge Basswood Tree, Probably Kept From the Days of the President's Great-Great-Grandfather*

# FATHER AND SON

## By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

ALTHOUGH John Norton could hardly be called a man with a single thought—he was destined to experience several in the span of life—there is no doubt that now and then an idea could ride him quite firmly. Such was the one that came to him when an entrant freshman at Hampton in the year 1894, which was that he wanted to make the football team, and himself be one of those distant and haloed demigods which had held the adoration and idolatry of his preparatory days.

Set up against this resolution or desire were several difficulties. According to the irritating but reiterated evidence of the scales, he seldom tipped many ounces above one hundred and thirty-five pounds. An equally exasperating but incorruptible tape stubbornly proclaimed his chest to be thirty-three, and secret and repeated trials down on the track never could make him do the hundred much under eleven and a half.

The idea, though, now possessed him; he went out for the football team. The first season he felt as if under water all the time. If for a moment above the swirling surface his nose appeared, somebody immediately took a gigantic crack at it. That nose for three long months never had any skin on it. Across his back were the deep imprints of large, firm, cleated feet.

In his sophomore year, his second season, his head emerged several times out of the terrific swirl. Once he actually downed the great Daily at the start of one of his famed open-field runs. Another time, throwing himself at the apex of a flying wedge—this was in the heroic days of the flying wedge—he actually felt it collapse upon him instead of rolling on juggernautwise. These two successes were enough to make sweet for him the memory of this season, which otherwise were like the experience of a tired swimmer caught in the undertow of a great surf, who, fighting out of the grip of one roller, has time for just one breath before being crashed upon by the next.

In his third year he began to be noticed. He had gained, for one thing, such a knowledge of the game as must come to the weak struggling against the strong. In the absence of a suitable body, he made much use of his head. He had gained the attention of the bleachers. He was one of those old faithfuls who, without hope of personal glory, give themselves toward the fashioning of the sacred team. He was pointed out as an example to young freshmen. Bleacher orators grew maudlin over him.

*A Small Bunch of Men Was There Between Him and That Goal. Abandoning Strategy, He Dived Into Them*

And in his fourth and last year he almost made the team. Three injuries—an ankle, a knee, a shoulder—to three men ahead of him had cleared the way. For a whole ten days in fact he did play on the varsity. But just four days before the game with Corvallis—which for Hampton is the big game, the only game that counts—a fishy-eyed inspective head coach, well vaccinated against all sentimental contagions, looking him over, decided that he would not do; more avoirdupois was needed for that spot. So that last game with Corvallis, that last big game, John Norton witnessed from the sidelines, and out of college graduated without having realized his ambition, without ever having made the team.

Most men would have considered the matter settled there and then, and, as a matter of fact, that is what John Norton did. He swallowed hard on his disappointment and buried deep within him the real hurt that went with it. Two years passed. And then one fall day—a Saturday afternoon—as, having run down to Hampton, he was watching on the field so well watered with the sweat and the blood of his long unsuccessful effort, a new crop of youngsters crashing into one another, suddenly he felt within him a stirring, a reblossoming of his indomitable old dream.

By Jove, he would make that Hampton team yet! Not all of him, perhaps; but at least a good half of him! This was the year 1900. Well, then, just about in the year 1923 or '24 it would happen. On the Hampton football team of 1923 or '24 he would be, though people might not know it. With a little planning and forethought this could be accomplished. In 1923 or '24 he would be one of the eleven leather-armored heroes of the Hampton football team. People on that day might not know that it was he, cavorting so gigantically and smashing lines and running ends and making such astounding tackles, with the big H across his chest; but all the same it would be he himself, or at least half of himself. He would look on and know it—know that it was he himself there behaving so grandly.

John Norton, ridden now by a new idea, or rather a continuation of the old one, set himself to its fulfillment without loss of time. Having diligently devoured several big books on eugenics, he began to lay siege to the heart of Miss Clarabelle Bulk. She was twenty-three years old and six feet tall. Her bosom was deep, her raven hair vigorous, her proportions regal; she had been the captain of the basket-ball team and of the eight-oared crew of Hamilton Ladies' College, in which she was now professor of mathematics and applied calisthenics. Perhaps it was the very vigor of her nature which caused her—after a first movement of astonishment—to listen, and then weaken to John Norton's pleas. Anyhow, the courtship went well and fast. Within three months she and John were engaged, the marriage to take place within the year.

It cannot be said that the period through which John now passed was altogether happy. The trouble lay in a peculiarity of shop windows. They reflect. Promenading along a street sometimes—as even lovers must and do—John could not quite hold his glance from wandering toward the shop fronts, nor master a small shrinking sensation as the fact reiterated itself that, as he walked by the side of his lady love, his lady love rose above the utmost top of him by all the inches of her natural body advantage—which was six—plus the four inches of the high heels which for no reason he could see she wore, plus again the lilt and tilt of the plumes which, with a similar want of the more exquisite sensibilities, she wore upon her hat.

There were also the good-bys in the evening. The good-night kiss in the shadow of the porch! It was very difficult for John not to notice that to achieve this he must rise to the very tiptops of his toes, and at that he exactly met only through the slight but evident genuflection of the party of the second part.

But he was a man of straight purpose. There is no doubt he would have gone on strictly to his design had not catastrophe—to said design—stalked in just then in the guise of Miss Marjorie Gentle. It was at a dance. She was a delicious slip. Just tall enough to place her head, in that first waltz, upon his charmed shoulder. Of just such weight that he was tempted all the time to lift her twinkling feet—which, as a matter of fact, he did in the first two-step—off the ground. John Norton, within the hour, found himself desperately in love, and Marjorie also desperately in love, eugenics but a poor science and some cosmic law quite clearly and compellingly speaking. Within three days John was engaged; within three weeks, having shelved Miss Clarabelle Bulk—rather brutally, it must be admitted, as men are apt to do in such a case; but then we are happy to state that she quickly consoled herself with a gymnastic professor—he was married; married to Miss Marjorie Gentle, of course, we mean.

This—if there was anything in all he had read in eugenics—was, of course, a serious setback to his plan. For a time the plan lay quiescent, almost abandoned. But it returned to life, resurgent, indomitable, in the gray dawn of a certain day of 1903.

This dawn came at the end of a sleepless night, during which, ceaselessly, he had paced the narrow walks of a narrow hospital garden. With the whiteness of the dawn, however, a white nurse appearing on the porch beckoned to him, and curtsying with a smile said, "Well, it's a boy; a beautiful baby boy."

It was while examining the beautiful baby boy later that he felt his forsaken purpose insisting itself into his mind once more. Really, you could not tell much yet about this boy. His legs were all curved and so elastic that when you pulled them out straight they curled up again as soon as let go. But John, Senior—in a few minutes he had become Senior, since the other was to be Junior—somehow knew exactly what would happen.

"He's going to be too light," he said to himself. "How could he be otherwise? Now if I had married the Bulk person—but why talk of what couldn't be done? No, he's going to be too light. Too light, damn it, too light! And I certainly would have liked to see him on old Hampton, bucking the line, running ends, swinging a mean leg——"

He stopped his ruminations abruptly and remained with eyes fixed as if upon some astonishing vision. But what he was staring at thus in surprise was a phrase—the phrase he had just heard from his lips. He was listening in amazement to the echoes of it eddying within him. Swinging a mean leg! There was a queer phrase! He had never used it before; as a matter of fact, he seldom used any sort of slang form. Yet it had sprung out of him. The mysteries of the subconscious! That phrase, whence had it come? Swinging a mean leg! Of course there's where it lay, the hope, the solution. Swinging a mean leg! Of course!

If he was going to be too light to charge and tackle, why, that could be done for him. You could do such things with children, taking them early enough. You could take a child early enough, and by keeping him practicing twelve hours a day, make of him a great violinist, for instance. You could take a small child before his bones grew hard and make of him an astonishing acrobat.

Swinging a mean leg!

John, Senior's, purpose was back in the saddle once more, riding hard. Some time perforce must pass, however, ere it take form in action. It was on John, Junior's, third birthday that John, Senior, came into the nursery with a new toy—two sticks that stood upright on rubber bases, another stick that went across from one to the other, a ball about the size of two fists. The ball was not round; it was shaped like an egg.

John, Senior, having set up the interesting apparatus—the two sticks that stood upright and the stick that went between—now took position in front of it, the ball in his two hands. He dropped the ball, and his right foot, which meanwhile he had swung, caught it just as it touched the floor and swept it up between the two upright sticks and over the cross one. Upon which John, Junior, clapping with glee at this performance, was invited to duplicate it.

He did not succeed at first. He missed the ball and sat down hard. For some days, in fact, that is all he did—sit down hard. But to his innocent mind that was a game in itself almost as good as father's game. He continued, with glee, to miss the ball and sit down hard. His little mother must have wondered at some of the resultant anatomical evidences, but she had made a bargain with John, Senior, that every day, when he came back from the office at five, he should have an hour alone with his son. She had thought the idea a very good thing both for father and for son, and also perhaps for herself, and the small misgiving she now felt at those mysterious markings in small John, Junior's, anatomy she resolutely suppressed. So the game went on. Every day from five to six, in the nursery, John, Junior, sat down hard and roared with laughter. Came a day, though, when his foot actually struck the ball, and the ball, flying from it across the room, knocked over into shivers a glass of water. John, Junior, now perceived new possibilities to the game. His foot from now on rarely missed the ball, and the ball wrecked successively several bottles, a mirror, a window, a fish bowl and a canary cage, without mentioning other less striking objects which were not to remain in his memory. Then came another day when the ball, propelled by the small foot, sailed fairly between the upright sticks and over the crossbar, upon which John, Junior, felt himself gathered up into the folds of a cyclone. His father had him up there on his chest. He was hugging him, he was kissing him, he was almost weeping with enthusiasm and tenderness.

He kept saying, "You kicked it! You kicked it! You kicked it!" And gave John, Junior, three bars of chocolate.

If John, Junior, had only been a little wiser, or more of a soothsayer than one is at the age of three, he would have known that he had now entered a long tunnel of strict and strait tutelage; one a bit like that of the poor little monkeys that are kept scraping a fiddle twelve hours a day in the hope of giving the world a virtuoso. Every day at five John, Senior, appeared, and every day from five to six John, Junior, kicked at the sticks; every day from five to six, as days passed, and then weeks and then months and then years.

The small boy, of course, was changing as this time was passing. But the apparatus of the game was keeping pace with him. Every now and then John, Senior, would bring sticks that were a little bigger than the old ones; every now and then the new ball would be a little bigger than the old one. By the time John, Junior, was six, the whole thing had been moved from the nursery to the back yard. And by the time John, Junior, was ten, to the still-expanding needs John, Senior, answered by buying a house.

The new home, it happened, was in Miltonville, the very town on the outskirts of which Hampton College raised on a hill its white buildings. Miltonville, John, Senior, explained, was after all but a half hour's more commuting distance from his office than their previous abode, and the trains were better on this branch. Also, he liked to be near some of the exploits of his youth and keep in touch with the old college. Also, his business was now going so well, almost by itself, that he could leave the office earlier. There were several other reasons he could give for building a house in Miltonville. But none of these really explained the vastness of the grounds he chose for the house. There had never been such a back yard. It was at least forty yards deep, and the garden he made of it was an extraordinary garden.

First of all, he had this huge back yard surrounded by a very high fence, which, when it ceased to be fence, continued upward in the form of a trellis. Along the base of this fence, all around, he had vines planted which, leaping upward, carpeted the smooth boards, and when they had reached the trellis entwined themselves lovingly in and out of it. This made of the back yard a very private and hidden place.

The further gardening, beyond the planting of the vines, consisted entirely of grass. A stout elastic turf covered the entire area, a lawn tended amorously by gardener under heavy tip.

Then at the end of this plane verdancy, walled in with vines, the structure went up, stoutly planted into the soil. A great upright post; another great upright post; between them, uniting them, a heavy crossbar. A strange monument, just lightly evocative of gallows. The proportions? Well, anyone curious and armed with a tape would have found probably the height of each upright to be twenty feet and the length of the crossbar eighteen feet six inches and the height of the crossbar ten feet from the ground.

At this structure in the shielded, secret and silent garden, John, Junior, was set every day. The same success in his business which permitted John, Senior, to leave it every day early enough to be with John, Junior, from five to six evidently kept him well supplied with that lucre which successful people are apt to term filthy, for it was extraordinary how freely he supplied the munitions for the daily exercise. There were always some two dozen of the ellipsoidal pigskinned balls about; never old flabby ones, but tight, slippery, shining, hard new ones. John, Senior, would fill a basket with them, lay the basket on the turf and tell John, Junior, to proceed. At first the basket was set down about forty feet from the gallowslike structure. But at the beginning of every new week the basket would be set back by a few inches. When John, Junior, was eleven years old he was kicking at posts fifty feet away; by the time he was twelve, twenty yards; by the time he was thirteen, thirty yards; and on his fourteenth birthday, backed right up against the house, he was floating the balls clear across the whole length of the lot, almost thirty-five yards.

He had attained by that time an amazing skill and easy elegance. He could step up to the basket, and with an amiable air, just removed from boredom, taking one ball after the other, send them up with his foot in an uninterrupted string square between the high uprights and over the crossbar, so fast that sometimes while one ball hovered, a little hesitant, just on the point of its final swoop over the bar, another one, arising with a thump, would be high up in the air at the same time. Meantime John, Senior, would be waving a long stick across John, Junior's, vision; which would bother that gentle, docile boy not at all, he was so used to it.

At the age of fourteen John, Junior, entered Stephens Academy. Stephens Academy was in Miltonville and was a feeder for Hampton College. Here, early, the impressionable youth was taught to have one plan and one ambition—to matriculate into Hampton College and perhaps make a Hampton team. The legends of the upper institution were Iliad and Odyssey to Stephens Academy; the roll of Hampton athletic heroes was their Olympiad. And John, Senior, also had gone to Stephens Academy.

One day in his first year there John, Junior, at dinner, happened to mention casually that they were after him to come out for the basket-ball team. John, Senior, immediately took him out for a walk.

"I want you to feel first of all," said the father, "that I have your best interest at heart."

"I know that," said the boy, a bit embarrassed.

"And besides trusting to my intention, John, I want you to trust my judgment also."

"I do, of course, father."

"Well, then, promise me to take part in no athletic sport whatsoever for the next four years."

"Very well, father," said the boy readily.

This very readiness raised in John, Senior, for a moment a little uneasiness. Was he dominating the lad too much? He wished somehow the boy had argued or showed some preference of his own. Taking him so young, subjecting him so rigidly to his idea, was he destroying in him initiative and enterprise? Was he doing wrong by his son? But the dream in his mind was stronger than any scruple. It had become by now a very precise and definite dream. It was a clear picture in his mind all the time.

One of the annual games between Hampton and Corvallis was on. The bitter struggle was nearing to an end and Hampton was behind. With a last desperate attack, they pounded the ball down to the Corvallis thirty-yard line, but there was only three minutes' time left of play.

From the side lines a shining young man trotted out upon the field, took position behind the beaten Hampton team. The ball came back to him in a long pass, and easily

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*She Was Thinking, "What a Charming Boy—a Sweet Modest Boy! And I Thought He Was Conceited! I've Been a Fool"*

# PUDDLE DUCK

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

*She Listened Avidly to Their Talk, and Found That Again It Was of Horses and Riding, of Golf, of Tennis, of Dogs*

HE WAS the kind of young man for whom dogs wag unasked, to whom children sidle up with shy smiles, from whom old ladies ask favors, and young ones—well, look at more than once. This in spite of the fact that he was by no means the pattern of what the well-dressed man will wear. His old felt hat was really old, his suit was shiny at elbows and trousers seat, and his shoes and tie had all seen better days. Nevertheless, there was something in the lean eagerness of his face, in the whole turn and spring and vitality of him that drew liking and interest as the sun draws water. He was alive all over, and real and warm and responsive.

Just now he was looking like a sulky little boy, an unhappy, apprehensive little boy, and he kicked his heel on the Durbin station platform and looked down at the girl beside him with an anxious fondness.

"I'm going to miss you like the devil, Vee. You'll write to me a lot, won't you?"

Genevieve Talant knew perfectly what was in his mind. She knew that the least push, in the shape of a kind word, would send him over into the swirling current of a proposal of marriage; yes, right there on the station platform, with a crowd all around and the train due any moment. She wanted, quite sincerely, to spare Kimberley the pain of hearing that she wouldn't marry a poor country editor no matter what a dear he was, particularly when he didn't show the least desire to get wealthy. So she put on an uncertain smile and a prim tone.

"I'll write when I can, but don't expect letters very often, Kim. I'm going to have a good time. It's been so long since I had any fun I'm going to make the most of it."

"Yes, I know; but ——"

It was coming. Genevieve put out a determined hand and caught at a passer-by.

"Are you going away today, too, Mrs. Todd?" she asked, knowing very well that Mrs. Todd wasn't. "I'm so glad I saw you to say good-by. Be sure to drop in on Miss De Lancey. She'll be lonely, being a stranger."

Mrs. Todd was round and pleasant.

"I'll surely do it, but the library won't be the same without you, Miss Talant. When you coming back?"

"I've four weeks' leave," smiled Genevieve. What she wanted to say was, "I'm never coming back if I can help it—never, never, never!"

"You'll get a warm welcome home from a lot of people," said Mrs. Todd, her eye meaningly twinkling at Kimberley. "I hope you have a grand time; I surely do. Miss De Lancey going to take the Reading Club and the Story Hour and the Town Players? If you knew how my children act up about that Story Hour—they wouldn't miss it for a farm."

"Miss De Lancey's ever so much more clever than I am at all those things. She'll probably cut me out with the children and everybody."

"No fear!" said Mrs. Todd, twinkling again at Kimberley. "I'll be on my way. Good-by and good luck."

The train nobly appeared as Mrs. Todd vanished and Genevieve was spared any further waiting. Kimberley carried her dressing case into the car and lingered for a wistful, unhappy moment. Genevieve had the feeling, in the moment of their hurried handshake, his imploring "Hurry back to me, Vee," that she had actually pushed him off the train, she was so anxious to get rid of him. She leaned forward and waved her hand and he waved his shabby hat. Then Genevieve relaxed with a long sigh. That was over, and being over, it hurt.

The town with its green trees inclosing it like a wreathed garland became a little blurred, but in a moment Genevieve sat up and wiped her eyes.

"There, Vee, don't be silly," she addressed herself severely. "You know this is merely sentimental mush. You know you really don't care. You know you're crazy to get away. Yes, and you know what you've made up your mind to do."

She had expected to be so wildly, ecstatically happy. She had expected to put them all out of her mind without the least effort; nay, with real relief—the town and all its people. But they persisted in sticking round.

They came in a procession before her—Mrs. Todd and the three little Todds, Mrs. Davis, her kind-hearted landlady, the Trumans, the Fitches, the Grays, the Sherwoods, the Norrises, the Saulsburys, the youngsters of her Story Hour, the seventh-grade girls and boys of her Reading Club, the high-school young people of her Town Players, the Community Club elders, the Civic Association—all the folks she had worked and played with for the last few years. And always, in the forefront, inextricably mingled with everything, was Kimberley West, who had been her constant ally, help, source of information, mentor and guide. Without him she could never have done the work she did.

And she had worked! No one could say that she hadn't. At first it had been a blind, wild sort of throwing herself about, wasting her energy in an effort to forget, to find an anodyne for her pain. She had gone to Durbin in such desperation, in such distress! It is not easy, at eighteen, to find your whole world turned topsy-turvy overnight. She had been educated in France, so that she had no close ties of friendship or acquaintance to help her when she came back to America, alone, orphaned, poor.

Where the money had gone she did not know. There had never been much, but enough for pretty clothes, for motors, for good *pensions* and small apartments, for servants, for all the paraphernalia of easy, soft living; but there didn't seem to be anything but a handful of copper after the virulent fever had taken her father and her mother. Frightened, grieving, dazed, Genevieve had managed to scurry back to America. Surely among the big wealthy clan of Talants her father had talked so much about there would be someone who would help, would shelter. But she landed in the middle of the summer and everyone was away, and—as she presently became bitterly aware—very much uninterested in this poverty-stricken little waif of an unknown cousin. The only kindness she received came from the family lawyer, who had known Herbert Talant and liked him.

It was this lawyer, John Boyden, who had managed to get a little money from Herbert Talant's muddled investments, and it was he who had advised Genevieve to train for some sort of wage-earning work. Together they had tried to find something she could do, for which she had some sort of aptitude, and at last she selected library work—books she loved and knew. The money lasted for her two years in the library school, though they were bare and scant and hard. Then John Boyden had pulled wires and written letters and bothered various people until he got her a place at Durbin in the memorial library left to his native town by a certain traction magnate, who was also one of John Boyden's clients.

Genevieve was twenty when she arrived in Durbin. She found the memorial library a drear and unfrequented treasure house, beautiful architecturally, perfectly appointed within, but—used not at all by the people. They pointed with pride on their way to the movies, and now and then someone came in to look up a reference. A few indefatigable readers used the fiction department or devoured the magazines which were spread bountifully on the great round table. But as part of the life of the town, as an influence, as a pleasure, the library simply wasn't there.

Genevieve couldn't stand the all-day vigil in a deserted castle. She was active minded, restless, and she wanted work, work she could get her teeth into. So she began to reach out and bring people in on one pretext or another The Story Hour, after the first two Fridays, needed no boosting, for the children advertised it among themselves with whoops of joy. The Reading Club was harder, but she got hold of the school-teachers and arranged to give them lists and suggestions on whatever subjects they were teaching. The school children came reluctantly, but they remained fascinated. Genevieve could make history and natural science as thrilling as an adventure story.

And then came the Town Players, more because Genevieve could not bear to see the drama shelves unhonored and unsung. Besides, she loved to act. So they began with charades and ballads in pantomime, without scenery or properties, with costumes hastily cobbled up out of odds and ends, and with audiences hardly larger than the casts. They had gradually gone on to the dignity of real plays, real scenery, real costumes, and audiences that packed the great hall of the library. The boys had developed a genius for lighting and scene building; the girls dyed stuffs and made costumes that would not have shamed professionals. They fought over who should paint the scenes and shift them.

So for more than three crowded years Genevieve had made her place in Durbin, and the library was now its most popular edifice. She knew that she would never have done so much without Kimberley West. He it was who had sent his little niece and nephew first to the Story Hour. He had suggested getting at the school-teachers, and in the Town Players he had been invaluable. In his paper he had boosted the library and its activities, in season and out, sometimes seriously, sometimes with a whimsical joke that always brought her a larger circle. Yet—what was he? Genevieve told herself ruthlessly that he was nothing but a country editor in a country town, poor as herself, and always would be poor. He was nothing but a puddle duck, contented in his puddle.

Genevieve herself was not contented, could never be, she knew. The old days, the golden days, the days of ease and good times continually called her. She didn't see how she was ever to have another chance at them, but she never gave up hoping and longing. There was the thing she wanted. She made it her standard, her quest. She wasn't going to spend her days grubbing away among the puddle ducks and becoming a puddle duck herself if there was any way out

To be sure, sometimes she forgot about it, she was so enthralled in getting up a new play or so busy with plans for the Reading Club, or she was having such a good time among all the people she knew—parties and weddings and picnics and riding around in Kim's horrible little rattletrap car, or somebody else's horrible little rattletrap. Nobody had much money in Durbin. Most of the women did their own work, including the washing and sewing. Yet it was a neighborly community, and social by instinct and precedent

They didn't make hospitality into a chore, and the term "potluck" was still in use.

So, after Genevieve had found her work and got herself oriented, she might have been quite happy and contented if the images of fallen grandeur hadn't kept up their insistent haunting.

Quite suddenly and unexpectedly, they had had a grand revival, those images. One of the cousins, who had been in Alaska when Genevieve had forlornly arrived from Europe five years before, had come motoring through Durbin and found her again, had been delighted with this pretty, clever girl and had invited her to come for a month in the summer to her great Long Island country place, and had clinched the invitation in a letter afterward. So now—now—Genevieve was heading back to all the things that had been her birthright, in a state of high excitement and desire. She was hungry and thirsty for luxury

Mabel Anderson—Talant she was born—had been frank: "It's a crime for a girl like you to be buried in this hole, simply a crime. If you stay here you'll marry one of these awful small-town men, and that'll be the end of you. Now you come to me, and I'll dress you, and I'll see that you meet the right sort; and then—of course all the eligible men are so frightfully wary; but I know one or two—yes, we'll try it."

Yes, Mabel Anderson had been frank, and kind as well. It was wonderful to Genevieve to find herself once more bound by ties of blood, for she had proudly and defiantly determined never to approach any of her kin, after the way they had treated her in her first dismal days in America. But Mabel had found her, seized on her, so to speak. She didn't seem to remember that Genevieve had ever asked her for help; and, thinking it over, Genevieve decided that the appeal might never have reached her. It wasn't possible that anyone so willing to be kind now could have knowingly failed her then

It tickled her vanity, as well as warmed her heart, that Mabel had appeared in Durbin and sought her. Certainly if an unknown cousin is going to turn up, better it should be a rich one; and Mabel's car, her luggage, her chauffeur, her maid, her Peke, her jewel case, her clothes, her assurance, all shrieked aloud of money. Genevieve had enjoyed looking at these things during their stay of three hours in Durbin, and when Mabel invited her she snapped at the invitation with an eagerness which she afterward regretted, though Mabel hadn't seemed to notice. Still, it seemed a little naïve.

Mabel had not spoken of marrying Genevieve to some unwilling but eligible bachelor until after the moment when Kimberley West had met them on Durbin High Street. Kim had been on his way to his office, without his coat, and there was a rent in his shirt sleeve and fringe on his cuffs. Mabel had gazed at him oddly and had spoken from a far distance—not that Kim saw or minded. He had told Mabel heartily how glad he was that some of Vee's family had looked her up—told it in a familiar and proprietary manner. This had happened when Genevieve was taking Mabel to her boarding house to lunch, knowing that Mrs. Davis' cuisine was better than the hotel's.

It was at luncheon that Mabel asked Genevieve to stay with her, and though she said nothing of Kim personally he was in the air. Mabel had had the tone of one who heads a rescue party

Thinking it over, Genevieve felt herself willing to be rescued. Deep within, she was resolved. If she could find a man who would put her back in the place she had lost and could give her back the old days of ease and travel and careless gayety, the delicate frocks and hats, the servants —— Oh, heavens, what a miracle of release it would be! Just let the supposititious Cophetua be tolerable - that was all Genevieve asked. She was, quite literally, she thought, a young woman seeking her fortune, and she smiled at the fancy.

"I don't want to be mercenary or adventuressy," she told herself. "But no one in the world who's lost as much as I have but would want to get it back."

Gradually, as the distance from Durbin increased, the images of its people receded. Even Kim grew fainter, farther away. She was the little deposed princess, going

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*She Loved to Act. So They Began With Charades and Ballads in Pantomime, Without Scenery or Properties, With Costumes Hastily Cobbled Up Out of Odds and Ends*

# THE CANDIDATE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

*"Swimming is Just a Matter of Natural Aptitude," He Said, Squaring His Shoulders. "The Fine Points Come With Practice"*

GLAD to have seen you, Jimmy, you, too, Gentry," said Charley Murray, the leader of Tammany Hall. He settled his black-ribboned eyeglasses on his long nose, turned toward his desk and glanced aside in token of dismissal.

"Wait outside, Tom," said Jimmy Clahan.

Thomas Jefferson Gentry, rising young lawyer and aspirant for a Democratic congressional nomination, opened a gate in the railing and walked toward the door of the leader's office. He passed under the half-length portrait of Richard Croker, a great Tammany captain dead and gone, who had told an investigating committee, "I am working for my own pocket all the time." It seemed to Tom Gentry that there was honesty as well as grimness in the pictured face. He passed the doorway of the executive committee's room and paused in the main vestibule above thronged Fourteenth Street. The earnest bellowing of untrained voices came down the great staircase to him from the hall above, where a convention of labor unions was in session. Beside him was a poster showing a shapely negress in red tights and announcing that the annual ball of the West Side Gentlemen-of-Color Club would be held in Tammany Hall that evening.

"What's the word, Charley?" said Jimmy Clahan.

Jimmy was a district leader, a sachem and a member of the all-powerful executive committee; he was not to be told to come and go.

"I like Finnerty's man best," said Murray. "He gets the O. K. of the organization. The leaders like him best, I find."

"Do they like him well enough to fight for him?" snapped Jimmy Clahan.

Murray's heavy-jowled face remained impassive, but his eyes clashed for an instant with Jimmy Clahan's.

"That would be liking him a lot, Jimmy."

"What have you got against Big Tom?"

"Not a thing, Jimmy. The trouble is there's not enough in his favor. Who is he? What is he? Who are his friends? What's he got? He came here from nowhere and he brought no baggage. If we send him to Washington, he'll forget he ever saw New York and he'll turn into a statesman. Finnerty's man is a Tammany boy and when we send him to Washington he won't forget to write back home. Jimmy, your man has got no name, he's got no friends, he's got no money."

"Don't you believe it," said Jimmy Clahan curtly. "He's got the Eskimo Club behind him, and that means something in the Fortieth Assembly District. And the Eskimo Club is going down, hook, line and bobber for Big Tom Gentry in the primaries."

"You're not doing right, Jimmy."

"See here, Charley, I'm the leader of the Fortieth, ain't I? It's my right to back any man I please in the primaries, no matter what the organization thinks. I'm backing Big Tom Gentry. I'm telling you now and you can pass the word. I'll fight."

"Provided, Jimmy," said Murray, caressing his sleek cheek, "that you don't get sore when you're licked and want to knife the regular ticket on election day. That's what primary fights generally come to, Jimmy, and you know it as well as I do. You ought to submit this row to the executive committee in the regular way and let the committee settle it. It makes a lot of hard feeling, Jimmy, to let the nomination be settled in the primary. I'll tell you what I'll do, Jimmy; I'll make your boy first deputy water commissioner. That's a nice job, and it carries sixty-five hundred a year, and you let Finnerty's man go to Congress."

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy Clahan. "Here, Charley, I'll tell you what to do. Offer to make him a tax commissioner. Now that's a nice job, if you ask me."

"I can't do it; not this year."

"Then we'll take it into the primaries," said the district leader, rising. "And it's up to you to say whether we'll be sore if we're licked. Lay off, will you?"

"Very well, Jimmy. Bring your boy down here after the primaries if you lose out. The organization will indorse the winner."

Thomas Jefferson Gentry snapped the end of his cigarette away and turned to hear the verdict as Jimmy Clahan bustled out onto the steps.

"The organization lays off until they see who beats," said the district leader. "Well, that is where Murray knows his little book. Let's grab a taxi, Tom; I got to beat it up to the Department of Charities." In the taxicab he said to Tom Gentry, "There's a whole lot in what Murray says about you, Tom. I talked up big for you, but he knows half of it is apple sauce. He says you got no name and no money and no friends."

"I found five thousand dollars, didn't I?" protested Tom Gentry.

"That's not real money, Tom. You've got to hustle a lot between now and primary day. You've got to make a big flash. Listen, you know that little girl you got so sweet on last month during the excursion up the river?" The big young man beside him chewed his lip in an apparent effort to spur his memory. "Come off, Tom," scoffed Jimmy Clahan. "You know her better than you know One Hundred and Twenty fifth Street Peggy McShane! Do you know that her old gentleman and Charley Murray are in business together? Old Bob McShane is president of the Metropolis Track and Contract Company that does the big city jobs, and Charley Murray's got a bunch of the stock They do a lot of big work, too, for railroads and public-service corporations that got to ask favors off the Board of Estimate. Old Bob McShane is straight as a string; but if he likes you he likes you, so you get a shave and a clean collar and go down and call on Peggy."

"I'll do no such thing," said Tom Gentry sharply. "Miss McShane has nothing to do with our affair."

"All right. But you really ought to go down and call on Peggy so as to stop her calling up the club six times a day. If her old gentleman tries to talk politics, tell him to go to blazes. Far Rockaway, Tom, and the place is called something like Two to Duluth. I'm getting out here."

"Jimmy!" called Tom Gentry, leaning dangerously from the cab. "Honest, did Miss McShane ——"

"Two to Duluth!" shouted Jimmy Clahan, retreating into the crowd

Tom Gentry sank back gently into the cab and smiled a sweet and wide-eyed smile at the inquiring driver. The latter grinned uncertainly, looked away and back again, and then rapped on the glass.

"Oh," said Tom, starting, "go on up to Harlem."

He left the cab on Manhattan Avenue and walked eastward toward the Eskimo Club, the local Tammany organization owing allegiance to Jimmy Clahan. He was going to talk with Jack Frazer, the club's secretary. Jack had offered to engineer a business men's movement in the event that Fourteenth Street refused its *nihil obstat*.

"Hey, mister, where's Number 1 Vosburgh Place?" asked a half-grown but wise-eyed youth, stopping him.

"One block south."

"I've been looking around there, but I can't find Number 1. Numbers seem to start with 3, and the people down there don't seem to be giving out much information. I'm looking for a bird called Clarence Delehanty. I got a note to present to him, note for eight dollars. I'm from the Old Colony Bank. Say, that's a pretty hard neighborhood; they wouldn't beat a fellow up, would they?"

"Come on, I'll find it for you," said Tom.

As an election-district captain and henchman of Jimmy Clahan, it lay in his day's work to assist the general public of the Fortieth Assembly District. The bank messenger walked gladly in the shadow of Tom's reassuring bulk.

Vosburgh Place was a triangular gore of land a few thousand square feet in area. Its longest side abutted on St. Nicholas Avenue, a diagonal thoroughfare imposed by sad experience upon the checkerboard pattern of the city. Vosburgh Place suffered from this superfluity of street frontage; it was approachable only across traffic-burdened streets and at the risk of life and limb, and the tumble-down shacks that covered it were tenanted by negroes.

"I don't know any of the people who live here, son," said Tom, scanning the broken-shuttered shanties. "Number 1, was it? Well, here's 3. Maybe Number 1 is a rear house. Let's go through here." He pushed open a discolored door and looked down a hall and saw daylight at the farther end. "Hello, in the house!" he shouted. The hall was not answered and the messenger followed him quickly through the hall and out into the rear yard.

"I wonder if that can be our house," he said, looking at a low wooden building of Colonial design that stood at the farther side of the open area.

They picked their way up the crumbling sides of ash heaps and crossed with cautious tread trestles formed by discarded bed springs.

Their advance was stopped short of the building by an imposing barricade of scrap iron, and again Tom shouted, "Hello, in the house!"

"Hello, yo'self," called back a hoarse voice.

"Is Delehanty there?" asked the messenger.

"Stepped out, bub."

"We got something for him," said the messenger, winking at Tom.

A clot of red flannel was retracted from a broken pane of an upper window and a burly negro roustabout thrust out his tightly curled head. "Whut you got, bub?"

"Are you Delehanty?"

"No, bub, I'm his brother."

"Then your name is Delehanty, isn't it?"

"No, it ain't nuther; I'm his brother, I'm a-telling you. Oh, yes, 'at's right, bub, my name's Delehanty too. Same as my brother."

"What's your brother's first name?"

"Jubal. No, wait up—name's Cla'ence. You-all want Cla'ence"

"Yes, we want Clarence. Was that him I seen walking down the street this morning carrying a bucket of whitewash?"

"Might be."

"What does he look like?"

"Jes' o'dina'y pusson."

"That was him," said the messenger confidently. "Well, he spilled the bucket of whitewash on a cop and the cop pinched him and took him to the station house. His brother heard about it and came around and claimed the bucket, and his brother claimed it was his brother spilled the whitewash, so they locked his brother up instead and let his brother go. You got the bucket up there?"

"Here 'tis. No, down yonder in the washhouse. Say, bub, whut a ——"

"Was it you or Jubal spilled the whitewash?"

"Jubal. No, no, it wan't Jubal; it was me. Look yere, bub, my name is Jubal, understand me?"

"Who did they lock up for spilling the whitewash?"

"It was—it was —— Don' you bodder me no mo'! I don' know nothing about no whitewash. Whut you-all want?"

"But it was Jubal carried home the bucket, wasn't it?"

"No, it wan't neither. It was me, I'm telling you. Don' you argufy me, bub. Yere, yere—look yere, whut was that las' question?"

"All right, Clarence, we'll drop the whitewash. I've got a note here for you. Eight dollars. Do you want to pay it or must we sue you?"

"'At's whut you got for me, bub, is it?" said the man above furiously. "You wait there and see whut I got for you. You'll get whitewash. You wait there, bub, and I come down and wash you in blood."

The enraged man vanished from the window.

"I think I'll be going," said the messenger, fumbling nervously at a walletful of papers. "He refused payment all right, and I got a lot of other notes to present and sometimes it's hard to find the makers. Tell Mr. Delehanty ——"

His voice trailed off as he went at gathering speed over the cluttered yard. Tom walked after him, seeing no point in standing about under the circumstances.

Tom went on to the Eskimo Club. On the clubhouse steps was loitering a stocky and prematurely bald young man with genial but steady blue eyes. This person took a pipe from his mouth, dropped it still fuming into the pocket of his baggy blue suit, and said, "Mr. Gentry, isn't it? Do you want to give out a statement about your candidacy for Congress, Mr. Gentry? I'm from the Planet."

"Candidacy?" repeated Tom Gentry in a tone of surprise. "What makes you think I'm a candidate for anything?"

"Do you or don't you?" asked the reporter.

"Listen," said Tom, putting his hand on the reporter's shoulder. "I'm a lawyer and I'm wedded to my profession. I have never held a public office and I have no desire to do so, as I should feel obliged to expend all my health and strength in the public service. I know not how others may feel, but as for me public office is a public trust. I realize that the man sponsored by Finnerty is a worthless political heeler, but I sincerely trust that I shall not be forced into the fight, and ——"

(Continued on Page 125)

*"Are You Much Addicted to Bathing, Mr. Gentry, May I Inquire?" Asked Mrs. McShane, Looking at the Guest Along Her Nose. "Mr. McShane Is a Wonderful Bather"*

# THE SECOND EGG

*Wilbur Penny Had All the Earmarks of the Perfect 8:08 Commuter*

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

EVERY morning of his life, save Sundays, Wilbur Penny took the 8:08. Now between the 8:08 from Oakhurst to the city, and the 8:40, the difference on the time-table is only thirty-two minutes. But time-tables are too romantic. Really, the difference between the 8:08 and the 8:40 is a thousand years and ten thousand a year. Two distinct and entirely different races of men inhabit the pleasant suburb of Oakhurst, and one race takes the 8:08 and the other the 8:40; and seldom the twain shall meet.

Down to the station to catch the 8:08 regularly every week day scramble hurried, harassed men, pale-necked thin men, with fat brief cases. Their suits are shiny, their shoes not. On foot they pant up to the platform, out of breath; or else they pant up in small cars, also out of breath. They brush toast crumbs from their ready-made vests, swallow the last gulp of coffee, kiss their wives and swing aboard the train all in one practiced convulsive motion. Then the wives drive back to the bungalow to finish the cooling coffee left in the percolator, to do their hair properly and to put out the ICE TODAY sign.

The 8:08 commuter recovers his breath in the first mile, skims his newspaper in the second—YANKS TRIM SOX—COPS NAB THUGS—SNICKELMAN HAD LOVE NEST, BRIDE CLAIMS—and in the third opens the brief case and worries over the fact that the Altoona plant's ink-eraser bill was three dollars larger that fiscal year than the previous one. What, wonders he, will the Old Man say? What will old J. J. say? Some day he will tell old J. J. what he can do with his job; but not today, with the ice bill due and Junior needing a new bathing suit. Some day, though, he will march right into old J. J.'s office, look him squarely in the eye, perhaps belabor the desk a bit, and tell him where he can get off. Not today, though.

And speaking of getting off, his fellow commuters are already beginning to crowd uncomfortably into the aisles, which means that the train will be in in nine minutes and he himself will have to get off. He stands up and balances himself in the aisle, too, such being the invariable and quite irrational practice of commuters the world over, and so for some minutes is jerked and jostled as the train sways down the tunnel and comes up in the terminus. The proceeding gains him, possibly, six seconds. He and a tidal wave of other 8:08 men pour out of the station and into their various offices. The time clock notes his arrival at four minutes to nine. He bustles to his desk, squares away and is soon submerged to the tips of his ears in the Altoona plant figures. His day's work done, he takes the 5:31 back to Oakhurst, and scans the paper—SOX TRIM YANKS—THUGS SLIP COPS—NEVER HAD LOVE NEST, CLAIMS SNICKELMAN.

Not so the day of the men who catch the 8:40. Down to the station they glide in upholstered sedans; some have smart tan station wagons, with Japanese chauffeurs to match. Pink and brown are the 8:40 men, and full of good cheer, bacon and cantaloupe. Their shoes are shiny, but their suits are not. Good suits they are, well tailored to set off impressive backs, fronts, legs. There is a leisurely air about these 8:40 men. They exchange pleasantries; they chuckle. On the train they digest the market news or play bridge in the club car. At the terminus they stay in their seats to finish a hand and have to be spoken to by the conductor, who, however, is the soul of courtesy to 8:40 men. Going out of the station, they light long negroid cigars. The elevator starter in their office building holds the car for them. They enter private offices with broad mahogany desks and pictures on the walls. They call conferences and speak wise and weighty words. At regular intervals they receive checks; the 8:08 men get what is coming to them in envelopes.

Wilbur Penny had all the earmarks of the perfect 8:08 commuter. It seemed quite likely that when he came to die his most poignant regret would be that it was only the middle of the month and he still had a lot of perfectly good tickets left in his commutation book. At thirty he was of average height, had average hair, average eyes and an average history. Some men say yes to life; others say no; Wilbur said, "Wel-l-l ——" He didn't know where he was going and he wasn't on his way. If he was captain of his soul, he had never been notified of the appointment. No doughty swimmer he, battling against the tide of life; he floated along with the stream. That had become a habit with him; he formed it early and it was on him before he knew it. Graduating from grammar school, he had to go to work, so he went. Some men pick their careers; others have careers picked for them; most men drift into a job and stay there. So it was with Wilbur Penny.

BOY WANTED
See Mr. Hinkel; 14th floor

Wilbur could not have said why that day he chose to see Mr. Hinkel on the fourteenth floor rather than Mr. Kraus on the ninth floor or Mr. Fluss in the basement or one of the other gentlemen who advertised their need of a boy. A job was a job. Wilbur did see Mr. Hinkel, and as Wilbur happened to have clean finger nails, Mr. Hinkel hired him; and so Wilbur's career was decided by the hand of fate, and he went into the noil business with A. G. Millicomb & Co., the largest noil people in this or any other hemisphere. Not that Wilbur was passionately interested in the noil industry; indeed he was six months with the firm before he knew what a noil was.

As time stole by his salary crept up from five dollars a week to thirty-seven-fifty, and he came to be assistant to the manager, which proud title was vested in young A. G. Millicomb, son of old A. G. Young A. G. was highly efficient; he did his work by letting Wilbur do it, and evinced much less interest in noils than in balls—golf and high—at Palm Beach and Newport.

In time Wilbur Penny became a loyal noil man, proud of the fact that Millicomb noils are to all other noils as the Kohinoor is to a glass eye. Propinquity breeds love, and every day Wilbur was in close propinquity with noils, so he learned to love them for their own sake, and he looked forward humbly but hopefully to the day when, by completing twenty-five years of faithful service with the house of Millicomb, he would earn the right to wear a little gold noil in his buttonhole.

The stream of life had not cast Wilbur as yet upon the isle of matrimony. Sometimes he wished it would. Those times came when he saw Miss Esther March, who was the small and competent secretary to old A. G. himself, and was the only one in the company who was not visibly in awe of that great man.

It happened rather often that Wilbur was walking to the station after work to catch the 5:31 at the precise moment when Miss Esther March was walking to the Subway station. How it happened, Wilbur could not say. They never discussed the, to him, happy circumstance. They talked of the weather.

"Pleasant day, Miss March."

"Yes, isn't it, Mr. Penny."

"I love a fine clear summer day."

"So do I."

"Fall days are mighty nice, though."

"Yes, they certainly are."

"But there's nothing like a good crisp winter day to make you feel peppy."

"Yes; but I think I like spring days best of all."

Then her Subway station and her vanishing. Wilbur went home to Mrs. Collop's refined boarding house in Oakhurst; he had grown to be as much a part of that institution as the potted rubber plant in the bay window or the brass bed in his room. At thirty, it looked as if Wilbur Penny had let himself be filed away in the great card catalogue of life. His card read:

Penny, Wilbur; 30 yrs. old; $37.50 per week; asst. to manager; commuter on the 8:08; human cauliflower.

Cauliflowers are popularly supposed to lead a tranquil existence; they bask in the sun and worry not, nor reck they of the morrow; their wants are simple, for they demand little of life as they placidly pursue the even tenor of their ways. No turbulent rebellion stirs their mild bosoms. That is why they are cauliflowers. Wilbur missed being a perfect specimen of cauliflower. One thing—one thing alone—disturbed the calm of his existence. He had something no cauliflower has a right to have—an ambition.

He did not aspire to lead armies in battle; he did not yearn for a steam yacht; he had no pressing wish to scale mountains, shoot elephants or write the great American novel. No; his ambition was, like his life, a modest one; and yet to him it was very real, very burning. What Wilbur Penny pined to do was to eat a second egg at breakfast.

That, to him, was the gesture magnificent. It was a gesture of luxury, of escape, of defiance. For in a dim way Wilbur had come to realize that he had been pigeonholed by life. His was not a grim pigeonhole, perhaps, but a pigeonhole none the less. There were times when this irked him almost unendurably. He couldn't escape entirely, he reasoned; but this he could do: He could show that pigeonholes do not a prison make; he could demonstrate, to himself, if not to the world, that a free heart still beat in his blue-serge bosom. For some years his mind had played with the idea of eating a second egg for breakfast until it had become a fetish, almost an obsession. To him, that second egg became a symbol of liberation. Now there was a reason for this.

Breakfast at Mrs. Collop's began at 7:30 precisely, promptly, sharply, for she was a precise, prompt, and—if the occasion warranted it—sharp lady. In her lexicon 7:30 meant 7:30—just that. Wilbur Penny, by eliminating all waste motion, had just time to eat his matutinal fruit, toast, coffee and one egg—one only—before starting at top speed for the station and the 8:08. He had gauged his time to a split second and he caught the train by a plucked eyebrow. To stop for a second egg meant to miss the 8:08, and that meant—well, something too awful to contemplate. In harrowing nightmares Wilbur did sometimes miss the 8:08, and woke shivering, dampened by the dew of terror. And yet always prodding his mind was that exigent desire to consume a second egg; not a Sunday egg, nor yet a hastily bolted weekday egg; that was in the realm of the attainable; but a dignified, leisurely second egg, a slowly relished egg that announced to the world, "See? What do I care for time?" In his daydreams he rehearsed the scene. His first egg finished, he pushed back the egg cup and in a distinct unhurried voice addressed the waiter.

"Well, Sam, I think I'll have a second egg. Three minutes, please."

He could see the astounded expression on the ebon face of Sam; he could hear Mrs. Collop's gasp; he could see the envy and admiration of the other one-egg boarders. Then the egg came and he ate it, slowly, appreciatively, as if it were the last egg in the world. He knew it would be ambrosia and nectar to him; that it would have a spiritual savor no first egg could possibly have. He would finish it, every last atom of it, and then—then he woke from his daydream. Second eggs were not for such as he. They were for the successful men—the 8:40 men. Between him and them were mountains.

Millicomb, the noil king, old A. G., was an 8:40 man. One could tell that at a glance; his decisive face of pink granite was the face of a man who had a second egg if he wanted it, or a third, or a fourth, if the spirit moved him. Sometimes of an evening Wilbur strolled past the estate of Mr. Millicomb, down by the river, a vast Italian palazzo, all pergolas, piazzas, and yew trees clipped to look like roosters. On these walks Wilbur pondered about life and wondered what makes some men A. G. Millicombs and others Wilbur Pennys. Luck, he thought; sheer, blind luck. You had it or you didn't have it. Old A. G. had it. Had he not started as a poor lad without a single noil to his name? Look at him now! The noils he sold in a single year would reach from Maine to Florida.

How did A. G. bridge the gap and leap from the 8:08 to the 8:40? From one egg to two? Wilbur wondered. Was it luck? Wilbur sighed. Here he was, he thought, a fly caught on the industrial fly paper; it was hardly worth while buzzing and trying to pull away. Wilbur had never been inside the mansion of his employer, but in his mind's eye, he pictured it. White marble walls, probably, and tapestries; statues everywhere. And on the walls, mottoes—framed mottoes; for old A. G. had one hobby, and that was wall mottoes. He believed in signs, and every month caused to be printed in bold black letters pithy aphorisms, which were then tacked above the desks of his many minions. The signs puzzled Wilbur. Good sense in them, he admitted, but how did they apply to him?

### Do It Now

Thus one sign.

"Do what now?" Wilbur queried, of himself.

"Well, Good Night, Mr. Penny. Don't Miss Your Train."
"Well, Good Night," He Said, and Then Saw Her Swallowed Up by the Subway

### Carry the Message to Garcia

"Where's Garcia? Never heard of the place," said Wilbur. "Besides, what message have I to carry?"

### Don't Spoil the Ship for a Penny's Worth of Tar

"Sound," said Wilbur. "But I don't see how it applies to me and the noil game."

It was cold that winter morning. Wilbur Penny quivered into his clothes and dispatched his wonted hasty breakfast.

"A second egg would have tasted great this morning," he lamented as he trudged swiftly through the snow stationward and hopped aboard the 8:08 along with the other 8:08 men in three-year-old overcoats and last year's galoshes.

"I'll bet," said Wilbur, "that old A. G. is getting up now. I'll bet he'll have two eggs this morning. Lucky stiff!" He sighed

He was brushing the snow from his coat in the entrance hall of the Noil Building when Esther March came by, her cheeks pink from the tingling weather. He returned her smile shyly and agreed that, yes, it was a snappy day all right. As they rode up to the eighteenth floor in the elevator, Wilbur felt a powerful urge to ask her to have dinner and go to the theater with him that evening. He could catch the 11:55 to Oakhurst, he reflected. But a sudden humble dumbness assailed him.

Instead he found himself saying, "Yes, it certainly is a cold day. Oak River is full of ice."

When she had left him to go to her desk in the presidential office, he cursed his lack of enterprise. What did she care whether Oak River was full of ice or goldfish? For that matter, what did he care? Too late!

"Aw, what's the use?" he said, sharpening a pencil with a mild ferocity. "I'm a human zero. No luck. Never had any. Never will. Now, one of those 8:40 fellows would have spoken right up and said, 'May I have the pleasure, Miss March, of your company at the theater this evening?' And she'd have said yes—to him. But me—an 8:08 guy, what chance have I with a peach like her? No earthly—a stick-in-the-mud like me. I wish "

He was stopped in the midst of a gray train of thought by the sight of a new sign over his desk—old A. G.'s latest. He read the words slowly

For want of a nail a shoe was lost.
For want of a shoe the horse was lost
For want of a horse the general was lost
For want of a general the battle was lost.
For want of a battle a country was lost.

### Little Things Count!

He read the sign a second time.

"Words," said Wilbur Penny. "A lot of words."

Then he attacked his work. When he was working, Wilbur forgot to worry about himself. To him, the vending of noils was more absorbing than any cross-word puzzle. Sometimes as he bustled through the day, keeping the Millicomb engine functioning at top speed, solving intricate noil problems, he permitted himself to think that he was a pretty darn good noil man.

He walked as far as the Subway station with Esther March that evening.

"Cold, isn't it, Mr. Penny."

"Must be down to zero," he opined.

"I like winter."

"So do I."

"Summer's nice too."

"Yes, summer's nice. So is spring."

"Yes; and fall, when the leaves are turning."

"Yes, I love the fall."

A silence of a dozen steps. Then he heard her saying, "You never stay in town evenings, do you?"

"No—that is—well, sometimes I do."

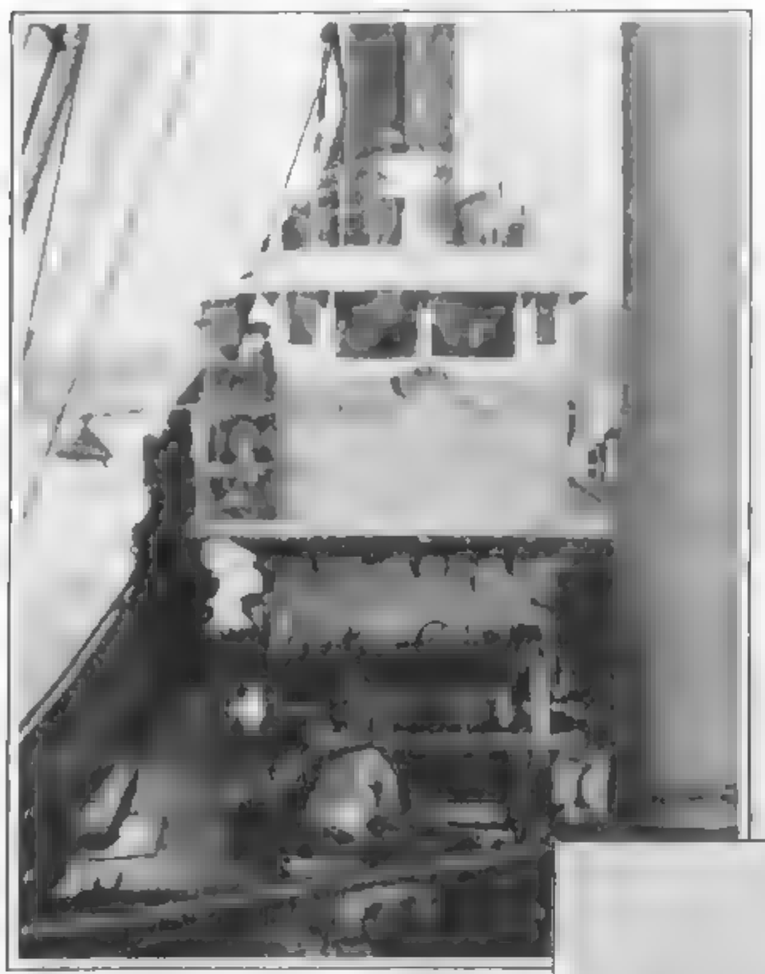
"Do you like to go to the theater?"

Wilbur Penny gave a start and looked at her queerly, as if he suspected her of clairvoyance.

"No—that is—yes, sometimes. It all depends."

(Continued on Page 170)

# ROOM AND BATH ON A TRAWL FISHERMAN — By James H. Collins



*Fore and Aft Along the Narrow Decks of the Trawler Where All Her Work is Done*

ALONG, low, narrow, rusty craft lying at an East Boston dock, like an oversize ocean-going tug with two masts, her scant deck space cluttered with all sorts of gear. This is the steam trawler Ocean, 97 tons net, Capt. Augustus Briand, and we are going out on her this Friday afternoon to see how otter trawling is done—the quantity-production method of fishing.

Comparatively a new way of going fishing, for us. Across the Atlantic, the British have more than three thousand steam trawlers at work all year round, and the French build them as large as fifteen hundred tons, while the Danes, Germans and others are in the trawling game. But Capt. Frederick William Wallace, the fisherman's novelist, estimates that no more than sixty vessels, none above two hundred tons, make up the whole fleet fishing by this method out of Boston and New York.

It's a grand way to catch fish regularly in quantities large enough to supply any demand, but our appetite for ocean fish is still local, and has thus far been taken care of adequately by nets set offshore and hook-and-line fishermen going out to the Banks. More than half the fish landed in Boston are eaten up by the people who live near by, and this is true of fish shipped into New York from the Long Island and New Jersey shore fisheries.

### *Quantity Methods Applied to Fishing*

THE rest of the country wants sea food. In the first three days of the Democratic convention in New York last summer, visitors ate up all the lobsters and soft-shell crabs in the market, and made heavy inroads on other marine fare. The inlander orders ocean fish whenever he comes to tidewater, as something characteristic, and because he is confident that it will be fresh. When the fishing industry has gone further with its new method of distributing ocean fish to inland people in the form of dressed cuts wrapped in parchment paper, our trawler fleet will grow, and the catch be comparable with the quantity production of fish in European waters. The English trawlers go out and fish continuously, packing their catch in boxes with ice, to be picked up every day or two and carried to market by fast steamers. The French trawlers make voyages of several months to the American Banks, salting down their fish. There are now so many trawlers after the fish on the Doggerbank that the British are trawling in the White Sea, around Iceland, in the Bay of Biscay, off the coast of Northern Africa, and are preparing to send trawlers the size of small liners on seven-thousand-mile voyages to the coast of South America, where excellent fishing grounds are found around the Falkland Islands and Cape Horn.

"Take your oldest clothes, because you will want to throw them away afterward—they'll reek of fish," I was advised by those who know the fishing industry. Rank libel! The Ocean had no more odor than a well-kept butcher shop, for her fish are cleaned and securely packed away in ice an hour or two after catching, and the offal and scrap are promptly washed overside.

"Better wait until the captain tells you to come aboard," advised Mudge, the company's marine manager. "He's fixing a place for you to sleep; putting up some lace curtains, I think!"

Over in Hoboken the German liners were formerly looked after by an official called the land captain. Mudge is land captain to a fleet of from five to fifteen of these trawlers, according to the time of year. In summer only a half dozen of them are out, but in winter all are busy. He has their icing and coaling, their provisioning and repairing, their mishaps and troubles. Through his little office, papered with charts and curves, passes a constant procession of sea characters, with many a salt yarn to tell.

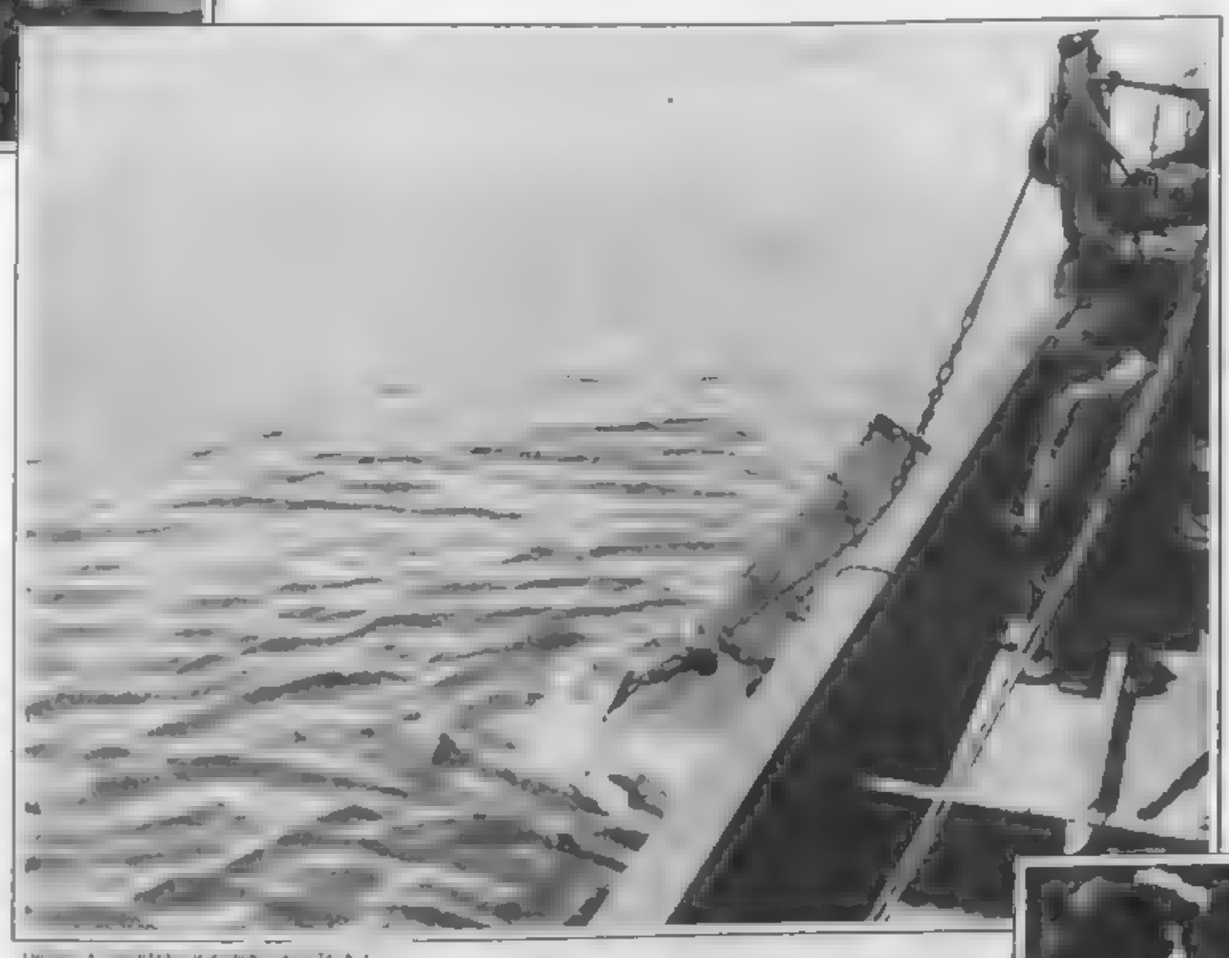
At two o'clock there is a quiet stir around the dock, men jumping aboard and others climbing on the dock. Captain Gus beckons from the pilot house, and as I stumble over the rail and the trawl gear, with a suitcase, landlubber fashion, he casts off and begins backing out. We haven't really got acquainted yet; I am wondering what sort of two-fister the skipper may turn out to be, and he what kind of seasick dude the company has wished upon him this trip.

"There is where you sleep," he says, leading the way to a deck house abaft the pilot house.

It has a single bunk and numerous lockers. Oilskins hang from pegs, and there is a clutter of charts, instruments, first-aid kit, cordage, rubber boots and other sea gear, with a telltale compass in the ceiling over the bunk. For a trawler captain must be fisherman, navigator, doctor and various other things in the run of his day's work. Outside the door a nice new galvanized iron bucket—room and bath aboard an otter trawler, where space is carefully figured to avoid waste. This is the captain's own berth. The lace curtains are not in evidence, but he has given it up to the passenger, and will bunk watch and watch with the chief engineer. As a matter of fact, when we begin fishing one watch in twenty-four hours will have to be enough sleep for the skipper.

They say that no fisherman pulling out ever sets off on his course without backing to the sun. His bow may be pointed directly eastward to Georges Bank, but he will circle around until the sun is over the stern, following some vague tradition of luck. We get off eastward, at full speed, ten knots an hour, because the sun is right astern, and are soon passing the numerous islands that dot Boston Harbor. It is as smooth as a ferry ride, and the passenger disappoints the expectant crew by not being seasick.

"Our last passenger was so glad to get back," they say, "he didn't say good-by until he was on the dock!"



*The Forward Otter Board Coming Up. At Right—On Each Side of the Forward Deck are Four Plank Bins, Knee High, Known as Checkers. The Photograph Shows a One Checker Catch Which is Considered a Small Haul*

### *The Great Otter Trawl*

SUPPER in the hot galley aft, where the surprised cook says, "I didn't know we had a extra man aboard!" Broken sleep on a hard bunk that begins to roll a little that first night, relieved by smoking and gab with Jimmy Doyle, the mate, in the dark pilot house as we steam along. At 5:30 next morning the cook pipes the breakfast call with a police whistle and fills the iron bucket with warm water. "All passengers must wash," he says; "fishermen never do." At ten o'clock we are on the northwest corner of Georges, one hundred and fifty miles out, lowering a trawl for the first time.

Not until the third day did I really get a mental picture of the trawl. Jimmy Doyle said that if it could be flown in the air it would look like a bird, with the otter boards for wings, the net for a body, and the bag for a tail. We carry two trawls, but only one is used at a time, the other being in reserve, and generally undergoing repairs. The trawl stretches practically the whole length of the vessel. It begins and ends with a wooden door slung fore and aft. These doors, or otter boards, are made of yellow pine, edged with strong iron straps, attached to wire cables, and hang in frames, aptly called gallows, when not in use. From them extend hemp netting wings fifteen feet long, and these are attached to the trawl proper, which is a net fifty or sixty feet each way—the body of our big bird, with its mouth open to gather in pretty

much everything that swims or lurks on the ocean bottom in a path ninety feet wide. When safely overboard without snarls—and it is a job to get it down in the strong tide on the Banks—it is towed astern about four miles an hour, at a depth of from forty to seventy fathoms—roughly from two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet. Wooden rollers protect the foot rope at the bottom, and the otter boards act to keep the great trap open, an improvement on the obsolete beam trawl, which was kept open by a piece of timber fifty or sixty feet long. Caught by the great mouth, the fish pass into the large bag at the end. This bag is made of much stronger netting and protected against chafing on the bottom by raw cowhide—the hide of a steer just as it is stripped off by the butcher. When you know that even this tough material eventually wears thin, you have some idea of the strain and stress put upon trawling gear. As a matter of fact, though this is August and the weather gloriously fair, we are going to have more than our share of grief this trip, and get some idea of the hardships of trawling in January, for the fish just now happen to be on hard bottom, fearfully destructive of trawls.

### *Hard Work and Hearty Fare*

OVER she goes, with much running fore and aft to straighten her out and see that no holes have been overlooked. First the bag, put over by hand because it is comparatively light when empty; then the net and rollers, hoisted over by a steam winch; finally the doors are dropped. Soundings are taken to determine the depth, steel cables attached to the doors are paid out accordingly, and finally a third cable, known as the messenger, draws the door cables together and shapes up the net for its work.

We carry twenty-one men, including the wireless operator, captain and mate, chief and assistant engineers, three firemen, cook and twelve fishermen. The latter alternate in six-hour watches of six men, and when trawling begins there is little rest for the fishermen, because it is carried on continuously day and night with electric searchlights. When the work goes smoothly one watch may sleep below while the others clean and pack the fish in ice, but when nets are torn both watches may be on deck twelve or fifteen hours at a stretch, repairing the gear.

Take your ideas of fishermen from the fiction writers—who, like the spinners of Western tales, mostly live in Brooklyn—and very likely you picture them as incarnate devils, with an oath and a punch for every situation. However, in real life the fisherman is a decent, normal fellow, usually a country boy, and a good shipmate. Mostly he comes from Nova Scotia or Newfoundland nowadays, because the web-footed Yankee no longer goes fishing, having a better-paid factory job ashore. The Nova Scotian is always called a Bluenose, the mark of his hard winters, while a Newfoundlander is popularly a Newfie. Into their make-up there have gone French, Scotch, Irish, English and German strains. Seafarers for generations, they take to the water naturally, and by necessity, their native provinces having few shore resources. In most cases they are American citizens, living in Boston, though some come down to fish in the summer and go back home in the winter.

When the first trawler was sent out of Boston twenty years ago her owner brought over an experienced English captain to train the crew. He was the sort of fisherman an artist would have hired for a model, dressed in a reefer and sou'wester. An hour before sailing, well-dressed young fellows began coming aboard—in neatly fitting suits, white shirts and collars, patent-leather shoes and derbies.

"Who are these people—visitors?" asked the Briton.

"No, that's your crew!" said the owner; and the next trip the Britisher himself came aboard dressed like a business man.

Fishing is hard dirty work. "We have the eight-hour day," says the fisherman; "eight hours in the morning and eight in the afternoon!" But it is healthy, muscle-building labor, and the fisherman keeps it up and has plenty of reserve energy for pranks and jokes.

And eat! The galley aboard a fishing vessel is an institution, and the cook as important a personage as the captain. Down aft on the Ocean the galley had an enormous cookstove clear across one side, and a table seating a dozen men on the other. What poet was it who wrote something called Prayer and asked for "the common bread, sweetened by toil," and so on? Let that poet get on the right side of the cook aboard a fisherman! This will be fairly easy, because the cook loves to have a stranger to listen to his tale of hardship and suffering—fifteen hours a day of steady work over the hot stove. Besides soups, chowders, roasts, steaks, chops, eggs, boiled meats and a dozen different vegetables, the cook bakes several kinds of bread, with johnnycake, sweet cakes, cookies, pies and puddings—practically everything that goes on the table—fresh every day. Besides three regular meals to which the men sit down and attack great pans and piles of food, they drop into the galley at any hour of the day or night for light refreshment, such as half a pie or a half dozen hard-boiled eggs—mugging up as it is called; what would be dropping into the delicatessen store ashore. They tell stories of dyspeptic landlubbers who, after one day out on a fishing vessel, forget all about their pills and powders and outstrip everybody as trenchermen.

And fishermen eat fish! Two or three times a day the cook in his white apron goes forward to the checkers and picks out three or four flapping cod or a half dozen fresh haddock or sole. Besides fried, boiled and baked fish, chowder is a prime favorite, and might be better known ashore. It isn't nearly so complicated as good clam chowder, being squares of fish about two inches, boiled with pieces of salt pork, potatoes, onions, milk and seasoning, preferably thyme. The housewife is directed to arrange butter crackers neatly around a serving dish and pour the chowder daintily over them. The cook aboard a trawler serves it in a four-quart agateware pan, and the fishermen daintily help themselves with a tin dipper. Another way in which fishermen love fish is corned, by pickling in light brine a short time—not long enough to become salty, but like corned beef in contrast to salt beef.

But we have been towing an hour and twenty minutes, a distance of about five miles. It is time to haul in the trawl and see what we have caught.

The skipper sounds a short blast on the whistle to call the watch, signals the engineer to stop, and we haul in.

*A Two Checker Catch—Electric Searchlights Illuminate the Deck at Night*

The messenger cable is knocked out, the fore and aft towropes come in over the steam winch, and in three or four minutes the doors emerge with a clatter.

Then the footrope with its wooden rollers appears alongside and is hoisted aboard by the winch, and the watch, in rubber boots and oilskins, tackle the hard wet job of dragging the net in overside with hand hooks. It is foul with seaweed, sponge or coral from the bottom, and a few fish caught by the gills come with it.

Keen eyes are on the lookout to sight the bag.

"I hope she isn't tore up," says Jimmy Doyle, who is a bit of a pessimist.

### *The Catch*

"THERE she is," says the skipper, pointing out to the passenger an indistinct blue-white patch in the water a hundred feet from the side. A moment later bubbles rise as the fish near the surface. They are alive and swimming, which lightens the strain on the bag; if they were dead the weight might break it.

"I see two checkers," estimates the skipper.

"I see a hole!" says Jimmy Doyle, reaching for a netting needle.

On each side of the deck forward there are four plank bins, knee-high, known as the checkers, and by these the catch is measured. One checker is a small haul, two checkers quite satisfactory, three extra good, and four exceptional.

Hand over hand the net comes in until the heavier material of the bag is reached. This is folded over, gripped with tackle, and swung aboard by the winch. In she comes, with a deluge of brine and a lively flapping, a bag of fish fifteen feet high and ten feet in diameter, holding two or three tons of live sea food.

The bottom of the bag is untied by a fisherman who crawls beneath it, a dripping job; you imagine what it is like in January with a snowstorm raging on the Banks. In boots, oilskins and tarpaulin he disappears under the wet cordage and cowhide, staggering back a minute later in a perfect avalanche of fish. They pour out into the checkers, and come to his waist, and his mates stand ready to gaff any cat there may be in the catch, tossing it into the scuppers, where it can do no harm. For the marine catfish—

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*Dressing Cod to be Put Down in the Ice and Maybe Sold Far Inland Before the Week is Out. At Left—Mending the Nets—Every Minute's Delay in Repairing the Trawl Means So Much Lost in Fishing Time*

# RUSTY AND THE SOB SISTER

"You Never Worked in a Brickyard," Says He. "No," Says She, "But I Lived Next Door to One for More Than Thirty Years"

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

YOU gotta hand it to Ma Gowdy. If there's anything trickier in the grandmother line I'd like to hear the plans and specifications. Honest, I'm gettin' new angles on her right along, and so far as I can see I ain't got her near sketched in yet; which goes to show that you can't size up any party offhand without stubbin' your toe.

Why say, when she first picked me up at the agency and signed me on as shuffer I had her listed as just a simple freaky-dressed old girl who'd drifted in from some flag station with a wad of lucky money that she didn't know what to do with—one that wasn't much deeper'n the paint on a license tag and could be outguessed with both eyes shut. And look what she's pulled on me. We starts out for a little visit to her son-in-law's, eases into a hunt for a missin' granddaughter, and winds up with her takin' a studio in Greenwich Village, gettin' her hair bobbed, wearin' arty costumes, and livin' incog as Mrs. Gillan so she can get chummy with the girl who has left home because she'd soured on the gay life and thought she wanted to paint pitchers. And then, instead of reformin' the wayward Stella and leadin' her back to her own fireside, what does Ma Gowdy do but get sold on this Village thing herself, start smokin' cigarettes, and go daubin' away with paints as strong as the next one. Then here she's gone for weeks, seein' Stella constant, and never lettin' on how she was any relation at all. Anything simple about that? I ask you.

She develops other odd quirks. About usin' the car, for instance. First off I had it about as soft as jobs come, never reportin' before two P.M., and only three or four times a week, makin' a little run out in Jersey or maybe over to Staten Island, generally with Ma Gowdy and Stella on the back seat, but sometimes that Rita Rosenberg party is asked to go along. She's the dark girl in the first-floor studio, you know; the one who stages the wild parties at times and does sculpin' on the side.

I tried tellin' Ma Gowdy she ought to let me take her on some of them drives up through Westchester County, past Van Cortlandt Park and on to Scarsdale and White Plains and through the Pelhams; but that meant eight or ten miles of city drivin' each way, and she's still skittish about bein' in heavy traffic. Once, though, when we was comin' back from a trip up in the north end of New Jersey, I persuades her to let me make the Dyckman Street crossin' instead of takin' a chance of a long wait at a downtown ferry, and on account of some streets bein' torn up we got shunted off so I had to come slap down Broadway and across Times Square. It's near seven o'clock and the dinner rush is on, and we got tangled up in a couple of jams that was beauts. Ma Gowdy never lets out a squeal, even when our rear bumper was rammed by a truck; but when I'd wormed a way through and landed her safe in Macdougal Alley she sighs relieved.

"I never thought you could do it, Rusty," says she; "but you did, didn't you?"

"Oh, that!" says I. "Say, you ought to get mixed up in one of them eleven P.M. snarls when all the theaters are lettin' out—specially on a wet night. Then I could show you some drivin'."

She don't say anything at the time, but it ain't more'n a couple of days later when she says, after we've finished a quiet country run, "Come back about half past ten, Rusty, and we'll pretend we've been to the theater."

She slips out alone for the excursion, and I took her through the worst of it, doublin' back and forth among the one-way streets up in the Forties, nosin' the new coupé in where the taxis was thickest, jockeyin' for position when the lights went against me, makin' left turns where it didn't look as though you could crowd a car into the rollin' stream, and givin' her all the thrills. Blamed if the old girl don't take it without a murmur.

"Wasn't that exciting!" says she. "I did hold my breath a few times, and all the while we were dashing down between those L-road pillars I had my eyes shut, but I wasn't half as scared as I thought I should be."

"You did fine," says I. "What's the big idea, though?"

"Oh, I just wanted to see if I could do it," says she. "And the next rainy evening we'll take Stella."

Well, we did. I expect she told the girl something about wantin' to see what the theater district looked like at night or fed her some such excuse. Anyway, she came along, puffin' a cigarette jaunty, and half kiddin' the old lady for workin' up such a nutty hunch. 'Course, Stella'd been used to drivin' her own car before she left home, but not in any such messy traffic as I took 'em into. And I'll say it was some sloppy evenin'. The rain was comin' in heavy showers, and at times it drums on the coupé top so hard you could hardly hear your own horn. But I had chains on the rear wheels and the automatic windshield cleaner goin', and the fore and aft brakes was bitin' when I needed 'em.

And you know what the sucker district looks like about that hour, with thirty or forty theaters turnin' loose their crowds all at once—exits clogged with people wonderin' how they'll get home, men dashin' out after taxis, panicky commuters scuttlin' here and there, umbrella hawkers sellin' out at fancy prices, subway entrances mobbed, and every one-way street packed four deep with snortin' honkin' cars, while Broadway is jammed solid. That's where you get crumpled fenders and lose hub caps.

I starts in at Forty-second and Fifth, works through to Eighth, then up a block or so, heads across for Sixth, and so on, and if there's gummier goin' anywhere in the country I've never met it. You gotta watch out for lights, stretch your ear for whistles, and keep your eye peeled for a wave from the traffic cop's hand, and at the same time dodge the jay walkers and fight off them hard-boiled taxi drivers from hoggin' your position. But I've piloted a meter bus myself, you know, and I got wise to all them little tricks. Besides, I'm usin' a motor that's tuned to a hair and can get away like a scared rabbit, so when I'd get the go signal we'd make some peppy dashes. It's a sporty game, all right, and of course it looks a lot riskier from the back seat than it does from the front. We did have a few close shaves, at that. But never a yip from Ma Gowdy. She just sits tight and seems to be havin' the time of her life. The only gasps let out came from Stella.

"Doesn't this make you awfully nervous, Mother Gillan?" she asks.

"Oh, a little," says Ma Gowdy, "but it's so thrilling to be mixed up in all this mad scramble. Don't you think so?"

"I'm getting a kick out of it, all right," admits Stella "I hope we don't do a crash, though, and end our drive in an ambulance."

"I don't think of such things," says Ma Gowdy. "I'm having too good a time watching the people."

"You're a wonder," says the girl. "I—I wish I had a grandmother like you."

"Perhaps you have," says Ma Gowdy.

Well, after that she makes it a reg'lar feature, and two or three nights a week we starts on one of these merry excursions, sometimes with Stella and then again with other friends from the Alley that lets on to be yearnin' for excitement. Gets to be a real fan, makes an outdoor sport of it, and does her entertainin' this way. Believe me, we handed some of them arty Villagers the thrill of a lifetime, too, and a couple of 'em didn't get over it for days. All of which works up quite a reputation for Ma Gowdy. I hear they got to callin' her Mother Gilpin, from some old gag or other, and on account of her ownin' about the only car in the Alley she's more or less popular. They starts askin' her to their rummy studio tea fights, rings her in on dinner parties, and even includes her in some of their weird masquerade stunts where, accordin' to all accounts, they just about go the limit.

But if they thought they was gonna get her pink in the ears they had another guess. Nothing seems to faze her. She sketches out for me a few of the midnight doin's, and just chuckles over 'em. One day she complains a little about bein' stiff in the knee joints.

"A touch of rheumatism, I'm afraid, Rusty," says she. "I was a Witch of Endor last night."

"A which?" says I.

"No," says she. "A witch; w-i-t-c-h, with a *t* in it; and no stockings on my legs. I danced a jig too. I'm getting to be a frisky old woman, Rusty "

"Well," says I, "I don't know of any who can get away with it better. How you comin' on with your pitcher paintin'?"

She shakes her gray bobbed head. "As an artist," says she, "I fear I am the Village joke. They don't take my painting very seriously. I am quite sure most of them laugh at my efforts."

"Say, don't you let 'em kid you," says I. "You ain't doin' a bit worse than a lot of the others. You couldn't. And if you find any fun in daubin' with paints ——"

"I do, Rusty," says she. "I'm getting fun out of a good many things now, but more from trying to paint than anything else. And I shall keep at it, of course, and let them laugh."

"Miss Stella don't give you the heehaw, does she?" I asks.

"Not exactly," says Ma Gowdy, "but I'm sure she thinks my style rather old-fashioned. You see, the new method is not to paint things as one sees them, but as they make you feel. That's what the Modernists, as they call themselves, try to tell me. But I don't understand. I just paint what I remember—the old lilac bushes by the front door of a June morning, cows standing in the shade at noontime, men firing the brick ovens at night or wheeling clay up out of the pits. Silly pictures, I know, but they're all I've got in my head, and it's like being back on the farm again when I try to put them on canvas. And it doesn't matter. Stella's the one who must do something big. They're rather hopeful for Stella."

'Course, they would be; specially them pie-faced cuckoos with the long stringy hair and the flowin' black ties, for they're either givin' her lessons or hope to. And there's one or two of them birds I don't like the looks of at all. They got bad eyes, and while Stella's no innocent little kid, they ain't just the kind of men she ought to have hangin' around, if I'm any judge. But Ma Gowdy sticks fairly close, too, I notice, and for all she's such a folksy old girl I expect she don't miss many tricks.

But when the studio bunch go visitin' around it's always Stella's stuff that they do most of their gabbin' about. I've seen 'em stand off and squint at her pitchers solemn through their fingers, and shift the skylight screens, and nod their heads approvin' as they got off their patter about color values and mass handlin' and true feelin'. Honest, though, I never could make head or tail of her things. Some looks like she'd tried to paint a heap of wooden blocks that had got arranged into the shape of men and women—square faces with no ears or necks, bodies like packin' boxes, and feet that might have been chopped out with an ax, and all in vivid colors that 'most made you blink. As if she'd done 'em durin' a bad dream. Almost gave me the willies to look at 'em. But to hear them nuts talk you'd think she'd turned out something worth puttin' in a gold frame. Yet when they drifted into Ma Gowdy's studio all they could see was a pan of doughnuts or half of an apple pie. Oh, maybe they'd glance at what she had on the easel, but as like as not they'd nudge each other and shake their silly heads.

That's what got me kinda sore. 'Course, Ma Gowdy's an antique, and Miss Stella's a fresh-faced young thing with stunnin' eyes and neat ankles. But the old girl had got so she could paint real pitchers of things. Anyway, you didn't have to guess what it was all about, and some of them pieces reminded me of views I'd seen myself. There was one of some brickmakers squattin' in the sun eatin' lunch—just as natural as life. Why, you could see the wet clay on their boots and the cold coffee in the bottle. 'Course, the way they was drawn might have been sort of crude, and maybe the colors wasn't quite right, but you could tell at a glance what it was meant for. Might not be just the thing anybody would want to hang on a wall, and likely it wasn't arty, but it ain't near such a crazy stab as most of them was makin'; to my mind anyway. And I didn't figure how they could list her stuff as comic. They did, though, and it was plain Stella agreed with 'em, although she kinda humored Ma Gowdy along as if she thought her paintin' wasn't doin' anybody any harm.

I'll admit it ain't anything for a shuffer to get mixy over, but some way the longer I know Ma Gowdy the more I feel like I was one of the fam'ly and the stronger I root for her. Which accounts for what I started with this little Miss Sob Sister that I meets up with a week or so later. 'Course, that ain't her real name, but I don't know what I did with the card she slipped me that first afternoon.

You see, I was stallin' around the downstairs entrance to this ex-stable joint that's been made into a studio buildin', waitin' for Ma Gowdy to show up from some marketin' expedition she'd gone on, when along comes a quiet-dressed young lady with big serious eyes and about the kissingest little mouth I ever saw. Not that I'm generally on the lookout for such things, but in this case you couldn't help noticin' lips like that. Reg'lar pair of rosebuds that almost

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*If They Thought They Was Gonna Get Her Pink in the Ears They Had Another Guess. Nothing Seems to Faze Her*

# THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

## By James J. Corbett

*Mr. and Mrs. Corbett at Their Bayside Home, 1914*

THOUGH my friends were now convinced that I had at least a chance of becoming a champion some day, I was sure that I ought to be a little bit heavier before taking on any more important fights. Luckily, the directors of the Olympic Club, where I had spent the happiest days of my youth, took it into their heads just then to ask me to become instructor. This solved my problem, for if I signed up I would be compelled to be on hand every day, developing myself for the time when I should go into pugilism for keeps.

The bargain was struck and I taught boxing at this club every day for about a year.

I had not been in this position long when the papers announced that the great negro fighter, Peter Jackson, was coming from Australia to San Francisco. He was at that time considered without an equal as a boxer anywhere in the world. Shortly after his arrival someone brought him around to the club and I was introduced to him.

A very trivial incident, harmless in itself, aroused this great fighter's animosity toward me. It seems that right after being introduced to me he asked where "Young" Mitchell's place was. I told him, and he inquired, "Are you going up that way?"

I said "No," for, as it happened, I really intended going in another direction.

Only a short time after he had left, the man whom I had wanted to see at a place at a considerable distance from "Young" Mitchell's dropped in the club and our business was transacted there. Forgetting all about having told Jackson that I was not going up that way, I then started toward "Young" Mitchell's, and as luck would have it, ran into Jackson coming back. I was about to go up and speak to him, when he gave me a funny look and a very stiff bow. Something was the matter! I didn't realize for several hours afterward what in the world it was. Then it finally dawned on me that possibly he thought I had declined to walk with him because he was colored.

Bad feeling grew out of this little incident; and since he had been brought over here by the California Athletic Club, the professional club, rival of the Olympic Club, naturally the members of the former didn't try to heal this injury to his pride. Then, too, they had never got over the last Choynski fight.

### *Matched With Peter Jackson*

NOT long after his arrival Jackson made his first appearance in San Francisco, boxing with a local heavyweight, Jack Sullivan. I attended the bout with a chap, Billy Dick by name, who, I had always thought, was a friend of mine.

As we both sat watching Jackson, Dick asked, "What do you think of him?"

"Well," I replied, "he's a very clever man, but no cleverer than I am."

Following this bout, I ran into Jackson on several different occasions and he never paid the least attention to me.

One day I stopped at the California A. C., and there were six or eight fellows in a group, Jackson among them. I shook hands with everybody; but Jackson didn't offer his hand, nor did I offer mine.

Some fellow spoke up and said, "Why, you know Peter, Jim!"

I said, "Yes; but there's something the matter with him; I don't know what it is."

One of the other fellows turned to Jackson.

"Peter," he said, "what's the trouble between you and Jim?"

"He's been talking about me," Jackson declared.

"Anything I've said behind your back I'm not afraid to say to your face," I told Jackson. "What's been repeated to you?"

"You said," he replied, "that I was overrated."

I tried to recollect any such speech, and at first couldn't; but suddenly it dawned on me that the only time I had ever said anything at all like that was the night I first saw him box. So Billy Dick must have repeated my remark, "He's no cleverer than I am," and stretched it.

So I said, "Yes, in a way, I made that remark; but it was never meant to be repeated to you, as I thought I was expressing my private opinion to a friend. What I really said, though, was that I didn't think you were any cleverer than I."

Well, somehow he got hot under the collar over this harmless statement and said, "Why don't you fight me then?"

"Maybe I will some day," I replied.

"What do you mean—some day?"

"I'm not quite big enough for you yet, but if ever I can put on a few pounds I'll be after you."

"It can't be too soon for me," he replied. "I'd just like to give you a good licking!"

"You'll have that chance, all right," I answered, and in a few minutes left the club, more determined than ever to acquire the needed weight.

Jackson spent the months following meeting all the heavyweights they could rake up out in California. In rapid succession he defeated George Godfrey, the colored heavyweight from Boston, Patsy Cardiff and Joe McAuliffe; then toured through the country toward the East, licking some more; and even went over to England, cleaning up everything in sight in the British Isles. Flushed with his triumphs, he returned to America and wanted to fight John L. Sullivan. But the champion drew the color line.

All through this period I was up in the club, working away, developing myself and trying for extra poundage, and not neglecting to see Jackson each time he fought in the vicinity.

While he was training for his fight with the famous Joe McAuliffe, the latter's backers asked me to box with Joe at the training quarters because he was in need of a fast man to work with. So I went out one day to box with him, and he would not allow anyone in the room. We were there all alone—and I knocked him all over the place. A few weeks later—this was in 1891—Jackson fought McAuliffe and defeated him. During the fight I watched every move of the big negro and figured out a system of fighting him by which I might have a look-in.

At last, one happy night, I mounted the scales and found to my delight I weighed 172 pounds, stripped, and the thought flashed across my mind that now was the time to make a jump up that pugilistic ladder right to the top.

"Sullivan will not fight Peter Jackson," I argued to myself; "Jackson has defeated practically every well-known heavyweight in America, Australia and England. No one of prominence will take him on. Now is my chance!"

At the same time I recalled that a meeting of the directors of the California Athletic Club was booked for that evening, and, dressing quickly, I went to the phone and called up the secretary.

"Are the directors in at their meeting?" I inquired. "This is Corbett." He told me they were sitting in, and I explained my reason for the call. "They have been wanting me to fight Peter Jackson for some time," I declared, "and I've made up my mind I'll fight him."

"Wait a minute," he replied. "I'd better speak to the president."

The president, Lam Fulder, came to the phone and I repeated what I had said to the secretary.

"Will you come down to the directors' meeting at once?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, and hurried on down.

Into the room I went and told them I would fight Jackson at their club, but they'd have to put up the biggest purse that had ever been offered anywhere in the world—a $10,000 purse—and one and all nearly dropped dead!

"Why," they shouted when they'd got back sufficient breath, "Corbett, you're crazy!"

"Not on your life," I said. "I'm all right at the top. Now listen here and I'll show you folks something." And I explained my plan, by which each man who wanted to see the fight must first join the club, paying the dues, $66.50. Those who were already members could be taxed a few dollars extra to see this special bout, and so the sum I had named would be raised.

### *John L. at Twenty-six*

WE ARGUED until three o'clock in the morning and they finally gave in and agreed, and Jackson and I were matched before that meeting broke up to fight to a finish, six months from that date, for $10,000, the biggest purse ever offered up to that time.

Then I took a trip down to New Orleans to see Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons, and after that contest went to New York. On my way back to San Francisco to train for the Jackson fight I stopped off at Chicago, where John L. Sullivan was appearing in a melodrama called Honest Hearts and Willing Hands.

I had seen him first when I was about fifteen years old and he was traveling through the country, offering $1000 to anyone he couldn't knock out in four rounds. He was very successful at this sort of game, and when he came to San Francisco I told the doorkeeper of the theater where the champion was to appear, how crazy I was to see the performance. Some folks never have been boys, but the doorkeeper had, and he sneaked me into the theater at four o'clock in the afternoon; and there I sat, in the first balcony, until 10:30 at night, when he entered the ring. And there for the first time I saw the great John L. and conceived a boyish admiration for his fine physique and courage.

From what I have read and heard, I imagine most people picture Sullivan as stout, sluggish of motion, heavy of foot, always standing in one place, and equipped only

with a right-hand swing. This was never quite true of him, though perhaps more nearly so in the latter part of his ring career; but as I remember this famous man at twenty-six years of age, he was about five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighing 200 pounds or so, stripped, and perfectly built. He had light legs, a wonderful neck and shoulders—not too thick or badly proportioned—and was a terrific hitter with both hands. In addition, he was pretty quick with his feet and hands and as fast a heavyweight as Jack Dempsey is today

That was John L. Sullivan when he was twenty-six. Mind you, I do not from the above description mean to give an idea that he was a highly skilled boxer. He really was in the slugger class, and I have often thought what a great slugging match a fight between John L. Sullivan and the present Jack Dempsey would have been if they only could have been matched while each was in his prime.

Time went along, while I, still an amateur, kept on improving, until, a few years later—I must have been about eighteen then—John L. Sullivan was matched to fight the ex-champion of the world, the famous Paddy Ryan, in San Francisco. I shall never forget having dinner one evening with my dear old father and mother and the rest of the family, and hearing dad grow enthusiastic over a visit that afternoon to Sullivan's training quarters, where both he and my mother had seen him go through his stunts. Dad really grew quite excited as he talked, and finally even mother broke in. "Yes, and he shook hands with us!" she said proudly, then told us all he was a very fine man. But little did they dream that their son, sitting right at the table, was one day going to take the crown away from the man they admired.

A few weeks later I saw the fight with Paddy Ryan. Of course I was older and knew more about boxing than I had that day I sneaked into the theater; and I spent more time getting points than in hero worship. Whatever put the thought into my youthful head I don't know; but in my heart I felt that with agility and science and a certain system that could be worked out, I could beat him some day.

### *A Blustering Champion*

WITH this one idea in mind, I think I took better care of my health than any boy that ever lived. I was conscientious about my exercise, going to bed early and getting my proper rest, and following a careful diet. Sometimes I would spend the whole afternoon walking out by the ocean and getting whole lungfuls of fresh air, besides the exercise. I was very abstemious, too, in my smoking, limiting myself to a couple of cigars a day. I never smoked cigarettes.

It was about this time that I cut down on drinking. Up to then I had thought it was smart to go out with a lot of fast young men and stand up to the bar and drink, although I never really liked it.

And now at last, here in Chicago, had come my chance to meet the great John L. Sullivan! So I sent a messenger boy over to the theater with money and a note asking for a private box, but Jimmy Wakeley, a New York sporting man, one of Sullivan's backers, sent the ticket for a box and also the money back to me, with word that Mr. Sullivan would be pleased to have me as his guest.

I went over and sat all alone in this private box, watching the performance. After the first act Sullivan sent for me and I was taken back to his dressing room. He had a bottle of whisky on the table, and Ed Williamson, the famous baseball player, then with the Chicago ball club, was sitting in the room with him. When I entered, Sullivan took me by the

*Corbett in a Friendly Bout With Charley Chaplin*

hand and it seemed as if he was trying to break it—a great stunt with him. Then he offered me a drink. I thanked him, but said I didn't drink, and he growled out something that sounded pretty scornful, then remarked, "You're matched to fight Jackson?"

I nodded.

"Well, you shouldn't fight a negro!"

"No one seems to want to take him on," I explained, "and it's a great chance for me to take a step up the pugilistic ladder."

Although Sullivan was nice to me, I knew he was trying to impress me with the fact that he would be a rough customer if I ever met him; but all the time I was laughing up my sleeve at all that "stuff."

When the show was over I determined to leave, and held out my hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Sullivan. I'm glad to have met you."

"Now wait," he replied, with a gesture like some lord. "I have a hack outside and I'll drive you downtown."

He was beginning to show the signs of all the liquor he had drunk and I felt I would really much rather get away and go to my room. Nevertheless, when he insisted, I said, "All right," and he pushed me into this hack.

We must have stopped at ten saloons on the way downtown. Everybody knew him; crowds followed him everywhere. There was no doubt about his possessing a wonderful personality, and I think he was the most popular pugilist that ever lived. Certainly his whole-hearted way took people, although he was very rough and blustering in his manner.

When we reached the first saloon and walked into the place, as usual all gathered around Sullivan. He introduced me: "This young fellow's Jim Corbett. He's going to fight that fellow Jackson." Then, after presenting me to the crowd in this way, he ordered drinks for the house and hit the bar with his fist, growling, "I can lick any —— in the world!"

Of course that made rather a fool out of me, as I was being talked about in the papers at the time as the coming champion; but I laughed it off and we went along another few blocks and stopped at another saloon. Again he walked up to the bar, introduced me, ordered a drink for the house, pounded his fist on the bar and swore, "I can lick any ——in the world!"

He did this in four or five places on the way down town and I was beginning to feel very much humiliated, since it looked as if he was trying to belittle me. At least I felt that way. Finally he said, "Now I'll take you down to Mat Hogan's place."

Mat Hogan's was one of the most popular cafés in Chicago and all the high-class sports hung out there—such men as Bill Pinkerton, the detective, Mike McDonald, the big politician, Max Blumenthal and Abe Levy; in fact, all the prominent sporting and race-horse men that figured in the papers thirty-odd years ago.

I tried my best to get away from Sullivan, as I didn't want to go in Hogan's place and have him hit the counter with his fist before all those people and tell them he could lick any —— in the world—meaning me in particular. But I couldn't make my escape, and he evidently thought he was making an impression on me because I was so meek and taking it with a smile. But the smile was not on the level. Undoubtedly he figured to himself: "Here's a young fellow coming on pretty fast I may have to meet him in the ring some day and I might as well throw the fear of John L. into him now!"

### *John L.'s Bewilderment*

SO I NOW made up my mind if he pulled that speech in Hogan's place I was going to call him; and, of course, not knowing him very well, it was a very serious thing for me. But I determined that whatever happened I could not afford to have him make a fool out of me before all those well-known men of the sporting world.

So we walked into Hogan's, and after introducing me to a lot of these people, once more he banged his fist on the counter and made the old boast, "I can lick any ——in the world," this time looking at me with a particularly ferocious and contemptuous glance.

I was pretty well worked up by this time. This doesn't mean that I lost my temper, for I sometimes get excited over trivial things, but am very cool in crises, no matter how resentful I may feel. I looked him right in the eye and said, "Mr. Sullivan, you have made that remark several times in my presence this evening. You are the champion of the world and everybody is supposed to think that you can whip any —— in the world. But I am in the same profession as yourself and it's hardly courteous, and I don't want you to make that remark in my presence again."

There we stood, each man in the room holding his breath, we holding each other's eyes I could see a wicked flash in his, but he couldn't outstare me and he saw I wouldn't cow. Coolly I watched the look of anger change to one of bewilderment. To think that this young kid had the nerve to call him before

(Continued on Page 144)

*James J. Corbett While in Training for His Fight With Peter Jackson, 1891*

# THE BLACK CARGO

XXI

## By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

I KNOW there is no past. No matter how the leaves are turned, I know the book is never closed. As long as I think and am, I know there is no past, as long as there comes no blackness that makes me cease to think and cease to be. The past is no memory. I know better, far better than that. I know it, because the past is in me now. It moves and turns. It is still as living as nerve and flesh It is the present and the future too. It is what I am, whatever I may be. I know it, and I'm not the only one who knows. Ask the others in that restless wide-eyed army who have touched the brand of Cain.

Now that I'm nearly finished and I try to tell the end, I know that nothing has gone; no, nothing. Once in the angle of a wall that surrounded a Roman garden a thousand years ago, I saw finger marks in the mortar, made when the wall first stood out against the sun. The hand had gone, but it is different with living things. Those unseen hands that plucked us up, and grasped us like drunkards in a tavern, and turned us out into the darkness of ourselves, those hands are still upon us. Ask those others who have drunk the cup whether the draught passed with another morning. No, the fumes of hate are in us still, and the hands that seized us when they mounted to our brains still close upon us. The invisible publican and the light-fingered waiters at the bar have never left our elbows

I have come to it now, the Thing that will never go. I have come to it, and I feel their hands. They are setting me atremble, pulling at me in their old perverted way, setting my eyes to staring, and pulling at the corners of my mouth. The past is not the past. It is the present still. I am staring stupidly. I still see Eliphalet's face, and only that sly publican knows why. He alone knows why he twists the soul of every man who steps inside his door.

My Weapon Was at His Breast as His Hand Flashed Out of His Coat

"Are you drunk? What makes you hurry so?"

It's Richard Parton's voice, so plain he might have spoken this minute instead of forty years ago. And there is the street, black and waiting, and the stark shadows of the elm trees and the breath of the tide and the roar on the outer beach. And I am walking fast, very fast. I can hear the ring of my sea boots on the bricks in a sharp staccato time, yet dim and unobtrusive, like a constantly recurring noise in a medley of other sounds. And my mind and body seem very far apart, each lost to the other in the night.

"What makes you hurry so?"

I hear his voice again. But I hardly saw the street or felt his hand upon my arm.

It is strange that I never knew I had loved her so, until I had learned to hate. My memory was very clear. She was with me then, now sad, now smiling and bright as sunshine in the black. Her voice was in the heartbeat that echoed in my throat, and whispering in the blood surge that was singing in my ears—clear, so clear that it made my heart beat faster, until my mind went blank as the night itself and stormy as the water. And it would pass, just as it passes now. And there she would be again. But why should I go on? It is not what I have set myself to tell. I have said it is not my story. What I have to tell is something stranger than that, or so it seems to me.

And still it is all black. The things that passed my mind and sight are curiously unrelated. They remind me of flames that spring from the embers of a fireplace in a darkened room, lighting first one corner and then another. If I had only watched him then. I could tell it much more clearly if I had only watched, but I only have a glimpse of him. I see it still.

We were passing a street lamp. Its light was flung out into the darkness in a hazy yellow sphere, like the light of a lonely world. The light was on his face and mine, and I think that he was changed. It may have been a trick my eyes played me, but the lines of his face seemed to waver like some image beneath the water, as though there was some new element between us, different from the air. His eyes seemed curiously wide and innocent, almost like a child's.

"Perhaps," he was saying, "it's better so."

And then it all grows black again, but still she is with me, a part of my very mind. My memory of it and my memory of her are confused and indivisible, and with it I hear my footsteps going on. He is there also in that aching maze of thought, for I can pick out his voice again before we reached the doorway. But perhaps it was not his voice. I wish I could be sure, for I might use it as the answer of a riddle. It was low, like the noises of the night. Perhaps it was not his voice, but my own thoughts speaking, it lodged so readily in my mind.

"He'll be finished in a minute. He'll be gone. And then there'll be nothing left—nothing left when once he's gone."

I wonder if I could have heard him: and as I wonder his face comes back as I saw it beneath the light with his eyes wide and puzzled, and softened by a strange incomprehension. But how can I be sure he spoke, when he is only a wild shape in the end of that black night? Yet there is still the voice, faint as the dying wind and distant as the harbor bell.

"There'll be nothing left when once he's gone."

It's strange how clear everything becomes when once I reach the door. My drunkenness must have left me then. There was a light in the street in front of it, and the wick was badly trimmed, so that the rays flickered over the columns of the portico and on the fan shutters above. The house was clear, even without the light. It was darker than the sky, for the sky was growing gray. The night must have gone weary half an hour before.

Though I never thought of the dawn, I felt it. Its chill was biting through my coat. It was coming with the falling of the wind, and I could see its faint gray on the river where the ships' lights already were growing dull.

I never thought of knocking. When we reached the top of the broad stone steps I lifted the latch. There was no need to knock. The door gave, and the hinges hardly creaked. Eliphalet Greer had forgotten to place the bar or to draw a single bolt. He must have been in a strange way to have forgotten that, but it seemed very natural then. I was about to open the door farther when Richard Parton pushed past me and peered inside. For a moment his head was half inside the hall, and then he turned and drew me a step back. His fingers closed on my arm so sharply that I caught my breath, and his face was so close to mine that I could clearly see the wrinkles move about his eyes.

"He's there," he whispered, and his hand shook on my arm. "God help us both, he's there! There's a light at the end of the hall, the very end. The door's closed, but I can see it on the floor."

He seemed strangely moved and shaken, but I never gave it a thought, for my blood was running hot.

"Then let me go," I whispered back. "I knew I'd find him here."

I was not sure, but I thought his grasp grew tighter

"You'll give him a chance?" he whispered. "You won't just snuff him out?"

If I had only looked, I wonder what I should have seen. If I had only stopped to wonder why he asked me that. But instead I snatched his hand away. Those other hands were on me, and the door was like a gateway to desire.

"Why not?" I whispered back. "What difference does it make?"

My hand was in the pocket of my coat. It had closed over the pistol, the pistol I had taken to the island. I could feel the hammer and the lock. My fingers moved over it. I could feel the cap in place, but Richard Parton was not watching me. He was looking out toward the river in that same puzzled way, looking vaguely out at nothing.

"God knows," he said, "I don't know anything I thought I knew."

I can see him standing there, and it puzzles me, as it always has, for I find myself faced with something I can only tell and not explain. I am sorry it is so, for it is the strangest thing of all. It is stranger than Prudence weeping when they carried Murdock out into the rain. It is stranger than Eliphalet Greer hurrying out into the night away from the thing he had tried to do. Was Richard Parton also weary of the road? If I had only known him better, perhaps it might be clear. If only he was something more than a figure who traveled by my side for an hour or so before he stepped back among the shadows and out of my path forever. But I can only tell it as it happened. I can only guess his meaning when he said he knew nothing that he thought he knew.

He was looking out toward the river He seemed to have forgotten we were on Eliphalet Greer's doorstep, or why we had come; but I had not

"Are you coming in?" I asked.

He turned toward me, and his eyes met mine. They still were vague. Though he spoke, he hardly appeared to notice me, and he made no answer to my questio

"Good Lord!" he whispered in an awe-stru k tone "Everything that's kept me up is going. Th k of it! Once you go inside, there'll be nothing left at al "

To look at him one would have thought he had made a great discovery. He had reached some hilltop of his own and was surveying some vista of thought which had been closed out from his sight. Yes, what I am telling is the strangest thing of all. Just as I was about to answer him his hand fell on my arm.

"Don't," he whispered—"don't go in just yet. I know I'm a fool to say it. I know you won't understand, but everything will go, once you step inside."

Was he trying to hold me back? For a moment I was so astonished that I stood stock-still. I could not believe it, and it still seems hard to understand that he was weakening right before my eyes. Surely he could not be feeling pity or remorse. Surely he must have wished for the thing I was about to do. Yet there he was, standing on Eliphalet Greer's doorstep and pulling at my arm.

"Don't," he whispered again—"don't go in just yet."

I did not ask him why. I did not care to know. My temper was surging over me and my sense of my own outrage was shutting out my thought and sight.

"You infernal coward!" I hissed back at him. "Get out if you're afraid."

I caught him squarely then. I felt him quiver like a tautened rope, and he snatched his hand away.

"Afraid, you fool?" he whispered fiercely. "Go in and kill him—and be damned to you—but don't call me afraid, when I hate him a thousand times more than you ever can!"

There is the strange part of it. He did hate Eliphalet Greer, and yet—could anything be stranger?—there he was holding me back. I said I could not explain.

"What has he done to you, but hurt your pride? Has he ever killed you? Has he ever put you alive into a tomb? That's what he did to me. Don't call me afraid, when there's nothing left inside me! Go in I won't stop you now."

"Are you coming?" I asked.

He did not answer me. He was staring at the gray shapes on the river, and pulling at his coat, when I turned my back upon him and pushed open Eliphalet Greer's front door.

I stepped into the hallway with a marvelously gentle tread. I seemed to be a part of the dark. There was a certainty within me that made me like an element in some abstruse calculation. The darkness closed about me like hands that pushed me back inside myself, and for a second I stood staring at the dark. And then I saw the light that Richard Parton had seen. It was the only light in that dark house, a faint yellow ray creeping beneath the parlor door where feet had worn the threshold. And then, before I knew it, I was in front of the door, and pressing up the latch. I knew Eliphalet Greer was there.

The parlor lamps were lighted just as I had seen them last. He had been sitting at the table, I heard the scraping of his chair before I saw him. When I entered he was standing with his back to the lamps on the chimneypiece. His cloak and hat and cane were flung across a chair by the wall, and the room was warm from the lamps, and the air was thin and close. His ledger and a pen and ink were on the table. He had been writing, for his quill was on the page where he dropped it, and a great blot of ink had fallen from the point.

Though my heart was pounding inside me like a piece of loose ballast, I can remember those little things. It's strange, but I can even recall the shape of that blot of ink It was still spreading out across the page, making little arms and rivulets on the rough paper, a little sea of black among the fine-drawn figures. I could hardly have seen the room, and yet I might as well be in it now. Every piece of furniture, every light and shade seem to have one purpose. They are like the parts of an ingeniously composed picture, each in a logical relation to the other, leading the eye to the central figure there, toward the old man by the chimneypiece.

His head was thrust forward. His hair was falling over his forehead. His coat and waistcoat were unbuttoned, and he was pulling at his neckcloth. He was pale and,

(Continued on Page 97)



*His Sin Itself Was Coming to Meet Him Under Those Untrimmed Salts*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 25, 1924


## The Crape Hangers

AMERICA was discovered by a pig-headed man who did not know any better. He was so obstinate, so self-opinionated, so wrapped up in his charts and theories and calculations, that he turned his back upon every loud-mouthed wiseacre who tried to make him understand the futility of his undertaking.

The unexampled wealth and prosperity of the United States are to a great extent founded upon the willful ignorance of a few thousand sturdy Americans who were too deeply engrossed in forwarding their great accomplishments to listen to the singsong of those who tried to tell them how utterly impossible it would be to make their dreams come true. These men were too self-reliant, too self-sufficient, to allow their powers to be stunted by giving ear to lectures on the odds against them.

If Mr. Ford had been less intent upon the development of his mechanical and executive genius, and had taken plenty of time to consider the defects of our social and industrial system and to calculate the cubical content of every obstacle that loomed up before him, millions of us would still be walking instead of riding to work in flivvers. If Mr. Edison could have spared an occasional hour or two from his batteries and dynamos he might have learned enough about the habits of the money devil to know how preposterous it was to hope that a poor inventor could start with a shoe string and build up a great and useful industry.

If George Westinghouse and Alexander Graham Bell had swallowed the popular superstition that Wall Street can keep the squirrels on the ground and cut off their supply of nuts at will, we should have no air brakes or telephones. And so with the dreamers who built our transcontinental railroads, and with all the rest who went ahead and did great things because the urge was in them and because they found life too short to sit down and wait for the millennium to give them an even break.

Fortunately for us, we are forever breeding a tribe of lesser giants capable of mighty contributions to our national life. If they do not multiply faster and contribute more, it is largely because they are being killed off by the slow poison of deliberate discouragement poured into their ears by some of the men in public life. This poison is the most insidious and deadly of all moral narcotics. Its effects are becoming more and more apparent in every part of the land.

Making men sorry for themselves is, and always has been, the most effective lure known to practical politics. A few doses of self-pity rob any man of a third of his efficiency. Convince him that he is losing his personal struggle for existence, not through any fault of his own but because he is the victim of plots and oppressions and a despotic social system, and he will be of little further use to himself or his family or to anyone else except the candidates for whom he votes and whose political fortunes he makes.

Every politician knows what comfortable words he speaks when he assures the discontented, the lazy, the unsuccessful, the thriftless and all the other lame ducks in his audience that their low estate is due to the greed of rich men, the inroads of special privilege, the injustice of laws, the machinations of the money devil and the dirty work which goes on at the crossroads of industry and finance. He knows it is music to their ears, music so sweet they will pay for it if they cannot hear it free. He knows that failure and defeat lose half their bitterness if the losers can claim a foul the referee overlooked and so avoid belittling comparison with the victors. He plays upon that trait of human nature which makes most of us grateful to those who save our faces and thus raise us in our own esteem. He hopes to convince his followers that inasmuch as he has put his finger upon the seat of their distress with such rare skill, he ought to be trusted with high office and be given power to end the oppressions and injustices that have kept them down.

It is not the weaklings alone who succumb to this slow and pleasant poison. Strong men with proper grit have their moments of discouragement, their hours of clouded vision, their seasons of susceptibility to blighting influences. Young men with the stamina of hardy Americanism, but with insufficient experience to detect the counterfeit coin of campaign rhetoric, accept it gladly, and with it take a cast of thought that quenches their ambition, impairs their vigor and shackles their powers. They and their families are the prime losers. The secondary and greater loser is the nation itself, for its most vital asset, the younger generation, has been weakened and stunted. The word "fail" has been craftily written into the lexicon of youth. Expanding young manhood, just coming into its powers, has been bereft of its voltage and momentum, its inborn genius for success.

This method of rallying partisans by making men sorry for themselves, by creating in them a taste for doped and sugared soothing sirups and training them to gag on bitter tonics, is as old as politics itself. We are so habituated to the practice that we resent it less effectually than we ought.

There may be populations whose future is so hopeless that they are fairly entitled to all the solace that political laudanum can afford; but our own people are in no such plight. We are merely, for the moment, uncertain of our stance, for we pause with one foot on an old era while the other gropes for a toe hold in the new.

We are, perhaps, a little bewildered, not so much by the momentous achievements of the elder generation as by the sight of the rich rewards which we see being handed out to the achievers. Our younger men seem to have made their entrance upon their elders' pay day. Many of them know little or nothing of the toil and sweat and backache or of the grinding years of bulldog pluck that made this pay day possible. This is perhaps why some are so ready to listen to those who tell them that they, too, might be bailing up the golden flood with equally big dippers if right and justice and equity prevailed in these United States.

It is not to be wondered at if rather hard-headed young men stop work to listen to such a haunting song. For plausibility is the essence of the politicians' trade, and the leaders of our radical and socialist movement are no prentice hands at the game. Then, too, they scent themselves heavily with the odor of respectability and deny any truck or traffic with the communist and wabbly every time they are caught holding hands with them under the table. Even the elect are sometimes deceived, for the hand is quicker than the eye.

High on the list of radical plausibilities is the proposal to allow Congress to nullify decisions of the Supreme Court that acts of Congress are unconstitutional. Many a bright young voter has been captivated by the heartening prospect of being able to prevent nine learned old gentlemen sitting in a row from determining which laws enacted by his representatives at Washington shall be binding and which shall not. But most of these progressive young voters know the Constitution of the United States by name only. They do not realize that, governmentally speaking, it is their most precious possession, the ultimate charter under which they exercise every right and liberty which they take most for granted. And so they exhibit no signs of dismay when someone proposes to remove it from the custody of its proper guardians and to leave it lying round loose to serve as a buck in the game of politics.

If this plan is put into effect it will result in handing the Constitution of the United States over to Congress to carry about in its pocket like a plug of eating tobacco, with the right to whittle off a chew at will as long as the plug holds out.

It can be done if our people are tired of liberty, are tired of living under the Constitution and want to see it whittled down and chewed away.

The young men and women of the country will have a great part in making the bed upon which we shall lie for the four years that will follow the fourth day of next March. They can make it about as they choose, hard or soft, smooth or lumpy; but once made, they must lie on it or emigrate.

## The King Business

THE king business reached its lowest ebb during the last stages of the War, when it really looked as though no hereditary rulers would be left in Europe with the probable exception of George V and a few minor noncombatant monarchs.

After the first fury of reorganization, however, monarchy appeared to be staging a comeback. The royalist element in Germany was strong and noisy, and the air was full of talk of coups and putsches. Frederick William was allowed to return to his Silesian castle of Oels, where in all probability there was much solemn Junker plotting. In Rumania the busiest matchmaker of all time was striving for a snug little family hierarchy by wedding her pretty daughters to Balkan kinglings.

Victor Emmanuel III, of Italy, and Alfonso XIII, of Spain, had bowed to the inevitable, and retained their jobs under efficiency experts. There was even more royalist clamor than usual in France. Predictions were fairly general that thrones would be restored and crown jewels taken out of hock.

But today the king business is in rather a bad way again. The carefully plotted putsch in Bavaria proved to be the flattest kind of fizzle—a beer-garden brawl, with a great deal of shouting but very little shooting, ending in the sorry spectacle of the great Ludendorff submitting tamely to arrest in the streets of Munich. The affair verged so closely on slapstick comedy that it has been impossible since then to take much stock in the talk of bureaucratic revolt. In Greece the people took a sudden dislike to dynastic doings and sent their king and his Rumanian consort packing back to Bukharest. In fact, it is now quite evident that the theory of a Balkan confederacy, bound by marriage ties, has no real substance. Racial aims and antipathies are so intense that national policies in the Balkans will never be dictated by a king's marital connections.

The British taste for monarchial government seems as strong as ever. Even the labor ministers have taken to knee breeches and silk hosiery when official duties lead them to Buckingham Palace, which surely indicates that a love of pomp and ceremony is general in the tight little island.

The Prince of Wales is a popular heir apparent. Unless the radical element becomes much more powerful in Britain, it seems quite probable that the House of Windsor will carry on though most of the other royal lines of Europe have been shaken loose from their gilded moorings.

# What Becomes of the Rich Man's Income?—By Albert W. Atwood

THE question which heads this article was asked originally by a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, who thought its answer might prove "highly instructive as well as interesting, and of great value in the study of many current problems." In two previous articles the subject was discussed from many different angles. It is now proposed to present a number of statements of the actual disposal or distribution made of their incomes by several rich men, who have kindly furnished the actual figures or percentages.

These statements or exhibits are designated by letters, alphabetically arranged, but these letters are merely for purpose of reference, and bear no relation to the real names of the persons who furnished the data.

In no case did the writer ask for anything but percentages. In one case the totals also were furnished, and this showed that the recipient has had an average income of about $2,000,000 a year for a number of years. But the writer directed his inquiries almost exclusively to men believed to be in receipt of large incomes, and it is very doubtful if any of those who actually complied with figures are substantially below the $1,000,000 level.

Of course this assertion cannot be guaranteed, but enough is known of the affairs of all but one of those who complied, to assume that in one or possibly two cases the incomes may have in certain years run to the $5,000,000 mark, or possibly in a potential paper sense, even higher.

In other words, all the men who furnished figures are really rich, or, if one chooses to put it that way, they are very rich indeed. Possibly one of them in certain years may have had an income approaching that of Mr. Ford or Mr. Rockefeller. But I feel certain that the others have not.

Ford and Rockefeller are, if I may use the expression without any personal reflection upon the two gentlemen in question, the monstrosities of wealth. The individuals who kindly furnished the data hereby reproduced have incomes less prodigiously conspicuous than those of Ford and Rockefeller, but are in the class just below them. The statements themselves follow:

MR. A
FOR THE YEAR 1923

| | PER CENT BY ITEMS | PER CENT IN GROUPS |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Taxes | | |
| Income | 24.60 | |
| Personal property | 3.38 | |
| Real estate | 6.69 | |
| War Taxes | .04 | 36.72 |
| 2. Donations | 17.37 | |
| Gifts | 7.07 | 24.44 |
| 3. Office pay roll, office expense, attorneys' fees and interest | 12.40 | 12.40 |
| 4. Personal | 12.65 | |
| Residence maintenance | 7.75 | |
| Household | 4.24 | 24.34 |
| 5. Investments | 2.10 | 2.10 |

MR. B

NOTE. The letter which accompanied this statement said: "The following data . . . cover an average for a number of years, as we did not consider it fair to single out any one year that would show more favorable percentages perhaps than another."

| | PER CENT |
|---|---|
| Total income | 100.00 |
| Expenses: | |
| Taxes | 25.07 |
| Household, personal, business, automobiles, insurance, general, etc. | 20.65 |
| Balance after expenses | 54.28 |
| Improvement to real property | 4.42 |
| Balance after expenses and improvements | 49.86 |
| Gifts, donations, charity | 19.11 |
| Net balance available for new enterprises, business expansion, market investments, etc. | 21.15 |

MR. C
FOR THE YEAR 1923

| | PER CENT |
|---|---|
| Administrative expenses, rent, office rent, salaries, stenographer, telegraph, stationery, etc | 1 |
| Life insurance | 1.7 |
| Cost of maintenance of country estate, exclusive of personal and household expenses | 6.5 |
| Improvement to country place | 5.5 |
| Personal expenses, including household servants, clothing, medical attendance, automobiles, hotels, clubs, societies and cash expenses of all kinds | 6.9 |

NOTE. All taxes, donations, gifts and balance for reinvestment are expressly left out of this statement, to avoid possible identification.

(Continued on Page 134)

HELPING THE FARMER

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

## The Voter

*A Rimed Editorial*

*A VOTER is a person who could run the Government*
*A whole lot better than it is, if he were President.*
*A voter is a person who, were she in office, could*
*Effect some needed changes in the cabinet—and would.*

*A voter is a person who's no Bolshevik, but land!*
*Who sees the politicians do things nobuddy can stand!*
*A voter is a person who would never, never stoop,*
*Like the present officeholders, to the dictates of a group.*

*A voter is a person who is fully qualified*
*To improve on every system that has up to now been tried.*
*A voter is a person—to condense it to a note—*
*Who, experience has shown us, can do anything but vote.*

*—Baron Ireland*

*"It's a Good Thing They Got Them New Traffic Regulations Workin', Bill; Conditions Was Gittin' Pretty Bad"*

## Blah-Blah Prize Fighting

*From the Evening Blah*

BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

KID GLOVER vs. YOUNG CHILDS MORTAL ENEMIES IN GRUDGE FIGHT

AFTER months of dickering and wrangling, the Pastime A. C., by promising unheard-of guaranties, has practically concluded final arrangements for carding Kid Glover and Young Childs in the bout the fight fans have been eagerly awaiting. There remains only the signing of the papers by the fighters and their managers; but this is a formality that must be accomplished only with the assistance of a detail of police, since the two pugilists are such bitter enemies that they are likely to battle one another to a finish on sight and ruin any prospects of a show in which the avid fans might view these Kilkenny cats being flung at one another.

SCENE I

*Promoter's Office*

PROMOTER: Well, whadyasay if we get down to business and when the boys come they can affix their John Hancocks?

FIRST MANAGER: That was a swell write-up you got in the Blah last night.

PROMOTER: It oughta be after the jack I gotta kick in for my new publicity man.

SECOND MANAGER: It'll help the boys pull a good house. Ought to pull twenty thousand easy.

PROMOTER: Yah, and ten thousand of 'em deadheads and birds what crash the gate. I went in a hole on the Mello-Cardigan fight and I gotta watch my step on this.

FIRST MANAGER: Any time you walk in a hole you're blindfold. That's the weeps so you can spring a piker offer. Well, the lowest I'll take for my boy is eight grand.

SECOND MANAGER: Well, if Glover gets eight grand my boy is cheap at ten.

FIRST MANAGER: Ten? Two would be a present. What's he done other than knock over a gang of poluckas?

SECOND MANAGER: Was Flemming a polucka? Was——

PROMOTER: Lay off. If your boys would only scrap the way you two do I could book 'em once a month. I'm the Santa Claus here. If the bout pulls a twenty-grand house I'll drop dead. Allowing for prelims, attendants, the park's cut, advertising and taxes, there'll be less than twelve grand left. I'm offering you ten grand split sixty-forty so's there'll be an inducement to win. Take it or leave it.

FIRST MANAGER: Skylark didn't have nothin' on you.

SECOND MANAGER: You mean Shylock. Where's the papers? Here's my boy now. (YOUNG CHILDS *enters.*) 'Lo, Joe.

YOUNG CHILDS: Ah!

FIRST MANAGER: 'Lo, Joe.

YOUNG CHILDS: Ah!

PROMOTER: 'Lo, Joe.

YOUNG CHILDS: Ah!

FIRST MANAGER: Here's my boy. (KID GLOVER *enters.* 'Lo, Kid.

KID GLOVER: Ah!

SECOND MANAGER: 'Lo, Kid.

KID GLOVER: Ah!

PROMOTER: 'Lo, Kid.

KID GLOVER: Ah!

YOUNG CHILDS: 'Lo, Jim.

KID GLOVER: Ah, Joe. How's tricks?

YOUNG CHILDS: Perfect. Nifty suit yuh got there, Jim.

KID GLOVER: Like it? Got it off a friend of mine just started in business—Sid Gordon, 332 South Street, up one flight. If you're thinkin' of gettin' one like it tell him I sent yuh and he'll fix yuh up. Say, where's them papers? I got a date downtown

YOUNG CHILDS: I'll take yuh down, Jim. I got the car outside.

FIRST MANAGER: Hey, what's the matter with you guys? If it wasn't for managers youse guys would be scrappin' for two-bit purses. Howdya think we're gonna warm this fight up? Youse guys keep away from each other. You're supposed to be mortal enemies. (YOUNG CHILDS *and* KID GLOVER *look at each other and grin.*)

KID GLOVER: If we was enemies we wouldn't fight, would we? Think I'd let some bird I didn't like make a piece of change off me?

SECOND MANAGER: That's right. Why don't you go up to the radio place and broadcast it to the world? *(Fighters sign and depart after an interval of five minutes.)*

*From the Evening Blah*

KID GLOVER AND YOUNG CHILDS NARROWLY MISS CLASH

Although precautions were taken to have Kid Glover and Young Childs sign an agreement for their grudge battle at different times, someone miscalculated, with the result that these two mortal enemies narrowly missed meeting in the offices of the Pastime A. C. Promoter Rafferty is rapidly convalescing from the shock of the near-wrecking of his show and office. As a result he has insisted that though both fighters have arranged to train at Kiley's Gym, they must appear at different hours. Realizing that should these gladiators meet before the night of the bout, some one of them might be arraigned on the charge of murder, Promoter Rafferty has had each fighter post a forfeit that he will not clash with his opponent before the night of the battle.

SCENE II

[YOUNG CHILDS *is finishing up a sparring partner as* KID GLOVER *enters.*

YOUNG CHILDS: 'Lo, Jim. I'll be through in a minute.

KID GLOVER: Take ya time. Say, let's take your pillows for t'day, will yuh? I ordered a set, but they ain't come.

YOUNG CHILDS: Sure, Jim. Anything else?

KID GLOVER: No, that's all.

YOUNG CHILDS: Say, who was that doll I saw you with at the Dream last night?

KID GLOVER: Her? That's my cousin. On the level, Joe.

YOUNG CHILDS: Pretty snappy. Wouldn't mind havin' a cousin like that myself.

*(Continued on Page 54)*

## Mr. and Mrs. Beans

*"Oh, Mrs. Beans! I Simply Can't Resist Letting You See Our Darling Little Pinkey. She's Going to a Swell Party at the McGregors'"*

*"Now, Buster, My Boy, You Do the Handsome by Pinkey Darling While Her Fascinating Mother and I Knock the Neighbors"*

*"Wow, Mother! Darling Little Pinkey is Simply Crazy About That Swell Mud Hole of Ours!"*

# Insist on

# Campbell's

## delicious beans that are Slow-cooked and Digestible

12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

# SPEED

## By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

III

IN AND out of North Platte, in and out of Cheyenne, the gray car took its somewhat eccentric course, south into a tip-tilted world, where tall peaks began to swim against the sky and lesser mountains ran forward to repel the intruder.

The composure of condescending gods which the younger Whipples had exhibited in the familiar flat countries now began to be a trifle shaken. With their faces toward the great ranges, a shadow of awe crept at times into their wary eyes. They were the least shade subdued, as if they became aware that there might be something in their native country for which not even the sophistication of Logansville had prepared them.

As far as Cheyenne the Armstrongs accompanied them. Richard Whipple had formed a shy but silent admiration for young Armstrong, which Wiletta, so she let it be understood, did not share. His manner toward her was too lacking in that touch of adoration or of awe which she at this stage demanded. And besides, he was so different from Mr. Cartwright, who had often been taken for Jack Barrymore. Young Armstrong was unromantically sturdy and practical. She conceded, of course, that he had his good points; she had discovered the night when he, in his high-handed way, dragged her into cooking supper with him, that he was unusually deft, quiet and quick.

*"I Know You'd Not Want to Miss Him," Nat Armstrong Was Explaining Gravely, "So I Brought Him Along"*

That night he had assembled food and utensils from his car, made a fire, spread a camp table and pressed her into helping almost before she had known what he was about. It had been rather romantic, the little fire, the lights of other motor cars striking upward on the leaves of the trees, the darkness gathering beyond the grove. And afterward they had danced. When the music struck up from the open platform in the center of the grove, Richard had melted away in the crowd, his face as sensitive as a faun's. And young Armstrong had asked her, politely but without enthusiasm, if she cared to dance.

She had accepted, only to pass the time. But to her surprise she found he danced remarkably well; light and flowing and intricate were his steps. She had relaxed in his arms and gazed dreamily upward at the tree branches overhead. She had thought of Cartwright, and of how life is mysterious and sad, full of partings. She felt that probably in all this crowd there was no one who knew life as she knew it, no one who had ever known the heights and depths that she had known.

It had just begun to be rather enjoyable when mother, father and Armstrong, Senior, had returned. The sight of them jarred upon her. They did not appear in the least contrite. Instead, they wore the careless and happily replete air of those who have made a most satisfactory day of it. Indeed, there was something slightly bacchanalian about them, due to the flowers in their buttonholes and to the fact that they were laden down with fruit and with jars of honey. As they passed under a flaring torch, Wiletta's mother tilted her face up toward Mr. Armstrong and said something to him smilingly. She looked astonishingly young, provocative and pretty. Moreover, she seemed to know it!

At this sight, Wiletta's heart had suffered an odd spasm. Could it be that mother was not so completely finished with life as at her age she should be?

With a frown, she had detached herself from her partner, and stepping down from the platform, she had firmly taken her mother by the arm.

"For goodness' sake, where have you been?" she demanded. Her tone was exactly the outraged-mother tone.

Mary smiled oddly, and then she had used that exasperating phrase, "Don't be stuffy, Willy!"

With her annoyance of that evening Wiletta illogically connected the Armstrongs. Undoubtedly Armstrong, Senior, had a decidedly frivolous effect on father. They laughed a great deal and indulged in horseplay, calling each other old-timer and old horse. When at Cheyenne the Armstrongs left them, Wiletta was almost glad. Not entirely glad, however. For at least you could say this for them—the Armstrongs knew the West and they knew motor cars. One could not say as much for father. Thus, when they said good-by to them in the hotel at Cheyenne and Wiletta saw her father once more preparing to take up his ill-prepared, irresponsible way alone, she felt a slight shadow creep over the day.

A promise had been exchanged between her father and Mr. Armstrong that they would meet at a certain date in Denver. But it seemed to Wiletta dubious whether they, on their part, would be able to keep the engagement. The combination of these mountain roads and father was enough to shake the stoutest heart.

And as a matter of fact, they were not to get to Denver on schedule time. Father, as usual, following anyone's advice but that of his son or daughter, took a wrong turning, got into bad roads high up in the mountains a day from Denver and broke a rear axle. The accident happened, fortunately, near a popular mountain resort, and in the course of a few hours the disabled car was towed in and the family settled down for a few days of rest at a good hotel.

That night, in the safety of their own room, Sam Whipple confided to his Mary that he was so darned homesick that for ten cents he would buy tickets east and have the car shipped after them. At North Platte he had had a letter from Henry Mullet. Everything was all right with the store; the orders for fall stock were in and business was good. There was nothing to worry about back home, but a wave of longing to walk in at the door of the store, to smell the good smell of steel tools and paint and stove blacking and linseed oil swept over Sam when he read that letter.

"I bet Lucy'll never remember to keep your roses sprayed," he said to Mary subtly. "If we started back right away, we'd get home in time for the asters."

Mary looked wistful, but only for a moment.

Then her mouth took on certain firm lines that Sam well knew.

"I know what you're getting at. But you can't tempt me that way, Sam. We've started this and we're going on with it."

"Yeah, if we don't skid off the side of one of these goat tracks. I never thought I'd be fool enough to drive over roads that stand up on their hind legs the way these roads do."

"Well, we'll take a good rest for a few days," Mary soothed him. "You've done splendidly so far. The children are beginning to think neither of us is quite responsible for our actions. Sometimes you almost fool me, Sam, you act so scatterbrained."

"It's darned hard work," he sighed, climbing heavily into bed. "I wasn't cut out for it. I'm pretty old to do this gypsy stunt."

"Sam, I wish you'd stop talking about being old. You're not. It's only that you've let your mind get into a rut, what with the store and always staying at home so much. I think it's doing us both good. Maybe we're going to learn a few things ourselves." A smile, mysterious and demure, began to play over her face. "Sam, did you notice that man in the dining room who stared at us so at dinner?"

"Dark fellow with the Valentino haircut, sort of like a Spaniard or something? Yeh, I noticed him. But it wasn't my beauty that fascinated him, nor Wiletta's either. You were the best-looking woman in the dining room, Mary."

Mary passed this over. She began to braid her hair and her eyes were lively.

Presently she said, "Sam, maybe this is a good place for us to unpack our new clothes. There's dancing every night, and I notice there's a golf course down below in the valley." And she added, with apparent irrelevance, "It's a long way from Logansville too."

Bemused as he was with sleep, Sam nevertheless caught her implication. He turned in bed with a groan.

"Oh, Lord, have I got to begin to wear those white flannel pants and things?"

"You won't mind it, dear, once you get used to it. You could wire down to Denver for Mr. Armstrong to come up here when he arrives. Then you'd have company—if there's any time left," she added in a lower tone.

Sam brightened at once. If good old W. H. would come up he could stand the darned place. Old W. H. wouldn't hold any man's clothes against him.

"No, I think he understands the situation perfectly."

Mary's tone was absent, for she was unlocking the small motor trunk, which up to this time had not been opened since they left Logansville.

With a reverent gesture she shook out from their tissue paper several brand-new frocks. One of them in silver and sea blue she held up against the whiteness of her shoulders. A smile handed down straight from Eve played over her face.

But a footstep sounded in the next room—Wiletta's. Wiletta had been all evening in one of the writing rooms

(Continued on Page 33)

# Eighteen dollars—*cash!*

Seventy years ago a New England farm boy borrowed eighteen dollars from his father and with the money bought a heifer.

He killed and dressed the animal himself. Then, from an old covered wagon, he sold the meat through the streets and vicinity of the quiet, quaint village of Barnstable, Massachusetts.

Evening found him with an empty wagon. His business venture had netted him ten dollars profit.

The heifer was the first of millions of animals that have since been bought, turned into beef and sold, not at the back-doors of a village, but in the markets of the world.

For the boy was Gustavus F. Swift, founder of Swift & Company.

* * *

For his heifer "Stave" Swift paid cash. To this day Swift & Company still pays cash for the animals it buys. Throughout the year, at convenient places, the farmer is furnished a constant cash market.

Thus a business principle, established by a boy, still obtains, not only with Swift & Company but with the entire meat packing industry.

In other respects, however, the fresh meat business of today offers sharp contrasts with this transaction of seventy years ago. The latter, purely local in character, was typical of the times.

Out of such one-man, one-town business has grown the nation-wide industry of today. Cattle are now bought in practically all parts of the country and the meat sold almost everywhere. And the natural result is nation-wide competition.

The modern large packer is forced to compete in every community, not only with other large packers, but with small packers and local butchers as well.

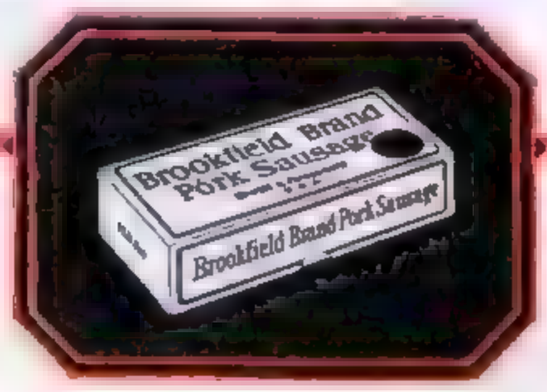
It is partly due to this wide and sharp competition that people in non-producing regions now pay less for meat grown on distant ranges than they would for meat raised near their homes. And it is partly due to packing house efficiency, which turns every part of an animal into something of commercial value.

Under the conditions formerly prevailing G. F. Swift earned a ten dollar profit on his investment of eighteen dollars. Contrast this, if you will, with Swift & Company's average profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound from all sources, amounting to about six per cent per year on the total stockholders' investment.

## Swift & Company

*Founded 1868*

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 46,000 shareholders




G. S. & Co.

The pattern on the floor is No. 386

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

PENALTY SEAL WITH DAILY CLOTH

### *Look for this Gold Seal*

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal, facsimile of which is shown above. The Gold Seal is pasted on the face of every pattern. The name "Congoleum" is a registered trade name and the exclusive property of Congoleum Company, Incorporated. If you want to get "Congoleum" be sure to ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

## *"Say, Bill, that's some rug!"*

They wouldn't have put faith in what their women folks thought about shot-guns or fishing tackle. But when it came to floor-covering they got the kind that almost any up-to-date housewife would have told them to buy—a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug.

*Gold-Seal* Congoleum is absolutely waterproof. It neither spots nor stains. Dust, mud, ashes and grease don't cling to it, because it has no nap or seams. It requires no sweeping or beating—an easy rub-over with a damp mop or cloth makes it clean and bright as sunshine. And there's no risk of tripping or falling over curled-up edges and corners, for *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs lie perfectly flat without fastening of any kind.

### *Beautiful Patterns for Every Room*

Among the wide variety of cheery, inviting patterns you'll find just the rug to add new beauty to any room in the house—from kitchen to guest room.

And *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are so economical that now even the most modest home can afford to have artistically patterned floor-covering in every room.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | feet x 9 | feet | $ 9.00 | 1½ | feet x 3 | feet | $ .60 |
| 7½ | feet x 9 | feet | 11.25 | 3 | feet x 3 | feet | 1.40 |
| 9 | feet x 9 | feet | 13.50 | 3 | feet x 4½ | feet | 1.95 |
| 9 | feet x 10½ | feet | 15.75 | 3 | feet x 6 | feet | 2.50 |
| 9 | feet x 12 | feet | 18.00 | | | | |

Pattern No. 386 (shown above) is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.

*Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted*

# *Gold Seal* CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

### *Interesting Free Booklet*

"*Beautify Your Home With Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs*," a very interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the beautiful Congoleum patterns in their actual full colors. Drop a line to our nearest office today for *your* copy. It will gladly be sent to you free.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED Montreal

Pattern No. 523

Pattern No. 518

(Continued from Page 30)

below, penning a letter full of her inmost thoughts. When she opened the door into her parents' room she wondered why mother, with a rosy face, was so hastily closing the closet door.

The Alta Vista Hotel was like an ocean liner left by some astonishing flood high and dry on the side of a mountain. Its verandas were like decks across the front of it, and these decks looked out across mountains like giant waves. Within, grill rooms and dining rooms, card rooms, beauty parlors, billiard and writing rooms radiated from a glittering rotunda. In the rotunda, bulletin boards announced every newest device to separate guests from their money and to kill time for them.

On the morning after the arrival of the Whipple family more than one person wandering through the lobby after breakfast turned to give a second glance at Mary Whipple as she stood reading one of these boards. For Mary wore a cream-colored sports frock, which, if it had not been so French and so clever, would have been a thought too conspicuous. As it was, it gave Mary an air, when combined with a hat from the Rue de la Paix, which would have astonished Logansville.

It more than astonished her children. It left them with the sensation of having lost a sympathetic and inconspicuous background for their own adventures, and in its place finding a modish being who was actually stared at—a most undesirable thing to happen to a mother. Moreover, she seemed to have lost interest in their affairs, and to have become selfishly absorbed in her own. And these affairs of her own began to give her children—Wiletta especially—a series of shocks.

Once or twice since Wiletta had left school she had been able to persuade her father and mother to spend two summer weeks at a fashionable lakeside hotel back home. On these occasions her parents' behavior had been all that the behavior of parents should be. They had sat quietly on verandas and yawned a good deal. At the evening dances they had patiently waited on the side lines until Wiletta was ready to go to bed. They had worn clothing proper for parents—a dark-blue flannel business suit for father and nice blue-and-white foulards for mother. They had been interested in everything that Richard and Wiletta did. In short they had been there.

But now—where were they? One never knew. In the morning father appeared at breakfast in the golfing clothes with which he had first startled them. They had allowed this robust apparel to fade from their attention, because at the time it did not seem possible that father would ever really wear it. He disliked golf, and it plainly embarrassed him to display his calves. But every morning now he went down to the valley golf course in a succession of cravats that were like an exuberant gesture. After a few days they noticed that he seldom made the course alone.

For in this new blossoming of father's one of the characteristics they had never dreamed he possessed became apparent. Women liked him. Youngish spinster ladies, middle-aged ladies playing golf in short tweed skirts, elderly veranda dowagers—they all responded to his friendly gallantry. Now that he had cut loose, as he said privately to Mary, he might as well be a regular lizard.

But perhaps the most responsive of all was Mrs. Dawson. It had been easy to get acquainted with the Dawson party—Lily Dawson, her husband, Mr. Clate Dawson, and their friend Mr. Querino. Their table in the dining room was near that of the Whipples'; in fact it was the attentive stare of Mr. Querino to which Mary had drawn Sam's attention on the night of their arrival. Within a day or two Mrs. Dawson had offered powder to Mary in the dressing room, and Mary had smiled so sweetly that next day Mrs. Dawson, coming up from the golf course alone, had complimented Sam on his pretty wife and his perfectly darling children. From this it came to bows all around at mealtime, cigars offered by Mr. Dawson and considerable flashing of white teeth from Mr. Querino.

Quickly there sprang up one of those hotel intimacies that flourish nowhere else. Mrs. Dawson went around the golf course with father and they met Mr. Querino and mother in the grill for lunch; or Mr. Dawson and father played billiards while Mrs. Dawson and mother had their nails manicured in the beauty shop.

Several mornings Mr. Querino gave mother a lesson in the tango in the empty ballroom. It was Mrs. Dawson who suggested to father that he must ride if he wished to get the full beauty of the mountain roads around them.

"Clate will lend you an outfit, riding trousers and things. Oh, do, Mr. Whipple, we could have such fun!"

Mrs. Dawson had the vivacity of the thin woman who has fought off time ruthlessly.

She often spoke of "our little place in the mountains," and she frequently exchanged with Mr. Dawson laughing references to the remarkable things they were going to do "when our mine begins to be worked." She was tireless at organizing picnics, poker parties and *al fresco* luncheons.

Wiletta was present when this matter of father's riding came up. She thought mother would have sense enough to dissuade father; but to her dismay, mother said that she would like to ride, herself. Mr. Querino at once said he would teach her.

Wiletta stared, and within her she bristled. How nervy! And how utterly weird! The man was trying to flirt with mother. Wiletta glanced at her mother's face. It was demure, calm.

"Oh, golly! Mother's so innocent," thought Wiletta. "And, of course, father never sees anything."

Should she point out to her mother that this middle-aged Valentino with the Spanish eyes was trying to be sentimental? Should she hint to father that Mrs. Dawson was trying to vamp him? What effect would it have upon them if she did? They'd be horrified, probably. Or would they? Might they not then become self-conscious—lose their innocence? It would be simpler if father and mother knew a single thing about the world. They were such lambs. They thought everyone was as nice as themselves.

And yet, she reflected, there was the matter of these French frocks of mother's, and father's giddy golf togs, his white flannel trousers. In a way, they had brought the Dawsons down upon themselves. Last night at dinner, how completely changed mother was in that deep-blue-and-silver dress. It was so sort of knowing, that dress. Could it be that mother had deliberately chosen it?

No! The idea was unthinkable. Wiletta had seen silly middle-aged actions at the club, of course; but her father and mother could never be like that.

But she had once read a book called Second Blooming, and though at the time the book had not interested her and had seemed most unnatural and somewhat disgusting, she found now that it recurred to her. Could it be that fathers and mothers did sometimes in real life have a dangerous age? It was a most disconcerting and frightening thought. The dangerous age should be confined strictly to her own. It was too ridiculous to think of its happening to persons over forty, especially to one's own father and mother.

That evening in their own room, while Sam wearily removed a pair of dancing pumps which he would not have been found dead in, in Logansville, so he said, he touched upon this matter of their new friends.

"Lord! I bet I danced ten miles with that Dawson woman tonight," he moaned. "How much longer have I got to keep this up, Mary?"

"I don't quite know, dear. I'm just feeling my way. We're not having such an awfully bad time, are we?"

*At Her Left Hand, Within Arm's Reach, Was One of the Open Doors Into the Patio, and She Was About to Step Out of It When an [redacted] Sound at the Table Made Her Whirl Around. It Was a Sort of Squeak From Mrs. Dawson and the Clatter of a Cup Against a Saucer. Then a Gruff, Quick Voice Said, "Put Up Your Hands, Everybody! Stand Up!"*

"Humph! It's all right for you; women like to dress up and chatter. But me, I'd rather be home with just you and me, working in the garden."

She stooped suddenly and kissed him.

"You're a perfect dear. You always will be."

She moved thoughtfully about the room for a moment. Then she asked him if he had noticed that Richard actually danced three times with her that evening.

"And he said I didn't bear down at all! I think he was really a little proud of me."

"No reason why he shouldn't be, the young cub! But what's the matter with Willy? She doesn't seem to be quite as lively as usual."

Mary considered this in silence for a moment or two.

"Do you remember, down at the lake back home, the young people always swim out so far and do so many dangerous stunts when the float is anchored? But last summer when they had to bring it in for repairs, do you remember how close to shore they stuck? Well, I think you and I have been the float. Now that we're dragging our anchor they don't have anything to swim to and they can't enjoy stunts so much. I begin to believe that for the normal young person to get the most zest out of what they call speed, there must be something stationary for them to speed away from and back to. You and I are not so stationary as we were, Sam."

"I guess you're right," he sighed. "Only, what about us? This speed business may have its perils for us, my girl. What do you think those Dawsons are up to, anyway?"

"Um-m—for one thing, they think we're rich, I suppose. Sam, do you think they have anything to sell, by any chance?"

"Guess not. I don't know what it could be. Dawson doesn't seem to be in any particular line of business. Independent income, I gather. But what do you think the tango fellow's little game is?"

Mary smiled delightfully.

"I think he's bait."

"To catch what?"

"A rich woman. And if she is married, to catch the husband through her. Has Mr. Dawson talked to you much about his mine?"

"He's mentioned it, not much more. You don't think he thinks I'm the kind of sucker that would buy a mine, do you?"

Mary brushed her hair with long, thoughtful strokes.

"There is something they want of us. Mrs. Dawson asked me today if we wouldn't spend a week-end up at their place in the mountains. It seems it's only about thirty miles north of here."

"I won't do it!" declared Sam hastily.

"Of course not. But if they should ask you, promise me that you won't refuse until you've talked it over with me. I don't know"—she looked at her reflection absently—"how far we may have to go ——" She broke off here. "Have you heard from the Armstrongs?"

Sam searched in the pocket of his dinner coat and brought out a telegram.

"Forgot to tell you. They're coming up the end of this week. Gosh, I'll be glad to see old W. H. and hear a little real man talk!"

"The end of the week?" Mary laid down the brush and began to braid her hair. When she had come to the end she began rapidly to unbraid it. Sam observed this with apprehensive eyes. "The end of the week? Then," she murmured, "I think you had better take that ride with Mrs. Dawson tomorrow. I shall let Mr. Querino teach me. I can get riding clothes at the hotel shop. If Mr. Querino and I should just happen not to get back until after dark, you won't worry, will you?"

Sam looked up with startled eyes.

"No, I won't worry, if you say not; but what in Sam Hill are you up to?"

Mary did not answer him directly. She merely murmured as if to herself, "I'll have to work fast if the Armstrongs are coming."

On Saturday afternoon the Armstrongs arrived, and although it was late, Mary and Sam managed a secret session with Armstrong, Senior, before dinner. Wiletta, as she dressed, could hear the low hum of their conversation, broken now by a chuckle from Mr. Armstrong. She wished that she had got hold of him first so as to warn him not to be taken in by the Dawsons; but she resolved to see him alone immediately after dinner.

The Armstrongs sat at the Whipple table and everyone save Wiletta was very cheerful. Mary wore her second new dinner gown of the week, and to Wiletta this was more significant even than her mother's new vivacity and charm. For this second gown, with only a few changes, might have been suitable for herself. And her mother had not only kept it a secret but never once appeared to realize that her daughter's favorite color was peach and that she could have done with a fresh dinner frock. The solid ground of maternal unselfishness, on which all her life had been built, rocked under Wiletta and she felt the tears springing to her eyes.

To conceal this disgraceful weakness she bent as if to search for something she had dropped. Young Armstrong, seated at her right, leaned over to assist her.

"What was it—your bag?" he asked.

He put down a hand to grope for the lost article; Wiletta bent farther over as she felt a tear rolling down her nose—and an awful thing happened. The tear plumped down upon young Armstrong's wrist. One could almost have heard it splash. The young man jerked his head up and looked at her with startled eyes of concern. Wiletta, half under the table, discovered that she had no handkerchief. She was fumbling for a corner of the tablecloth when she felt a freshly folded handkerchief deftly put into her hand.

"Thanks," she muttered stiffly. Heavens, how she hated him!

After dinner the Dawsons at once rallied round and were duly presented to the Armstrongs. Mrs. Dawson, with her ruthless gayety, pointed an arch finger at Armstrong.

"You're not to keep those darling people from the date they have with us tomorrow. You know!" She turned her arch smile upon Sam.

Father wore what he fondly believed to be a poker face. W. H. Armstrong's eyes twinkled under heavy brows. Mr. Querino placed a wrap lingeringly around mother's shoulders. Mrs. Dawson chattered and batted her eyes—the word was Richard's. And Nat Armstrong studied Wiletta's face guardedly.

Wiletta thought desperately. This thing must be put a stop to. She plucked W. H. Armstrong by the arm and whispered, "I'm going out on the veranda. Could you slip out there in a minute? I should like to ask you something."

Presently his tall, rugged figure could be seen threading his way in and out among the deserted rocking-chairs.

"Are you warm enough out here, my dear?" he asked kindly. Wiletta's heart warmed toward him.

"I'm only going to keep you a minute. Mr. Armstrong, tell me honestly, what do you think about the Dawsons? Don't you think that they're not father and mother's kind of people at all? I mean, doesn't it seem to you they're kind of—well, weird, you know, gushy and loud? And that Querino man! Mr. Armstrong, I may as well tell you, I am worried simply stiff about father and mother."

His surprise was obvious. She could not see his face in the shadow, but his voice was kind and reassuring.

"You are, Miss Willy? Now look here, let's find a warmer corner and you tell me all about it."

It was such a relief to pour it all out, her distrust of the Dawsons, and especially of Mr. Querino, and her feeling that father and mother were being taken in. It was not altogether easy to put it just right to Mr. Armstrong, because, of course, one could not admit to an outsider that one's parents' conduct was not dignified.

"They're so awfully innocent, Mr. Armstrong, father and mother are. They believe everybody is as decent as they are. And of course, Mr. Armstrong, you and I know that there are lots of rotten folks in the world who would just pounce on people like father and mother and lead them astray. Not that father and mother would ever let themselves, if they knew it; but they don't know it, and that's the trouble."

"I see, I see," mused Mr. Armstrong. "You haven't talked with them about it, have you?"

Wiletta admitted that she had hesitated to open their eyes.

"And then, too, you know how it is with families—they think you are a mere child until you're about thirty. They don't realize, Mr. Armstrong, how well I know life."

Mr. Armstrong was seized with quite a sharp fit of coughing at this point; but recovering he concentrated gratifyingly on her problem. He admitted that he did not particularly care for the looks of the Dawson party; he had never liked a man with a hooked nose such as Mr. Dawson owned.

"Looks like a confidence man to me. What about this date they have with your people on Sunday?"

"That's what worries me the most. The Dawsons have a house in the mountains somewhere north of here, and they've persuaded mother and father to motor up there with them to spend a few days. I think it's where this mine of theirs is. They want father to see it."

Mr. Armstrong made a sound of concern.

"That's it! I knew this Dawson was a shark the first instant I laid eyes on him. He'll try to get your father to buy an interest in this mine. It's probably not worth a bag of peanuts."

Wiletta wrung her hands.

"Oh, my gracious, what shall I do about it? Wouldn't it be too dreadful if father lost all his money through those horrid people? Or they might get father and mother up there and rob them, or something. Mr. Armstrong, can't you stop them somehow?"

"I'm afraid I can't," replied Mr. Armstrong gloomily. "Your father is a good business man, but out here he's out of his own line, and he doesn't know it, so it appears. And besides—maybe you won't understand this, Miss Willy, but even parents have their dangerous age. It is then that they need good strong children to look after them, especially a daughter like you who knows the world more or less. You could have a very strong influence with them if you went at it right."

"I don't seem to have," cried Wiletta tearfully. And she added, "Oh, dear, I wish I had begun earlier!"

Mr. Armstrong covered his mouth with his hand as if in deep thought. For a moment he appeared unable to speak, but when he did, his words, though sensible, filled Wiletta with a sense of responsibilities almost too heavy to be borne. His advice was to stick to her father and mother no matter how eccentric their conduct might become. For who could tell when example and precept might show them the foolishness of too much frivolity at their age? And besides, undoubtedly a crisis might occur at any time, in which case a cool head like her own would be needed.

"If I could only get them home," sighed Wiletta. "At least there I would know what sort of friends they have and where they are."

"I expect you were always with them when you were at home?" asked Mr. Armstrong innocently.

There was a pause, during which Wiletta appeared to reflect.

"No, I'm afraid I wasn't. But I shall be," she added firmly, "if we ever get home again. Mr. Armstrong, I'm so thankful they're sowing their wild oats so far away from Logansville!"

"Yes, I expect it would be pretty embarrassing for you in your home town."

"It would be simply the cat's cuffs," said Wiletta intensely. She rose and they moved toward the lighted doorway. She slipped her hand into his arm. She liked him. If only father was steady and safe like Mr. Armstrong! "You see what my problems are, Mr. Armstrong. You will do what you can to get them away from the influence of those Dawsons? I feel so awfully alone out here. You are the only one I can talk to about these things."

"How about your brother? You and he together ——"

"Rick is such a kid. And besides, I've begun to worry about him too. He's been taking saxophone lessons from the orchestra leader. I think he's getting ready to bolt."

"Bolt?"

"He's done it before," said Wiletta gloomily. "You see, he met a boy back at that camp in Nebraska who is getting up an orchestra in his home town. He lives somewhere here in Colorado. I have a suspicion Rick is getting ready to run away to join that boy's orchestra, you know. Did you ever hear of anything so silly? I don't know what's eating him."

"Possibly if he thought you needed him ——"

"I think he'd be a broken reed. But, of course, I can try."

They entered the brilliant rotunda. Young Armstrong came forward with a wrap over his arm.

"You left this in the dining room. Would you like to dance? Your mother asked me to tell you she has gone up to the pavilion with Mr. Querino—to see the moon rise."

Wiletta glanced eloquently at the senior Armstrong.

"You see?" her eyes said.

"Let's go up to the pavilion," she said to young Armstrong.

She felt the necessity of chaperoning her mother in the face of all the tabbies who sat about the lobby and commented on what they saw. Already she had seen glances exchanged when first mother and then father came in from riding until after dark with their private instructors.

With Nat carrying her cloak, she crossed the lobby hurriedly. At the back of the hotel a romantic little path wound up to a circular pavilion. Up there a tiny light shone like a captive will-o'-the-wisp. The night was almost unbearably lovely, with moonlight and the scent of some blossoming shrub.

Halfway up they stopped to look back over the valley. A bench at their backs was half hidden in hanging vines. Here was a setting such as the kind gods must have made for lovers. But the man she loved was hundreds of miles away, and at her side was a silent young man who smoked with quiet appreciation a familiar brand of tobacco.

Of course she did not like him, but there was a certain steady coolness about him that she trusted. With any encouragement at all, she could have told him about Jack Cartwright and their hopeless affair.

The setting, the night were made for intimate, low-voiced confessions.

She looked at him out of the corner of an eye. Could it be she was losing her power over men? This white cloak was becoming too. Her lips quivered. It would not be at all hard to put her head on his shoulder and weep.

"I think," he began, and she held her breath, "there's someone calling us, someone coming up the path."

She listened.

"It's Rick. What on earth does he want!"

Richard presently appeared around the turn. A Chinese lantern like a heathen moon hung over the little terrace. Its light disclosed a yellow envelope in her brother's hand.

"Wire for you, Bill. From Jack Barrymore, I suppose."

"Don't be silly."

(Continued on Page 60)

*Why lubrication is important to plant executives*

# Stealthy friction

## *How it bites into profits*

***Why should a "mere mechanical problem" like friction interest an executive?***

Because friction gnaws at the metal moving parts of every engine and machine, and slows them up. It nibbles at smooth continuous operation. It eats its way up into steady production and into manufacturing profits—matters of vital concern to every plant executive.

***Can all friction be prevented?***

No, not entirely—but the science of lubrication reduces it to an absolute minimum. Any plant which comes short of that minimum penalizes itself with slowed up production and worn out machinery.

***Does preventable friction slow up production in every industry?***

Yes, every industry suffers by it. Throughout the country it is dragging on bearings, dragging on speeds, dragging on output.

***What puts machinery into "industry's scrap heap?"***

Preventable friction, which wears out machinery before its time, is the direct cause of many plants' scrap heaps. The fact is sometimes overlooked that preventable friction not only grinds down a machine's productivity, but takes the machine with it. Competent authorities estimate that 75% of repairs to plant machinery are due to friction's damage. Worn out machinery entails expensive replacements. Rapid deterioration forces heavy depreciation charges.

***How can you as an executive minimize friction throughout your plant?***

By making use of the only known remedy—correct lubrication. It calls for the selection under expert guidance of specially manufactured oils, whose inherent qualities meet the specific needs of specific machines operating under specific conditions.

The Vacuum Oil Company, the world's leading lubrication specialists, will gladly study your lubrication problem and make recommendations.

A letter addressed to the nearest branch office will put you in touch with an experienced representative.

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# Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

***A Broad Service to Industrial Plants***

Over 85% of the leading builders of all prime mover engines recommend or approve the use of Gargoyle Lubricating Oils, made by the Vacuum Oil Company. The majority of builders of the many other kinds of industrial machinery recommend or approve Gargoyle Lubricating Oils.

Take the leading industries and the ten leading manufacturers in each industry, and you will find that the Vacuum Oil Company will be lubricating important units in the large majority of them.

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# *Directly-Powerfully-Within an Hour*

# Your food affects your physical and mental ability

That is one side of the story—
The other side is this:
Slowly, surely, over weeks or years, your food may break down your bodily forces and pave the way for the chronic diseases of "middle life."

ALMOST immediately—with a force and directness we scarcely realize—certain parts of our daily food are used up by our bodies.

Used up because they are the "power foods."

No wonder these foods—called "carbohydrates"—are vitally important! No wonder biological chemists say that from one-third to one-half of all we eat should be made up of them!

Yet these foods must be in a form the body can use for nourishment.

Few of us suffer from too little food today. Yet one out of every three actually suffers from malnutrition!

Not from lack of food—but from food which the body cannot turn into the nourishment it needs.

So we have, instead of force and endurance—actual lack of these qualities. A tired-out feeling in the middle of the afternoon—nervousness which we think of as normal when it might so easily be avoided.

And we have even worse than this, for we know today that food which our bodies cannot use—they may actually turn into acids and poisons. And at the base of the chronic diseases of middle life today, we are coming to find the insidious evil of malnutrition.

Three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts are the precious carbohydrates—the element which supplies our minds and bodies with motive power.

But in Grape-Nuts these carbohydrates have been dextrinized—turned into dextrins, which, of all food substances, are the ones which our bodies can most readily use.

Grape-Nuts is a perfect source of power, for men and women who must have plenty of reserve to meet the heavy demands of modern life and for children who need a surplus store for growth and for healthy play.

Eat this tempting food with milk or cream regularly. Its novel, nutty flavor, its crisp "crunchiness" make it a delightful, tempting food. Try it and see how much you will enjoy it

*Hard foods of vital importance to sound digestion and good teeth*

Doctors and dentists are today constantly warning us that we must eat some hard foods that require chewing—both to promote thorough digestion and to give needed exercise to teeth and gums.

The crisp kernels of Grape-Nuts must be chewed—and their pleasant "crunchiness" and delightful flavor tempt you to chewing.

This starts digestion in the mouth where it should start—and gives to the teeth and gums the exercise which alone can keep them in healthy condition.

Served with cream or rich milk Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration.




## *Free! Sample Offer*

Send today for four of the individual packages free. Enough Grape-Nuts for four nourishing breakfasts. Free offer also includes book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives who regularly serve Grape-Nuts.

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# TRAVEL AT YOUR OWN RISK

## By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THERE is no use in talking, no wife in this world can prevent her husband having a lot of low masculine tastes, and the best she can do about it is let him be fed all of them in mild doses, but do the feeding herself.

I don't mean to say where if a husband has got a appetite for golf you can satisfy it with croquet; but if a wife leaves her husband have enough rope on these male failings and really chums around with him a lot, she may pretty near indefinitely stall off the dreaded moment when he will say by Jove I am not seeing enough men, why great Scott I am losing all my old pals I never see the boys any more I am going to take a night off pretty soon and go out with them.

Of course he will spring this line sooner or later anyways, and the wise wife is always prepared for it the same as for any other domestic danger. If she is really on the job she will even beat him to it by suggesting why don't you go out with the boys some evening dear, I don't want to stand between you and your old friends. And etc. And if she handles it right, see, she can say this in such a way that he will come back with oh nonsense I had rather stay home with you dear, or something, and the crisis will be safely passed.

*"I Do Think These Wives That are Jealous of Their Husbands Going Out and Playing Around With Men Friends is Perfect Fools"*

But of course once in a while something will slip and that is just what happened to I and Jim on the one occasion where I thought it couldn't possibly. The whole thing commenced just off the Philippine Islands, which we were sneaking up on them in our boat the Cantdetania which I and Jim and the whole Marie La Tour company was going around the world on. It was one of them balmy blue and white and golden tropical days when all the world seems right and even a steamer chair feels endurable. I was in mine on deck, lazily writing my dairy, and getting the Philippine Islands cleared up and out of the way before we got to them, and Jim was in the chair beside me sleeping the uneasy nap of the underexercised. Every once in a while I would slide an anxious glance over at him on account I was sure his restlessness was not entirely due to the steamer chair, although it's the truth they must of been designed by one of these Indian Frantics, or whatever you call those boys who are so fond of making up an extra uncomfortable bed and then lying on it.

Well anyways, I would glance over to Jim, noting where he needed a shave and other small defects, but with affection, just the same, and the touch of anxiety a wife always feels when they realize friend husband is unconsciously a little bored, and in between times I opened my locked dairy and my book of facts written by Mister Statistic himself and got a real good piece wrote about where we was headed for.

"Manila, P. I., pop. 283,000, is a very interesting place. It seems like it had ought to be nearer America, its stepmother, than either Japan or China, but it is not; it is the far side of them from us. Its principal products are Manila underwear, Admiral Dewey, subjects for conversation among politicians and straw hats. It either still belongs to the U. S. A. or does not. The Spaniards started it as a real-estate subdivision in 1571."

Well, when I had got this far Jim woke up and looked at me with an expression like he dared me to amuse or interest him. While he sat up and stretched the kinks out, I closed and locked my secret thoughts up that I had been writing, and feeling that this was an absolutely safe place on account here we was on a boat headed for a strange country where he didn't have no men friends, I give him a sympathetic little smile and the old gag.

"Poor old Gorgeous!" I says tenderly. "You sure do look bored to death! Do you know, I think you are around with me too much. What you need is to be more with men. Too bad we aren't fixed so's you could go out with an old pal once in a while!"

"By gosh, that's right!" says Jim, smothering his seventeenth yawn. "I never see any of the boys any more. When we get back from this trip I must look them up once in a while."

"Yes, indeed, dearest!" I says cordially from this safe distance. "There is nothing I would urge on you more. It's only right you should see them. I don't mind it a particle. I do think these wives that are jealous of their husbands going out and playing around with men friends is perfect fools."

Jim stood up and pulled me to my deck shoes with a loving hand.

"Just for that I'll buy you a drink," says he. "Come on back to the smoking room and keep me company with one of your circus lemonades. You're a regular wife, Marie, with a lot of horse sense. If all married couples was like us, the country wouldn't need no divorce laws, eh, sweetness?"

Then he glowed and I glowed, the way it occasionally happens between married people, and we went away happily together, I especially so, on account I had all the pleasure of offering to do a generous thing without any of the sacrifice involved in actually delivering the goods.

At least that was what I thought for the next few hours, which chimed along in the crazy way they have on a ship, where the darn thing rings six times for three o'clock, and once for 12:30 and believe me, daylight-savings time had me pretty near crazy back home even though it was often a convenient alibi, but it was a mere nothing alongside of these sea-going clocks.

Well anyways, time passed in spite of them, and my cordial invitation to Jim that he go out and enjoy himself had taken its place in history when the next day we come to Manila, pop. 283,000, and at least that many complications to our married life, commencing with Elmer Raus.

Of course we and the other passengers was up on deck early with our suitcases, all ready to land on American territory.

Well, a person couldn't see much of Manila itself when approaching on account of the huge pier you go slap up against and only a few jagged mountain peaks peek at you over the top of it. But the inside of the pier was filled with welcomers when I and Jim and ma and Junior along with the rest of the outfit descended into its caverning gloom, on the roof of which the half hourly rains of this country was performing about the sixth of its daily dozen, heavily, brightly and sincerely.

Rowlie, our personal manager, was walking along ahead; behind him come Mr. Clegg McKinney, of Kansas City and our boat. Then come Jim, and I was right behind him, with an observing eye, which was how I come to see this Elmer Raus and size him up correct at once. He had on a new straw kelly with a colored band in seven keys wrapped noisily about it; a Palm Beach suit that had plainly been palmed off on him by the most imaginative of our long-distance customs tailors, bright-orange pointed shoes, a black coral cane with a dog's head on it and a pose which dared the world to bring on its cats.

But the most peculiar thing about him was that the minute he caught sight of us he commenced fighting his way towards us through the crowd, and I at once thought there now, I'll bet he is a revenue officer. I told Jim anybody could see by his face he had something with him, and heaven help the sour publicity we will get if anybody opens those bags. But like many another guilty conscience mine was more sinning than suspected, and all Mister Original Livewire himself did was to let out a strong whisky breath and a yell.

"There's the boy!" he hollered. "Jim Smith, you old horse thief! Look who's here!"

"Well, Elmer Raus, you old bum!" Jim hollered. "How did you get out here, you son of a sea cook?"

"On a boat, by gum!" says this Elmer. "This is an island, stupid!"

By this time we was down on the pier, forming a defensive circle around our luggage, and Jim introduced I and Rowlie both.

"This is the missus, Elmer," says Jim with ominous brightness. "Marie dear, this is Elmer Raus—you know, Elmer, the one I used to tell you about that drew the two royal straights in the one evening? Over to Kelly's place that was, eh, Elmer? Those was the days, wasn't they, Elmer?"

"Check!" says Elmer. "Pleased to meet your acquaintance, Mrs. Smith. I and Jim have certainly had quite some times together, ain't we, boy?"

Right away I could see where I was scheduled for a to-let sign on the next few of my evenings unless I put a crimp in it at once.

"I suppose you had them good times at John D. Rockefeller's Sunday-school rooms," says I, sarcastic.

"Old John D.?" says Bright-Eyes quick as a wink. "Well, well, he always did speak well of you!" Then he turned to Rowlie, our personal manager, to which Jim introduced him next. "Rowlyn Blackwell?" says Elmer. "Say, I got something for you, man. Cable that come into the office while I was there. I brought it down to oblige the operator, a friend of mine, so's he could go to a cock fight. Here you are."

We was by this time headed for the hot, wet tropical scene which had come into sight at the end of the pier—a view draped in rain. He pulled out a yellow envelope. Rowlie took it, and after one glance at the contents give a squeal like a stuck pig. "Great Cæsar's ghost!" he yelled.

"Ah! Cæsar? He always did speak well of you!" says Elmer, in that maddening tone of knowing all the best people. "What has the old boy to say now?"

Rowlie ignored the pretender like he deserved, and turned a pallid face on I and Jim.

"My children," he says solemnly, "this is too much. That man Goldringer expects a lot from people in the motion-picture business, but this is impossible."

"What?" says I

"Why this—this!" says Rowlie, excitedly slapping the cablegram. "It's about that big feature you people finished just before you sailed—that New England picture called Pilgrim Prue. By heaven, he wants a retake and he has the insanity to demand that we make it here!"

"Well," says I, "what of it? Why can't we shoot him a new sequence here if he wants, huh?"

"Because it's an out-of-doors New England sequence!" wailed Rowlie. "And look at that, will you? Just look at that!"

He waved his paws frantically again, this time aiming them at the steaming, dripping view in front of us.

"She met him that night in the old banana orchard by Cape Cod," says Jim thoughtfully. "Not so good!"

"But we'll have to get that sequence just the same," says Rowlie with a groan. "Why, Mr. Goldringer has spent half a million on that picture already, and he can't release it without this strip! And how we're going to shoot it the Vanderbilt's plush pony alone knows!"

"The Vanderbilts?" says Elmer. "Why, say, they always did speak well ——"

"Great guns!" Jim interrupted peevishly. "Come on, let's get out of this and go somewhere we can talk!"

Well, of course, talk was all we had been doing, but we knew what he meant; and so Mr. Elmer Raus says hey, callistia! to a bunch of yellow amateurish hacks with damp horses which would of taken I imagine not over a 14½ size collar, they were so small, and he waved at them to go away. But it seems in this country when you want somebody to leave you, why you beckon to them, and vice versa. Well anyways, Mister Efficiency himself waved these callistia carriages away, and the callistias come over and we got in and was driven off through quaint old Spanish streets. There was roses everywhere, all very tropical and lovely, and the people was very tropical, too, the men going around in mosquito-netting shirts of bright colors with no collars and with the tails hanging out over what looked to be their last week's pajama pants, the ladies being all dogged out in the very latest style—1890 was the very latest, I should say—and I remarked in passing where the Filipino ladies is probably the only girls in the European-clothed world to whom the word "Paris" don't mean a thing except the name of the first boy in history to reverse Eve's stuff and hand the apple to the lady.

Well anyways, pretty soon we arrived at the enormous and handsome new Manila Hotel and found a table on the biggest hotel veranda café in the world, where we could see the water, which the sun was now most gloriously coming out upon. We could also see a tableful of smart looking naval officers in white uniforms, and maybe they didn't notice us, too—one of them in particular.

"Say," begins Elmer, "don't you worry over getting that northern scenery you crave. I can lead you right to it—yes, sir, on this very island!"

Rowlie looked at Mister Surefire himself as if the boy had gone cuckoo.

"Where?" says he. "Why, man, I really must have pine trees, and so forth."

"I'll get 'em for you!" says Elmer emphatically. "Up at Baguio. Four thousand feet up, to be exact. It's a mountain resort about a hundred and eighty miles north of here. Wonderful motor road all the ways too."

"By Jove, that's splendid!" says Rowlie, the news bringing him back to life. "How long does it take to get there?"

"Oh, the best part of a day," says Elmer. "The distance isn't so much; it's the terrific grades and turns and lots of small towns. You can't make much time."

"And how about hotels?" says Rowlie. "Or is it a native village?"

"Not much!" says he. "It's a fine modern city, in all but one respect." As he said those last words a shadow come over his face, like extremely sad memories was mixed up with Baguio for him.

"Great stuff!" says Rowlie, all pep again in a minute with a bound would make you think he had been in the pictures all his life. "Great stuff! Let's see, we have a little less than ten days. As you folks are only playing one night, why I can run on ahead to Baguio and get everything ready while you are on the job in the theater. So that's that!"

(Continued on Page 46)

*"Men are Not the Only Ones Can Feel Lonesome Out Here"*

1909
Transmission and clutch in unit with motor
Multiple disc clutch
Fuel tank reserve valve
1911
Drilled crankshaft (pressure lubrication to main and connecting rod bearings)
Bronze backed, babbitt lined crankshaft bearings
Removable bronze camshaft bushings
Silent camshaft chain
1913
Electric starter and generator (Two unit system)
Single wire system enclosed in conduit
Horn button in steering post
1914
Spiral bevel rear axle gears Hotchkiss drive
Semi-elliptic rear springs, underslung
Curtains opening with doors
1917
Gear driven oil pump
Removable valve lifters in cluster assembly
Hot spot intake manifold
Detachable cylinder head
1919
High pressure chassis lubrication
Drop-forged pinion and shaft integral
1920
Countershaft mounted on silent roller bearings
Annular clutch gear bearing
Annular clutch release bearing (Housed and provided with high pressure lubrication)
1923
Duralumin drop-forged connecting rods
Connecting rod bearings bonded to rods
Chrome nickel cylinder iron
1924
All of these Hupmobile pioneered improvements made in 1909 and after years, are employed today. They were fundamental then, they are fundamental now.

# Hupmobile
# Pioneer of an Industry

Justly celebrated in song and story is the pioneer.

Strength, trustworthiness, reliability, progressiveness, soundness—these are his attributes.

Whether you are looking for such qualities in men, or in motor cars, you will always find them at the height of their development in those who had the courage and keen foresight to lead the way.

Any automobile manufacturer, any long-experienced garage mechanic, will tell you that Hupmobile has always been in the lead of progressive engineering.

### *Improvements Fundamental*

Make no mistake—what is meant is something far more sound and important than the addition of every new, untried idea as a mere sales expedient.

What is meant is the development or adoption of fundamental improvements in motor car practice, which actually do better performance and economy.

To some of these developments, many cars costing about the same, or more, than Hupmobile, are just now coming.

### *Record of Progress*

Note the year by year progress of Hupmobile.

It is a fact that some cars are still depending upon the splash of the crank shaft in the crank-case to lubricate its own bearings and other vital motor parts. Hupmobile began drilling its crankshaft for positive, efficient lubrication, thirteen years ago.

In 1911 Hupmobile developed its long stroke motor, its silent chain gear drive, and adopted its two unit starting and generator system. Compare these features with the kind of construction you will find on some cars at the present day.

### *Improvements Accepted*

As far back as 1909, Hupmobile began using the multiple disc clutch; and fitted its gasoline tank with a fuel reserve. These were desirable then—they are equally desirable now. Yet even today you will look for them in vain in many cars.

Hupmobile was the first car to adopt high pressure chassis lubrication, so important in reduction of wear. It was among the first to mount the countershaft of the motor on silent roller bearings; to use an annular clutch gear bearing, and an annular clutch release bearing; to adopt duraluminum drop-forged connecting rods; to adopt a straight line propeller drive.

It is significant that all these and many other engineering improvements pioneered by Hupmobile, are everywhere accepted as the best practice.

Some cars, because of cheaper construction, have not adopted them. Others have clung to old-fashioned engineering because of factory problems.

The point isn't simply that you obtain these improvements in Hupmobile and do not obtain them in other motor cars. It isn't even the fact that you may logically expect the Hupmobile to be, as it is, the last word in really sound motor car engineering.

### *15 Years' Leadership*

Much more important than these is the fact that the Hupmobile brings to its owners the sturdy self-reliance and great economy which has been developed through 15 years of engineering leadership.

**Hupp Motor Car Corporation**
**Detroit, Michigan**

# HOT AIR AND NITRATES

## By Kenneth L. Roberts

TO THE common or lay mind, air seems to be nothing but plain air. Scientists, however, know that if large quantities of seemingly pure air are collected in one place and strained through an intricate form of super blotting paper or hyper cheesecloth, it is possible to extract great amounts of nitrates from air that seemingly had nothing whatever in it except a few gnats, mosquitoes or flies, and still leave the air eminently fit for breathing purposes.

If the scientists are able to obtain such wonderful results from material as simple as plain air, the brain reels with considerable briskness at the thought of the astounding products that could be removed from a more elaborate form of air by the most scientific and up-to-date air-straining factory.

It is certain that if all the gentlemen who are engaged in the fascinating occupation of pouring from their systems the peculiarly virulent form of hot air that is known as political oratory were to be gathered together in the vicinity of the largest, strongest and most powerful air-straining factory in existence, and were there set to bawling and promising according to their usual fashion during the hectic weeks preceding the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November on a presidential year, and the factory was simultaneously set to removing everything removable from the resulting hurricane of hot air, the nitrate bins of the factory would soon be filled with a most potent assortment of nitrates.

Nitrates extracted from political hot air would be so powerful that if they were to be used as fertilizer, as nitrates so frequently are, they would produce asparagus stalks the size of a baseball bat, ears of corn the size of Bunker Hill Monument, potatoes as large as the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and oats that would run about one oat to the bushel. The story of Jack and the Bean Stalk would no longer arouse the enthusiasm of farmers' children, for they would see nothing thrilling or unusual in the fact that a bean stalk could grow out of sight overnight. Ordinary scarlet-runner beans fertilized with nitrates extracted from the hot air of the politicians would grow so exuberantly they would clog the Martian canals.

That blend of nitrates which is known as nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, produces when inhaled a condition of hysterical excitement often accompanied by loud laughter. If nitrous oxide were to be obtained from political hot air, its intensity would be such as to cause the Statue of Liberty to burst into shrieks of laughter that could be heard in San Diego, California, and Tacoma, Washington.

### Claims

ALL scientists are well aware of the fact that when nitrous oxide is breathed diluted with air an intoxicating effect is produced, under the influence of which the inhaler, according to the reference books, "is irresistibly impelled to do all kinds of silly and extravagant acts"; and some scientists have gone so far as to argue that since a large part of all political speeches are both silly and extravagant, most political orators get that way because of large amounts of free nitrous oxide in their systems—induced, possibly, by the extreme pressure to which the hot air is subjected just prior to being expelled in the form of a political speech. They consequently argue that the country can only be freed of the flux of political hot air by rounding up all the political orators once a year and sending them to Muscle Shoals to be denitrated, as one might say. In this way the wealth of the nation would be augmented and the slow shooting pains that now pierce the voters who are forced to endure the witching oratory of so many of the campaign spellbinders would vanish away into the haze of forgotten things, along with elastic-sided shoes, straight-front corsets, pug dogs and swinging doors on barrooms.

Nitrate-laden hot air is not limited to any particular class of politician, but is emitted by the great—as the phrase goes—leaders of the various parties as well as by the candidates for such less exalted positions as dog catcher, councilor, or inspector of bathing suits. This is particularly apparent just before an election in the case of the big chiefs, who devote most of their audible political efforts to claiming everything in sight.

Nothing is too small or too large for a political leader to claim. All political leaders of the two great parties as well as the Progressive, or Rump, Party claim the labor vote, due to the fact that they have no idea what the labor vote is going to do. What the labor vote is going to do, it might be remarked in passing, is just what the bobbed-hair vote and the bald-headed vote and the clergyman vote and the author vote and the newspaper-reporter vote and the dog-owner vote and the veteran-of-the-Great-War vote and all the other votes are going to do. About half of it isn't going to take the trouble to vote at all, and the other half of it is going to vote for the person for whom it wants to vote without regard for the wild predictions of the Goose Bone Prophet of Dead River, the Master Crystal Gazer of Atlantic City or the chairman of a national committee—all of whom, as predictors, come under the same head, with the Goose Bone Prophet of Dead River slightly in the lead so far as accuracy and dependability are concerned.

It is barely possible that the chairmen of national committees and other big-league politicians are thoroughly aware that they don't know what the labor vote or the bobbed-hair vote is going to do; but long experience in politics has taught them that they should never confess ignorance on any political subject, and that they can safely claim anything in sight without damage to their political reputations when the smoke has cleared away and their claims are seen to be shot as full of holes as a Swiss cheese.

Those from the timbered districts who regard with awe and veneration the astute political experts of the nation would do well to reserve their awe and veneration for a more impressive manifestation of Nature—such for example, as a ruby-throated humming bird or a good hunting dog; for the judgments of political experts of Washington, D C., and other great political centers concerning the outcome of the vote of a given state or the ultimate destination of the bald-headed vote are seldom more valuable and frequently less valuable than the judgment of the drug-store habitués of Whippoorwill Falls, New Hampshire, on the same subjects.

### Overworked Prophets

THE overwhelming lack of information that exists among the great political leaders at any national convention that isn't cut and dried can only be approached by the political vacuum that exists in the head of the average six-year-old child; but these are the same mental giants who roll their cigars around their mouths in an important manner a few months later and issue statements which profess to predict exactly how many voters in the state of New York are going to cast their votes for John W. Davis, and the exact manner in which the labor vote or the golf-playing vote all over the United States is going to mark its ballots on election day.

Owing to the fact that the rock-ribbed and pine-clad state of Maine holds its elections some two months before the national elections, it presents an unrivaled opportunity for the leading orators and prophets of all political parties to indulge in a little early fall hot-air practice, and to give striking exhibitions of their inaccuracy, untrustworthiness and general nitrous-oxidization, as one might say.

On September sixth, which was the Saturday before the Monday on which the Maine elections were held, the Democrats emitted a welkin-shattering roar to the effect that the voters of Maine would elect a Democratic governor by 30,000 plurality. On the same day the Republicans cracked the welkin in three places with the vehement assertion that a Republican governor would be elected by 50,000 plurality.

The Progressive spokesmen, not having a candidate, contented themselves with placing a few dents in the welkin by intimating that the presence of the corn-borer in the state of Maine was due to John W. Davis' Wall Street affiliations.

On Sunday, silence, like a poultice, came to heal the scars left by the hot air; and on Monday a Republican governor was elected by the voters of Maine by about two-thirds of the plurality that the Republican prophets had claimed.

On Tuesday the hot air began to blow again.

The Republicans, ignoring their predictions of two days previous, announced that the Maine election was the loveliest thing that had happened for the Republican Party since the year of the Big Fog, and that it clearly showed that Mr. Coolidge would be reelected.

(Continued on Page 56)

THE REDS HAVE IT
"Oh, Grandmother, What Big Teeth You Have!" "All the Better to Eat You With, My Child"

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# THE POLKA-DOT HOUNDS

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

HUNNIWELL SPEAR, seventy-two years of age, and for twenty of those years a paralytic of more or less complete disability, was not of the Pollyanna type of sufferer; rather, when his enjoyment was keenest his spleen was loudest voiced. A good sound grievance was to him a cause for great thanksgiving.

Slowly his weakened arms turned the wheels of his roller chair toward the hallway. The light through the ground-glass panels of the Victorian Gothic front door kept the stairs in perennial gloom, but not too dim to hinder his view of the objects of his hate. High up in the stair well, beyond the reach of any cane he might wield to destroy them, on a dozen shelves, rested a multitude of china dogs: squads, companies, platoons of haughty-faced canines; dogs of an infinite variety and form; pink luster-faced spaniels and steel gray whippets; seabed dogs and playfully leaping Rovers and Fidos; clownish dogs of melancholy hue and calm judicial beasts bearing forever the fulsome insult of regular and precisely spaced black spots

"Shut Up, Papa. You Make Me Sick to Talk Like That. What's the Matter With You?"

Mr. Spear's thin fist quivered toward them and his eyes closed reverently in his hourly prayer:

"Oh, God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Thy servant in his hour of need? The heathen rage ——"

A slow step from the front walk shut off the current of his supplication, and with an unsuspected agility he hurried his chair back to the front parlor.

Miss Anna Spear opened the door and stood quietly in the hall. She seemed a very weary woman. Her figure was full and had the same elevation from whatever angle it was viewed. She appeared to have been turned out on a lathe, and even the location of her shoulders did little to aid an observer in determining the ambulating intention of the lady. On the exact apex of Miss Spear rested a Noah's-ark hat. A person of woefully misapplied genius must have devised it. It possessed the abandoned grace of that machine by which the weather man ascertains the velocity of the gale. Even after a second glance it seemed scarcely probable.

Miss Spear carefully removed her hat and paused for a second to look up at her china dogs before speaking:

"Good evening, papa. I hope you've had a pleasant day"

It was all part of the formula of fifteen years' standing. Miss Spear would have been unutterably amazed had she received any answer.

A glance in the hall mirror, which reflected her father in his chair by the front window, assured her that he was in his place, so she walked heavily down the hall to the kitchen, put on her apron and began to scrub the potatoes.

Nothing tinged with romance had ever touched the existence of Anna Spear. She looked no more dumpy now than she had forty years prior, and she spoke no more seriously than she had in grammar school. She had ceased to wonder why the class in chemistry which she taught in the high school laughed at things that to her were not laughable. Humor to her lay in the stubborn belief of certain pupils that $H_2O$ might be the elemental equivalent for water. Such things elicited a gentle merriment from Miss Spear. Days later she would look up from her household work and smile over such jovial memories.

Puck, with his midsummer-night jests, evolves a host of weird affinities, but none more grotesque than the absolute attraction of the little china dogs for Anna Spear. To her they were the essence of things apart from routine. They were the simple symbols of the softnesses of life. What the function of tea drinking is to the mandarin, a single perfect bloom against a leaden background to him from Tokio, and O Sole Mio to the Neapolitan, such were her dogs to Miss Spear. They were the fairy tales she had never heard and the cradle songs she had never hummed.

She hadn't the faintest knowledge concerning her dogs. Her interest would not have been stirred should an informant have told her they were sixpenny objects of decoration for the English cottage of 1820. Their past or their future meant nothing. They were. That was what mattered to Miss Spear.

The playful gift of a flat-faced green glazed pug from a girl friend on her sixteenth birthday had instigated her first lust for the pottery beasts. "Lust" is a strong word to connect with the maturely virginal Miss Spear; but whatever it was, it developed into a dominant interest which she exercised to the limit of her meager schoolteacher's salary. Once she had paid as high as two dollars and a quarter for a pair of shaggy-coated retrievers, but the sleepless fortnight which followed that prodigality taught her the error of her conduct. Never after did her purchases approach that figure. And yet her kennel boasted almost four hundred dogs.

Supper being ready, Miss Spear stepped to the dining room to repeat the second phase of her formula:

"Everything hot, papa. Won't you come in and eat with me?" And then she added an extraneous bit: "I don't believe Victor's coming home until later."

"No," said Mr. Spear with a vehemence that was surprising, bearing in mind that such vehemence had been his each night for fifteen years. "no, I won't. When my daughter ceases to put those clay images ahead of her own flesh-and-blood [illegible] take my place again at the head of the family board."

"Just as you say, papa. But I haven't the slightest intention of putting the dogs out of the house. They don't hurt you or anyone else."

"They're killing me, that's all," groaned the head of the house, whose physical well-being, aside from his paralysis, was a marked medical wonder. "That's all they're doing, just murdering your father."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Anna with a truth neither of them realized. "They're good for you. They give you something to think about. They take your mind off yourself."

"Oh-h-h!" whimpered the [illegible] to show [illegible] the terrible extent of his suffering. "Oh-h-h!"

The fading away of the final syllable to his anguish took the place of any blessing which Miss Spear might say over her food; and the play being complete, she poured a dash of milk on her baked potato, spread her toast with jam and began to eat, knowing that she would not again be disturbed until she left the table announcing to her father that his ration was set and she was leaving the room.

Their entire relationship was now so expected that Anna Spear never stopped to muse over the fact that to her at least there was no bitterness in it. It was a regulation necessity, like putting on the oatmeal at 9:30 and brushing her teeth in the morning; in not the slightest degree did it drain any nerves she might possess.

The while Mr. Spear took his nourishment his daughter spent upstairs tending her china dogs. She divided the total number of her collection into six parts and each evening she dusted and handled a sixth of them. On Sundays she reluctantly rested. In each day's portion there were several specimens of an extra choice and beautiful glaze

With these favored ones, when she had cleaned them and looked hurriedly about to make sure no one possibly observed her, she smoothed her cheeks against the almost incredible softness of their glazed backs. Such moments were the nearest approach to any sensual episodes which Miss Anna knew.

The rattling of dishes on the dining table was her summons to descend and read to her father. Luckily for both, neither cared to be informed of international affairs. The shooting of a policeman in Roxbury Crossing was an item of intriguing value. During such high moments Mr. Spear's head was inclined forward and his mouth hung open and he ceased to work his tongue on the slippery-elm lozenge which of an evening solaced him. Anna's voice wandered along:

"It says here that next Tuesday at the meeting of the State Association of Congregational Churches ——"

(Continued on Page 45

A gallon of Veedol Forzol is the correct amount to pour into the breather pipe of your Ford after the crankcase has been drained. Your dealer can supply you with Veedol Forzol in a sealed 1 gallon can.

# Why ten million Fords altered lubrication history

*How a new economy oil made for Fords exclusively came to be created*

THE Ten Millionth Ford car was assembled on June 4th, 1924. You may be one of the multitude who saw it en route from New York to San Francisco—a symbol of the popularity of the only make of car which millions now drive.

There is another Ford story that fewer people know about. It is the story of how the growth of the Ford car altered lubrication history and made necessary the creation of Veedol Forzol, the new economy oil made for Fords exclusively.

### *How the Ford created lubrication history*

For years the Ford car presented a lubrication problem that even lubrication engineers could not master. This was due to the design of the Ford lubrication system, which differs from that of any other passenger automobile. The motor and transmission are combined in one housing. Both units must be lubricated by the same oil—yet each requires different characteristics in the lubricant.

Ordinary motor oil—regardless of its quality—is not especially made to lubricate the Ford transmission. Hence its use results in jerky chatter when you start, stop and reverse. Chatter wears out the transmission bands, destroys the ease and quietness of operation and leads to overhauling and repairs.

### *Veedol Forzol masters the Ford lubrication problem*

The chemists of the Tide Water Oil Company solved the problem of Ford lubrication after four long years of study and experiment. During this time thousands of laboratory and road tests were conducted. Results were carefully checked and analyzed.

With the advent of Veedol Forzol the course of lubrication history was altered, because it is now no longer necessary for Ford owners to use the same oils that are poured into motors of other makes.

Veedol Forzol is made exclusively for the Ford and no other automobile. It masters the Ford lubrication problem because it lubricates perfectly *both* the Ford engine *and* the Ford transmission. Veedol Forzol gives you 8 economies in operation.

### *The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol*

**1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline**—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% have been developed repeatedly.

**2—Eliminates costly chatter**—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

**3—10 to 25% saving in oil**—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

**4—10 to 25% less carbon**—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

**5—Resists heat and friction**—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

**6—Ability to coast**—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, you coast down the slightest grades.

**7—Resists fuel dilution**—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

**8—Fewer repairs**—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from repairs.

Veedol Forzol will give you the same results that thousands of other Ford owners are already enjoying. Veedol Forzol is sold everywhere by dealers displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled today.

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Tide Water Oil Company.

*Ford Owners in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline*

# VEEDOL FORZOL

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*The economy oil for Fords*

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# GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

## In Africa

ON the other side of the world—in African jungles—Martin Johnson and his wife are hunting wild animals *with motion picture cameras.*

One of their few home comforts is the refreshing fragrance and inimitable flavor of the same coffee that you, here in America, find so uniformly delicious—Maxwell House, of course.

Before these intrepid camera explorers left America for their five-year stay in Africa, Mr. Johnson ordered a five-pound tin of Maxwell House Coffee mailed to him at Nairobi, British East Africa, on the first day of each month, *for the next five years.* The Johnson party will be 1300 miles from the nearest white man, and these tins of Maxwell House Coffee must go part of the way on Boer trek wagons—then they must span the trackless deserts on camels—and finally, by native runner, be brought to the permanent camp at Lake Paradise.

Even yonder in the jungles and deserts of Africa—as in your own city—the sealed tins stand guard over the fragrance and flavor which have been created by the skillful blending of the finest coffees of the world. At home, on the sea, in the frozen north, and in the tropics—it is "Good to the Last Drop".

Ask for Maxwell House Coffee, sold only in sealed tins convenient to open and use.

Also Maxwell House Tea.

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

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# MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

(Continued from Page 42)

"Read it, read it," groaned Mr. Spear; "don't tell me about it."

"All right; it says ——"

The entrance of Mr. Victor Spear, son to Hunniwell, broke up any possibility of plot in that paragraph.

"Hello, Anna. Hello, papa."

And Victor sat down primly in a straight-back chair. No suggestions of dare-deviltry emanated from this gentleman; his consuming wish to be one of the boys was completely disguised behind his innocuous dress and drab manners. Victor wore nose glasses without any rims, but with a black thread over his ear and descending down to a gold pin on his waistcoat on which he could hang the glasses when not needed. His mouth worked constantly as though he were eating jack shad and expected to find the inevitable.

"What's the matter, Victor?" said his sister, rising and putting her hand on his forehead. "You look white. Anything wrong?"

"Uh-huh," affirmed Victor as though he had made up his mind to tell the truth at all costs.

"What?" asked his father, letting his mouth drop open to the regulation angle of interest.

"I did a foolhardy thing today. Mr. Stone, the head of our department—he lives up in Newton Center you know—he asked me out to lunch."

Hunniwell Spear's eyes brightened.

"Did you tell him your story about the otter?"

"Yes; the one about the lovely otter from which we obtain the fragrant otter of roses. Yes, I told him."

"I'll warrant he laughed heartily."

"Yes; but that isn't what troubles me. I did an awfully foolhardy thing."

"Well?" inquired Anna, whose only breaks in routine came from correcting her brother's errors.

"You see, they are starting a golf club up there and he's chairman of the membership committee."

"Well, what of it? You don't play golf."

Victor turned on his sister with his first flash of anything like spirit.

"I know it; but I could."

"Maybe," she said flatly. "But go on."

"He's the head of my department, you see, and when he urged me to join I couldn't very well refuse."

"Victor!" exclaimed Miss Spear.

"Now, Anna, you stop abusing the boy," cackled the old man, to whom his son's forty-two years counted as nothing. "He's got to have some fun, I guess. I guess you have your dogs, don't you?"

"But, papa, it's so expensive."

"Oh," said Mr. Spear, "does it cost money to play golf?"

"It's going to cost me two hundred and fifty dollars to get in and I've signed an application that I'll pay it next week. I don't know what I was thinking of."

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Spear, forgetting completely his abiding bitterness toward his daughter's china beasts. "But where will you get two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"That's what I don't know," whispered Victor, gazing hopelessly at the newspaper fan which filled the fireplace from May to November.

Hunniwell Spear turned to his daughter.

"Well, Anna, what are you going to do about it?"

From Mr. Spear's manner, the crisis was obviously the fault of his daughter. Miss Spear made no effort to correct the impression. No matter who had shuffled the burden onto her, it was hers.

"You say you put your name on the paper, Victor—to pay two hundred and fifty dollars?"

The brother nodded his head and continued his inspection of the newsprint fan. He seemed a trifle more cheerful, now that the financial worry was no longer his.

"Well," said Anna, her voice perfectly level and flat, "I'll see what can be done. I've got only thirty-five dollars."

Her father waved his hand fretfully.

"I can't understand how you take it so calmly when you've got only a few days before Victor has to have the money. If it was my business I'd do something and do it quick. Victor will agree with me that in business it's the man who acts quickly who gets results."

"All right. Victor, will you put papa to bed? I'm going up now."

Two days later, when Miss Spear returned from her classroom, she found her former Sunday-school pupil, Matilda Munty, awaiting her.

Her entrance did not abate the philippic which Mr. Spear, unaccustomed to the luxury of an audience, was delivering for the guest:

"And I've told her a thousand times, if I've told her once, that she can either choose between me or those dogs. Either I leave the house or they do. And see for yourself! The dogs are still here. I ask you now"—and the old man's voice came as near to thunder as the voice of a man who had never served in the Senate could—"I ask you. Isn't it a shameful thing for a full-grown woman to spend hours over a lot of heathenish china figures? Of dogs, mind you, too. If it was anything else but dogs!"

"Hello, Miss Anna, I'm so glad to see you," said Matilda genuinely. "I was telling Mr. Spear about the time Louisa Howes and I tied ourselves together before we went to Sunday school so you couldn't put us in separate chairs. Do you remember it?"

Miss Spear smiled gently, because she always did smile when greeting people and not because she recalled any humor in the memory.

"Come out to the kitchen with me, Matilda, and we'll have a cup of tea. And I've been hearing such nice things about you, away in New York, and in business for yourself. Interior decorating, isn't it? That is splendid. Do you like it?"

"I do like it," said Miss Munty; "and tell me, Miss Anna, what are these china dogs of yours Mr. Spear was talking about?" She saw a slight change of expression go over Miss Spear's face and feared she had hurt her. "But maybe you'd rather not talk about them."

*They Were the Fairy Tales She Had Never Heard and the Cradle Songs She Had Never Hummed*

"Of course, Matilda. I suppose papa is right. But it's just a foolishness of mine. I like them, you see, and have liked them for quite a long time."

"Are they those wonderful Staffordshire-pottery dogs?" cried Miss Munty, eager to show that her decorating knowledge was broad.

"Staffordshire? I don't know. I really don't know anything about them. I just like them, you see. They're sort of pretty. That is, if you like that sort of thing."

"Oh, may I see them? I looked around the parlor, but didn't see any."

"Certainly, Matilda. They're all upstairs. Papa can't get at them there. He doesn't like them."

In the upper hall, Matilda Munty stood surrounded by bookcases and shelves full of the assorted dogs. She caught her breath in examining them, and the shop windows of Madison Avenue and the smart Forties came back to her. There were no fakes here. Matilda knew that there were modern reproductions of these figures, for more than one wholesaler had offered her the choice of his importations fresh from the kilns of Czecho-Slovakia, which enterprising state had been keen to profit by the American vogue for such quaint objects. But the dogs here had the rarely smooth glazed surfaces of old wares, and not the rougher ones of only yesterday's firing.

"Why, Miss Anna, these are beautiful! Take this one here. There's no mark on it, but I'd be willing to swear it is Whieldon. And that one's Chelsea, I know. See those sweet little flowers on its collar!"

Miss Spear expanded a little before an appreciation which she had never realized she missed. She opened and closed her fingers many times.

"Whieldon? What is that? Is it the name of the maker?"

"I'm sure it is, Miss Anna. It's very rare to find any potter's mark on a dog, but the feel of that is a complete identification."

Thus started the education of Anna Spear. Glory, or something akin to it, radiated from her as she listened to Matilda; as she heard that important people for many years had been attracted to china dogs, had made lifelong hobbies of them; that even a prime minister of England had found his relaxation in his search for them. She failed to be deeply impressed on learning that dogs less fine than hers brought unreasonable prices throughout the land. She considered that a natural tribute to them.

During the closing minutes of her lecture Matilda Munty hesitated thoughtfully a number of times. But when she had finished she took her courage in both hands.

"Don't think me horrid, will you, Miss Anna, but wouldn't you sell me some of your dogs? I'd love to have them, because I know these are genuine. Please don't get mad at me."

"Mad?" questioned Miss Spear slowly. "I was just going to ask ——" For the first time in her years diplomacy consciously governed Miss Anna. She didn't finish her intended remark. "Why, I don't know, Matilda. If it would please you so much I might let you have some. Just tell me what you think they are worth—the ones you want."

Enthusiasm over her find inclined Miss Munty to unquestioned liberality. She selected ten pairs of dogs and looked at them in appraisement.

"I think it would be fair, Miss Anna, if I gave you three hundred dollars for these."

Years of a native stolidity profited Anna Spear. She didn't bat an eyelash.

"I didn't want to sell as many as that, Matilda, but would it be all right if ——" Here Miss Spear paused and calculated. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars and the thirty-five dollars she had, made ten dollars more than she needed. "Would it be all right if you took eight pairs for two hundred and twenty-five dollars?"

"But that's not enough. Eight pairs at thirty dollars the pair is two hundred and forty dollars."

"It's all right, Matilda. It's all I need. I mean, I'm quite happy this way."

Later Matilda departed with her dogs carried in a large basket. She left by the back door so Mr. Spear might not become aware of what went on. Miss Anna insisted on the point. She did not intend that her father should revile her inconsistency of purpose concerning the objects he despised. The following evening after supper, when it was time for her to leave her dogs and come downstairs again, Anna Spear brought a check with her. She handed it to her brother.

"Here's a check for the money, Victor. I had Mr. Tucker at the bank make it direct to the Hillside Country Club. Nobody but the club can cash it."

There was no sneer in her voice. She merely stated a natural precautionary fact.

"H'm!" groaned Hunniwell Spear, looking sharply at his daughter. "Where'd you get it?"

"That doesn't make any difference, papa."

Victor ceased working his jaws for a moment.

"Thank you, Anna. I'll—of course I'll pay it back soon. I've a couple of little things under way that should put us on Easy Street or I'm no judge."

Anna merely looked at her brother dumbly. She had no words to offer for such prospects.

(Continued on Page 182)

# Watch This Column

*"The light of love—the purity of grace,*
*The mind, the music breathing from her face."*
—BYRON

Early in November theatres will be showing ***"The Rose of Paris,"*** a tender romance, with Paris as a background, starring MARY PHILBIN, assisted by JOHN SAINPOLIS, DOROTHY REVIER, ROBERT CAIN, GINO GARRADO and others. This is an Irving Cummings production and a Universal Jewel. The story is from the celebrated French novel, "Mitsi." Please be sure to see it and write me your opinion.

MARY PHILBIN

Later on, you will be able to see ***"K—The Unknown,"*** starring VIRGINIA VALLI, with an excellent cast headed by PERCY MARMONT, and including MARGUERITA FISHER, MAURICE RYAN, FRANCIS FEENEY and others. This picture is founded on Mary Roberts Rinehart's best known novel, "K." It is a Universal Jewel.

"FILM PROGRESS," official publication of the National Committee for Better Films, mentions ***"Wine,"*** Universal's fine romance founded on the bootlegging traffic, as "a strong story with entirely legitimate propaganda which is successfully carried out." This is a very unusual picture—is full of thrills and entertaining and proper for the whole family.

Watch for HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Ridin' Kid from Powder River,"*** a clean, fast-riding, open-air picture full of laughs and thrilling scenes. Have you seen any of the Champion JACK DEMPSEY pictures—or VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"The Signal Tower,"*** or ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** or REGINALD DENNY in ***"The Fast Worker,"*** or ***"Merry Go Round"?*** They are all successes. Don't miss them. And write me your opinion.

**Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request**

*Carl Laemmle*
*President*

*(To be continued next week)*

# UNIVERSAL PICTURES

**1600 Broadway, New York City**


# TRAVEL AT YOUR OWN RISK

(Continued from Page 38)

"All jake!" says Jim. Then he turned to that Mr. Raus. "Say, Elmer, you seem to know a lot about this man's country. How come?"

"Automobile business," says he. "I'm with the Climber agency. That is, maybe I am. Well, anyways, I was, and I may be yet."

"Holy Moses!" says Jim. "Don't you know whether you are or not?"

"Moses?" says Elmer. "Say, d'you know, he always did speak well of you! No—yes, I'm their sales manager. But I don't know for how long. Matter of fact, I'm depressed about it. And if I lose my job it's going to be a serious matter. You see, there's a little girl waiting for me back home."

"I get you!" says Jim with a sympathetic signal to the waiter. "But what's the trouble, old hoss?"

"It's a fire engine," says Elmer. "You see, I'm with one of the biggest motor-sales agencies in the islands. We've got one rival, Pasquito, a native, over in the Intramuros, the old walled city. Well anyway, every scrap of business one or the other gets out here counts like the very devil, because naturally the market is limited. Well, I got wind through a friend in politics here that the city was going to kick out the old horses and buy a first-class modern fire engine, and so, thinking I was a wise guy, I went ahead and ordered one out from the States."

"Must of cost quite a piece of change," says Jim.

"Well, I'll say it did!" Elmer answered. "That big red-and-gold baby set my concern back more jack then you would imagine. This is a long ways from home and the money that commences where f. o. b.'s initials leave off, is round numbers, meaning a coupla extra noughts. Well, the boss was away for his health at the time, and I done it on my own responsibility, which didn't look responsible at all. It looked like a snap, because this friend of mine was going to tip me off the minute the appropriation went through, and I was to drive right up with the engine in one hand and the contract in the other. I'll admit we was both kind of ginned up at the time we thought of it, but even so it was good dope. The only trouble was that this friend of mine went up to Baguio on a trip, and the minute he was gone the appropriation went through, and Pasquito, our rival, got the order. My engine came one steamer too late. And now it's parked there in our garage as a permanent fixture."

"Gee, that's a crime!" says Jim. "But why can't you move it? Ever try this place Bang-go?"

"You don't understand these islands," says Elmer. "Why, the Baguio outfit wouldn't even come and look at it! There was a market for one engine and it's covered. I can't sell the thing, and if I don't I'm going to lose my job, and there's that little girl back home ——"

Well, I could see pretty plain where them two was going to be at it indefinitely, and I could foretell that Jim would pretty soon be holding me to my suggestion about going out with the boys. I could feel it coming on. They had so many vices in common no wonder they was friends! And believe me, I was right, for no sooner was Jim and me in our rooms overlooking the Luneta, the big open plaza on the edge of the sparkling blue water, then Jim pulled the very line I was looking for.

"Say, Marie," says he, strugging into a clean white linen suit, "you don't care if I'm not here to dinner tonight, do you" I thought I'd go out with Elmer. He's going to have some of the boys from home around at his place for a little game."

"Of course I don't care," I says, registering indifference, but with a quick pang in spite of I had been expecting just this. "If you want to go out with that big bum, go ahead!"

"Elmer is a darn good feller," says Jim. "I thought you'd like him."

"You always did think peculiar things," says I. "I think he's a wild hawk. Goes and gets tight and buys a fool fire engine! No wonder he's worried over his job. No good ever came of such actions yet, James Smith."

"By getting pickled to certain I get myself d'ito,' says Jim f[illegible]. However, it was a good idea while it lasted. Well, anyways I'm off. Don't wait up for me, sweetness, and have a pleasant evening yourself."

He give me a kiss and was gone, and I finished dressing slowly, looking out of my window at the tropic night. It was like a black velvet costume trimmed with stars which the island had put on for the evening. A fresh cool breeze swept gently in from the Pacific, and the lights of the fleet danced in the bay. From beyond the old wall of the Spanish city over to the left come strange noises; cries a person couldn't understand, half gay, half mournful. A wagon drawn by a clumsy water buffalo lumbered past, and two Filipino girls in enormous thin sleeves and long trains stopped and chatted in Spanish and the patch of light just below my windows, while from downstairs come the gay hum of the big tourist crowd off our boat, and the music of a good jazz band. Dozens of American naval officers in white uniforms was walking about in the crowd on the Luneta just like they do in musical shows back home; and take it one way and another, it looked like everybody in Manila was out for a gay time this evening with one exception. There is few things more lonesome than a night in the tropics in fine weather with a moon coming up, and none less likely to remain lonesome. But I couldn't realize this in advance, and when I went in to kiss Junior good night all I was thinking was to the general effect of poor little fatherless boy, you and your poor deserted mother, and etc., the way any wife will under the circumstances.

Ma had a sick headache and refused to come downstairs. She had been eating a lot on the boat, and getting no exercise, and I had been after her, but in vain, to reduce. She couldn't even get into her steamer chair any more, she was that wide; but no insult could make her cut down on her food and now she was propped up behind the cloud of white mosquito netting on the huge bed, and in a complaining mood.

"I dunno what makes me feel so sick," says she, "unless it's looking at them water buffaloes that they run the wagons with out here—them big lumbering things with a few hairs on the chin and a kind of clumsy gayness. I tell you, daughter, I hate to see them. They look kinda like me, and they remind me I am getting old."

"No, ma," I says, soothing, "it's more likely them three mangosteen sundaes you said you ate. If only you would diet a little you'd look better in no time. Now just go to sleep and get a good night's rest, and you'll wake up feeling like a two-year-old."

Then I fixed the mosquito netting for her, and in all my white lace loveliness I went gently and sadly downstairs, without a date in the world.

Well, when I come out into the great gay lobby of the hotel I thought maybe Rowlie would be around and I could eat with him. But all the signs of Rowlie was a note in my box saying he was off for Baguio and for us to start after him not later than Monday and he was ours hastily.

Well, that was another blow; but smiling bravely, I turned away from the desk looking like the Queen of Hearts, but feeling more like the trey of clubs, thinking maybe I would of done better to of ordered my dinner upstairs where in privacy I would be free to enjoy my misery in full. And then, just as I was about to pass through this merry throng in which I had no part, who would catch sight of me but the manager of the cruise, and he come up smiling.

"Oh, Miss La Tour, one moment, please!" says he. "I know you are awfully busy, but there are some boys here from the newspapers who are wild to interview you. Could you spare a few seconds right away?"

"Why, yes, if it doesn't take too long," I says in a bright-and-gay-I'm-on-my-way sort of voice, and then I tore myself loose from doing nothing at all for a few precious moments and went with Mister Manager over to where a nice attractive-looking lot of boys was standing, and with them was the navy lieutenant I had especially noticed on the veranda during the afternoon. He give a start when he saw me sailing up, but he didn't make any great effort to escape. Quite to the other hand, he stuck it out while the boys was being introduced, and finally the manager had to turn to him and say and this, Miss La Tour, is Lieutenant—what is the name? with a questioning look for the finish.

"Walley," says he. "King Walley is my name."

"Delighted," I murmured, and he says the same, and he didn't move off when the manager did, but stuck around, his eyes fastened on me in a way made me realize the operation wasn't exactly painful to him, and this made me feel a little better while the boys asked me a few simple questions to the effect did I think we ought to keep the Philippines? What did I think of the present administration of them? Was I in favor of prohibition? Would Germany ever come back, and how did Pres. Coolidge feel about Lenine? To which I, of course, replied that I loved Manila, that it certainly was a beautiful city, that it had been one of my lifelong ambitions to come there, and that I thought there was finer men in the American Navy then in any other in the world.

And then finally the boys says thank you very much this will be in the morning editions and beat it away to write up my startling words while they was as yet hot. Lieut. Walley and I stood there a moment, each of us not knowing where we stood, outside, I mean, of realizing it was the hotel lobby. He took a deep breath.

"You can't imagine," says he, "what it means to meet a girl from home. And you, of all people! You see, I know you well, from the screen, and you may laugh, but I've been in love with you for years."

I did laugh then, but the conventional remark, which many a fan before him had cracked the same thing, was comforting to me this evening.

"You're real kind," I says, smiling. "And I imagine you fellers do get kind of homesick for the home folks. Have you been out here long?"

"Nearly two years," says he; "on and off, you know. Drifting about Java, the Straights and so forth. But I'll be getting home next year."

"It's a long time to wait."

"Yes," says he. "Of course it's beautiful out here and all that, but ——" He made a gesture registering yes, we don't like it so good.

We stood kind of embarrassed for a moment, and then we commenced to laugh.

"I'm going to take the chance," says he. "Are you dining with someone?"

"I was'nt," I says, returning the twinkle in his eye. "But maybe I am now. Go on and tell me."

"You are!" he says. "My heaven, what a piece of luck! This is too wonderful. Shall we eat here, or would you like to go over to the Army and Navy Club?"

"I guess we'd better make it here," I says, the thought of Jim coming into my head. I am not accustomed to going out to dinner with other men, see, and I also realized Jim was not accustomed to having me do it nor would he be exactly likely to encourage the habit if he knew. But I also thought oh well if he goes out and leaves me alone what can he expect and other excuses which if not original was at least good enough to kid myself with.

Well, I had always heard where a hot climate makes fast workers, but until this evening I had never realized that I might be put with it myself. The lieut. led me out on the big immense veranda where the crowd was giving the appearance of having the time of their life. He found a small table in a corner where, over a hedge of night-blooming serious, we could see the ocean out of which a slow moon was coming, heavy and golden. As I took my place and the lieut. ordered a swell dinner, I felt that maybe there was a kick left in life for me after all—by which I mean, of course, a kick out of it not against it. I felt a little scared and guilty, but I was also sore at Jim, and I soothed my consciousness by thinking oh well, this is the tropics, people act different out here, it is my duty to be nice to one of our Navy far from home, they are our defenders, and etc., and by this time the lieut. had leaned his elbows on the table towards me, wrapped his feet around the legs of his chair to keep him from slipping, and gave all other symptoms of settling down for the evening.

I certainly didn't deliberately start out for any such thing, but I will say my own heart commenced fluttering quite a lot as I snuggled down to my side of the table and let a real sweet glance slide over to him across my half of the iced mango.

Continued on Page 48

VALVE-IN-HEAD

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(Continued from Page 46)

"Men are not the only ones can feel lonesome out here," I says.

"But surely you are never that," says he.

"I am, though," says I, sighing. "Terribly so at times."

"Then, by heaven, you never are going to be again!" says he, the thermometer going up preciptable. "I know you'll think I'm insane, but I told you the truth just now out in the lobby."

"About what?"

"About being crazy over you," says he, leaning closer and getting a stronger toe hold on the legs of his chair. "Of course, until tonight you have just been a kind of dream to me—a beautiful shadow. But I have seen that shadow on the screen again and again. And now that I meet you and find that you are even better—oh, I say, you can't imagine how I feel!"

"Nonsense!" I says feebly. But the actual fact was he couldn't imagine how I felt, either. It was exciting, I'll tell the world, and it kind of went to my head. The next sentence sent me right for the ceiling.

"I think you could make me absolutely happy," he says, just like that.

"Don't, please!" I says, my heart pounding. "I'm married!"

There was a brief shocked silence while the waiter changed the plates. Then when he had left us alone with our crawfish, the lieut. sprung a new one—a regular torpedo.

"So am I," says he. Well, all I could give him was a look. "My wife doesn't understand me," he added.

"I know how that can be," says I slowly. "Some people think only about what they want; never of what you would like."

"Remarkable!" says he. "You must have had the same sort of thing to endure."

"All men are selfish," I says sadly.

"Not all of them," says he, eager. "Not if they have the right woman."

"It's certainly terrible," says I, "the way some women don't appreciate a good man when they have him, when there are a lot of girls in this world that would give pretty near anything for him."

"My Lord!" says he. "Little woman, just think you're having brains and beauty both! You are wonderful!"

"Hush!" says I. "You mustn't say that!"

"Why not?" says he. "You are! Tell me, are you happy with your husband?"

I give a long sigh and looked modestly and romantically at the fried fish the waiter just then brought, and by the time he went away again I had prodded myself with remembering how Jim had deliberately gone out with that bum and left me all alone my very first evening in a strange tropical country and so anything I did was his own fault.

"Is anyone happy?" I says with a sigh.

"Ah," says he, "I knew it! Where is your husband tonight?"

"How do I know?" I says bitterly, yet with even then a little twinge that told me this wasn't fair to Jim. "How do I know? He went out with a man—an old pal."

"And leaves you to dine alone!" says the lieut. "Good heavens! Why, if I had a wife like you, I'd never want to leave her!"

"I think men and wives had ought to take their good times together," I says in a low voice.

"You mean that the right man and the right woman are enough for each other," says he, dropping his voice too. "The world could go by and they would be indifferent. It has always been my dream to have a wife whom I could be with always."

"That's certainly the way it ought to be," I says. "Where is your wife now?"

"Back home," says he. There was another time lapse while the waiter brought fresh pineapple.

"I see," I says when he had gone again. And I said it in one of those tones where it could mean a lot more, maybe to the effect poor man, so she don't care enough for a splendid duke like you to come out here and be with you.

Later we went and walked out on the Luneta and looked at the water, but we didn't say much. All the time I kept thinking about how years ago Jim used to pull that same identical line about us being all in all to each other and how he was never going to want to go anywheres without me, and now he was on the jump. And I thought about how once I used to live in a kind of golden haze about him, and my heart would pretty near leap out of my body when I saw him coming, or when he touched my hand, and now he as a rule only touched it to say you need a manicure or something, and the golden haze was mostly gone, only coming back now and then when we had just forgave each other or thought maybe we was going to lose each other, or Junior was ailing, or some such thing.

Now I do not believe in alibis, but I am interested in the truth, and any married persons if they will read carefully over this that is coming will admit that some funny things will happen in the best regulated marriages. And if they have never in a married life of several years had their thoughts kind of skid a little when their husband has got them sore at him, and somebody else has been all of a sudden kind and romantic, they are either out of luck or an awful liar.

Well, for a long time I and Lieutenant Walley stood on the edge of the Luneta looking at the water and not saying a word. The moon had come up in that disturbing way it has, and behind us gay parties or loving couples as the case might be, flew by in cars along the Dewey Boulevard, a great long and beautiful driveway, very popular at night. The Army and Navy Club was all lit up and uniforms and laughter circulated from there. It was, as the subtitles have it, a magic scene, and liable to get anybody a little crazy. It hit the both of us that way, I guess. Anyways pretty soon the lieut., which by this time I was calling him you, well, he turned to me with such a serious look on his face that it give me a grain of sense.

"It is late," I says. "and I think I better be going back to the hotel. He may be gone all night, but I will be there waiting, which that is my unhappy duty."

"One moment!" says he. "Poor child, of course you must do the right thing. I will take you back directly. We must both do the right thing. And I must see you tomorrow. I will be at target practice in the morning, but will you meet me for lunch—at the club?"

"I don't know," I says.

"Try," says he. "One o'clock. We will have to have a plain talk about what this really means. I believe it is serious and I hope you do."

Well, at that I commenced to cry. Life with Jim wasn't perfect, lots of the glamours was gone, and I hadn't ever expected a real grown-up man to talk like this to me again. I wondered if maybe I and Jim hadn't made a awful mistake, and that in a case of real true love the golden haze wouldn't of lasted every minute, even while the other party brushed their teeth, and in spite of toweling bath robes and sore throats. Maybe after all there was such a thing as a love that kept you walking around without touching the ground; the kind which every woman hopes for, where you and he will never get down to the brass tacks of life much less to quarreling because you ain't attentive enough to each other.

Lieutenant Walley patted my hand and would of followed it up only I wouldn't let him. And I wouldn't say if I would meet him for lunch or not, because I by this time had mentally decided to give Jim one more chance. If he asked me to go anywheres with him tomorrow I would turn the lieut. down. So I merely says no no we mustn't, I don't know! And he says, I believe it is fate; our meeting must of been fate, and nobody can escape fate. And then I beat it back to my room at the hotel, afraid Jim might of got there first and at the same time afraid he hadn't.

Well, the room was as empty as a suburban kitchen and as lonesome looking. Florida, my Southern maid, had laid out my stuff and all was disgustingly neat and peaceful. The room looked like Jim wouldn't be home for hours if at all, and yet I realized I had better hurry and make up my mind what kind of an act and negligee I would put on—a gay attractive one, and be found smilingly awaiting his entrance, a book, if I could find one, in my hand? Or would it be better dope for me to be discovered in my old wrapper, face downward, sobbing on the bed? And while I was standing with unsteady feet where family joy and quarrels meet, a whistle came down the hall, sounding fairly friendly, and in another minute Jim walked in chipper as a chip off the old block—the center block on Forty-second West, N. Y. C., U. S. A., population 7,000,000.

"Hello!" says he. "Just come up?" Then before I could answer him he went right on. "Say," says he, "I had a peach of an evening. Say, I wish you would see Elmer's place some time. Good crowd, too. I wanner tell you about the hand I held——"

"I dined downstairs," I says, because he hadn't bothered to ask me, or if I'd had a pleasant evening or anything. It never seemed to even come in his head that I might of been asked out myself and his being so sure got me off him again at once, even though I had kind of weakened when he first come in so natural and gay. But this one went right over.

"Yeh!" says he, getting ready for bed. "Lemme tell you about this hand, Marie. Gee! I haven't had such a big evening in a long time. Well, about this hand——"

While he was telling me all about this big hand he had held on this big evening when he had such a big time I wasn't listening much but kept thinking huh, dumb-bell, you are not the only one held a big hand this evening, or could of if they had wished, and maybe you don't realize what a neglected wife is up against, and all men don't prefer getting away from their wife, I could tell you! But Jim didn't notice a thing, although I am sure my fans would of in a second realized I was registering "a pain in the heart that dumb lips bravely hid," or some such subtitle. No, Jim merely says well good night old girl call me up but don't call me down, or some such dumb crack, and pulled the cover over his head, leaving me to lay awake and think for half the night; well for half an hour, anyways.

The next morning bright and early, between hot rainstorms, Elmer turned up and took Jim away to show him this fool fire engine. Jim never said a word about me going along, but only that he wouldn't be back to lunch. Which left me feeling so deserted that I was ready to fall on the first neck come my way. So I sent a note to the neck I knew about saying I will be there, and then went out with ma and Junior and ma's friend Mrs. McKinney from our boat and Kansas City. But while we was seeing Manila I was thinking more of the American Navy, a little worried about last night now that I saw it in the clear light of day.

Well, ma had got over her sick headache but not her feeling about these water buffaloes, and they had her on the jump all morning. The narrow winding streets was pretty well filled when ma and they tried to pass.

"'S a funny thing, Mary," ma whispered to me when she had just ducked away from one of them into the doorway of a Spanish shop, and pretty near fallen on a bale of fancy straw hats. "'S a funny thing, but last night I thought them caribou looked like me, but today I see where they are a whole lot more like Mrs. McKinney."

"Ma, why on earth do you bother so over them animals?" I says. Ma gives me a solemn look as she grabbed up a half dozen of these hats—hats of a kind none but a thoroughly good woman would wear and which I suppose she was buying to take home to folks she didn't like. Well anyways, she selected six of the worst, had them rolled and stuck in little bamboo containers, shaking her head real serious.

"Daughter," says she, "every town in America ought to have one of them beasts on exhibition all the time as a warning to women approachin' forty. I only wisht I had met up with the sight of one before it was too late."

"It's never too late to diet, ma," I says. She only kept on shaking her head.

"You don't know what you're talking about," says she. "When you get to be my age you won't be so ready to give up what pleasures you got left."

Well, just then Mrs. McKinney give a call to come across the street and look at some perfectly exquisite hand-embroidered cases for putting away hand embroidery and some hand-embroidered foot-warmer covers, and a lot of other useful articles, and of course we went over and from then on to a few other shops.

Now it is a remarkable fact that in Manila and other parts of these Philippines there is practically no trash for sale no tourist junk like we had been offered in every other country so far. And I personally myself want to say right now that it is a great credit to the folks there.

And another thing which I would like to give it a little free advertising is how nice these native people are. They have got a smile that would go right to your heart and they use it freely, to strangers and all; they have got a straight look in their eye, and a lot of politeness and consideration. They are of course of mixed blood, and up to when I seen them I had always an idea where, when people were that, why they must be a

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Obviously, the characteristics and qualities of Fisher Bodies differ according to the price-class of the car. Regardless of price, Fisher can and does build superior value in all details, because production in all classes is enormous. Herein is the source of the pride and satisfaction invariably felt by the owner whose car is fitted with a Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
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FISHER BODIES

# What should an after-shaving preparation do?

SCIENCE says:—*"First of all, it should conserve the natural moisture of the skin."*

The freshly-shaven skin should have its moisture retained. To absorb and dissipate this moisture, as many preparations recommended for after shaving do, is to oppose a very important finding of the physiological chemist.

Aqua Velva is made on a modern, scientific formula and *expressly for after-shaving use.* Its first and chief service is to conserve the natural moisture of the skin. But it does much more:

*—cools, soothes, protects the skin*
*—feels good when you put it on*
*—gives first aid to little nicks and cuts*
*—delights with a man's kind of fragrance*

Before you buy, let us send you FREE, a liberal Trial Bottle. We have made numberless thousands of converts this way.

Only a few drops are required for an application, making the cost almost nothing per day.

Large 5-ounce bottle 50c (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

**Williams Aqua Velva**

***for use after shaving***

**(By the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps)**

**Try it—FREE**

We'll gladly send you a free "150-drop" test bottle of Aqua Velva. Fill in your name and address below and mail to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. Q, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canada: St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Name _____

Address _____


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pretty poor lot. But it seems in the Philippines the folks have taken only the best characteristics from both sides. They are small physically, but believe me, what there is of them is absolutely O. K.

With almost the richest as yet untouched natural resources in the world, they don't give a darn for money; at least certainly not the way Americans would. And if America ever decides that the Philippines belongs to them, or that we will at least keep them on, say, a ninety-nine-year lease, believe me a bunch of people who do care for it are going to be able to jump in and make a heap of kale. Naturally these islands is only going to be a expense to us so long as no American capitalist is willing to develop the place; and nobody is going to be such a boob as go out there and sink their money in any territory which they can't tell from day to day who it is going to belong to, and I wouldn't either. The most expensive thing in business is indecision, and I guess that goes for government too. And that is my idea about the Philippines.

Well anyways, this shopping trip ma and Mrs. McKinney had me dragged on, and which I was dragging Junior on, the way a mother has to past shop windows and etc. commenced to look like there was no end to it. They got wicker chairs out to Bilibad Jail, sets of Spanish jewelry, earrings, ring and pin to match, and huge celluloid combs. Junior got brightly painted wooden shoes in the Yacco market, and I got nervous.

The time for that darn luncheon date of mine was getting closer, and the more I thought of it the more it had me upset. I by now wasn't sure whether I wanted to go, or did I want never to see the lieut. again. One thing was plain and that was he was really crazy over me, and dead serious about it, and it was going to be dreadful hard to hurt his feelings. For a while I stood thinking in the middle of Manila in the bright, damp heat, with the unheeding throng clattering by on their wooden mules, and eventually this was the conclusion I come to: That I would go to the luncheon date and tell him, gently and understandingly, that I was through. And as long as I was, I might as well leave him be comparatively happy in the thought I was making a big sacrifice. I could just imagine him waiting eagerly at the club, scared to death I wouldn't show up, looking around and jumping up every time a lady come in sight only to sink back disappointed, and all such symptoms of a lonesome man with a bad attack of sentimentality. And here I would have to walk in and crown the whole business at a single cruel blow. With a gesture of firm decision, I handed Junior over to ma.

"Ma," I says, "I got a important luncheon date, and I've got to leave you now. Take the kid, will you, and for heaven's sake be careful what you eat, the both of you."

"Oh, we'll be careful," says she—"careful we get something good!" And even in that troubled moment I couldn't help but ramble an appraising eye over her acreage.

"Ma, for the love of locomotion, don't you eat nothing fattening while my eye is off you," I says. At once the smile went off her face.

"I know," says she with a sigh. "But I ain't got the moral courage. I don't believe nothing will ever give it to me, either. Not in a town where they got preserved mangosteens. A person has got to try the native foods in each country, Mary Gilligan, or they haven't properly seen the world!"

By this time I was calling a callistia, one of the native taxis, and they are fully as noisy and reckless as the average New York ones, the horse only adding to the trouble and racket. I waved to the driver to go away, and so he come right over, and I bounced in under the cape top and says Army and Navy Club pronto. The driver understood my Spanish easily and repeated it to the horse, and away we went with all the quiet of the traps attachment on a mechanical piano.

Naturally I had arranged so's to be about ten minutes late, but when I dashed across the Luneta and up the club steps there wasn't the lieut. waiting breathless on the steps. I stood at ease for about ten or three minutes, registering an imitation of a woman who is accidentally way ahead of her date, but inside me was a funny, fast-growing feeling of well, I like this! Meaning, of course, that I didn't in the least. Ten minutes more staggered by and my feelings changed. During them I commenced to develop all the symptoms I had thought of the lieut. as undergoing. When I heard a step coming, my heart give a anxious leap and I would turn around only to find it was one of the waiters strolling in with soup. When a car stopped outside I couldn't prevent myself getting up to look, but all in vain. I had come to that club practically sure I wanted to get rid of Lieutenant Walley and now that I had I was wild, and commenced to feel sorry for myself and think alas, all men are false, trust and believe them and they will do you dirt, and I might of known better then to be a fool again at my time of life. And other perfectly normal if wholly artificial thoughts and feelings.

Well, by the time a half hour was out, I commenced to get a feeling inside me that was either despair or hunger. So I thought well, I guess I will go on over to the hotel and take a little nourishment and find out which it is. So I made the weak exit that a woman who has been stood up on a date can't escape and crossed over to the hotel and went up to my room, and when I got there I also got a surprise, because sitting on the floor fast asleep, his back against my door, was a Filipino boy in white duck pants, brown legs, straw sandals and a shirt of light green mosquito netting with red polka dots on it.

"Hey!" I says in my best Spanish. "Hey, John, vamoose! Get up! Chili con carne!"

The boy woke up with a smile and got me perfectly. He scrambled to his feet and pulled a letter out of his hat.

"La Signora Le Tour Smeeth?" says he. "Theese boy wait long time."

"Well, just as you say," says I. "Here, give me it, and go take your siesta where it belongs."

"Si, Signora," says he.

"Sure I see!" says I. Then I took the note into my room and opened it up. It says:

*Dear Lovely Lady:* A few moments after I returned to the ship last night we received orders to proceed to Zamboanga. I will not be able to make our date, much to my regret. But on my return tomorrow I will call you up at once. Devotedly, KING.

Well, it is a most peculiar thing, but as soon as I got this explanation all my interest in the lieut. melted right away again. The very minute I was in a position where I was still turning him down, and not him me, why, to the deuce with him! You probably know exactly what I mean, unless you have been entirely out of luck where the other sex is concerned.

This night was the night of our show, and so I saw something of my husband on account he had to be on the stage with me. But having torn around with Elmer like he had, he was all wore out by the time the show was over, and all he done after was eat a lot of the supper which the local management and social leaders naturally give us, never speaking a word, and when we got back to our room went sound asleep in the midst of my broken heart, which I was telling him all about it, and also telling him what a delicate, sensitive thing a woman's soul is, and a man had ought to be careful how he handled it. I was crying softly, and it should of been very effective work because I pretty near believed it myself. But all Jim says is uh-uh, yes dear, but for heaven's sake park your soul for the night, can't you, and we'll do the repairs in the morning, lay off, hon, I'm dead for sleep, you always haul out your soul when I need my rest. And I says you don't love me like you used to, and he says by Jove sometimes you pretty near make that come true.

So I shut up, and left him sleep; but before I done so myself I thought oh well there are others, you wouldn't be so cruel if you knew what I know, I won't sleep a wink all night just for that! And then the next thing I realized, the tropical sun was making fun of our dark window shades and the town was going noisily about its business in the brilliant cool of the day.

I and Jim begun the morning reasonably peaceful, over dead-ripe fresh pineapple and fresh-roasted coffee from Java, the table by an open window in our sitting room, the waters of the bay purple and jade with dancing whitecaps.

"Say, sweetness," says Jim, "what day of the week is this?"

"Monday, I guess," I says.

"I thought so," says he "It's awful easy, someways, to lose track of the time out here. Funny thing we don't hear anything from Rowlie. They ought to be ready for us up to this Baguio pretty soon.

"Was he going to let us know, or wasn't we just to go right along up tomorrow?"

"Well, if we don't hear from him I guess we'd better go along up tomorrow night," says Jim. "The time is getting kind of short. And by the way, did you plan anything particular for this evening?"

"Why, no," says I, my fur getting ready to rise. "Nothing in particular."

"Then you won't mind," says Jim, with the cagy look of a man about to step on a keg marked dynamite—"you won't mind if I run out with Elmer a little while?"

Something inside me rose up and give a silent yell, and then I crushed it down.

"Of course not," says I. "I guess it doesn't matter if I am left alone one more night or not."

"Well, hon, I won't go if you don't want me to."

"What else can you say but that?" says I. "I'd feel I was holding you back. If you want to go out with that low-life, go on!"

"But confound it all," says Jim, "I want to see a man oncet in a while. You've often told me to yourself."

"And I'm telling you again," I says. "I don't want you to stay in with me unless you prefer to. It's a question of that—what you prefer."

"All right, dammit, I won't go!" says Jim.

"Yes, you will, too, Gorgeous!" I says, sniffing. "I prefer you to!"

"Do you really mean that?"

"Of course," I says. "You want to go, so there isn't any argument about it."

Jim jumped to his feet and begun stamping up and down like a wildcat, his hands in his pockets, his coat tails flying.

"Oh, you women!" he shouted. "The most unreasonable people in the world. Now I don't know what and the devil you do want!"

"I want you to go and enjoy yourself," I says bitterly.

"All right then, I will!" says he. "It'll be a relief to get away. Here's poor Elmer, his boss has given him notice that if he don't get rid of that fire engine this week he's out. He wants to talk to me. I'm going."

"Well, I may not be here when you get back," I says darkly. This topped him for a moment.

"Marie, don't be a fool!" says he. "I won't go!"

"I want you to!" I says. "If you don't go, I will."

"Well, I'm going anyway!" he shouted, making for the exit.

"Can I depend on that?" I says, very sarcastic. But all the answer I got was the slamming of the door. And so I sat down and cried into what was left of the pineapple and thought how mean Jim was to take me up on my own suggestion like that when he had certainly been married long enough to realize that when I was mad at him it was usually because I was loving him more than ordinarily.

Well, I had scarcely got through crying when the telephone rang, and there was Mister Vengeance himself in the shape of Lieut. Walley's voice.

"What are you doing this evening?" says he. "Is there any chance of my seeing you?"

"Unless you've gone blind," I says. "What time?"

"Suppose I call for you about eight o'clock and we drive out to Santa Anna," says he. "I am extremely anxious to talk to you. Will that be all right?"

"Oh, it'll be all right," I says. "Eight o'clock then. You better not ask at the desk—I'll be waiting outside." And we hung up.

Well, I guess that day was pretty near the worst I ever put in. When I thought of that handsome white uniform of the lieut's, it give me a kind of a thrill, but still and all I was uneasy and if I could of got hold of him I might of called it off. But since I couldn't, I decided well, we will merely have that good plain talk we should of had at luncheon and get all this nonsense over and done with; as I have said many times, no good ever come out of the false things in life such as Jim was doing by going out and getting tight with Elmer, and here I was, playing with fire and white duck uniforms. And when at last the fatal hour come, Jim not having shown all day, I left word at the desk where I was going and went out on the front steps to wait for the lieut.

It was kind of dim where I was standing, and he kept me waiting so long I had begun

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# TAKING TIME TO BUILD EACH CAR RIGHT

THE expanded and strengthened Oakland organization recognizes this one great principle of manufacturing:

—that no matter how insistent the pressure of demand, this organization shall always take time to build each car right.

For, in the same degree as greater care is taken in the building of a motor car, so is it returned in longer, better service to the owner.

The long life and impressive performance of the Oakland Six account in large measure for the growing good will which Oakland is winning and holding everywhere.

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IN MEN'S hose, the lasting sheen and smart style of real silk is beyond imitation. And for long, economical wear, lisle soles are imperative. But there must be no unsightly seam, no telltale fringe where lisle and silk join. That's why we use the INSETTE SOLE* in these fine heavy silk hose. They make few demands on the darning basket, and never offend the most critical eyes. They are priced most reasonably at $1 the pair.

Look for "INSETTE SOLE"* stamped in red. It means trimmer and better wearing hose

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*Hose, Belts, Garters, Cravats, Suspenders, Mufflers, Shirts, Pajamas, Nightshirts, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Knit Gloves*

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
*New York* *Paris*

*Trade-mark registered


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to think that he wasn't coming, when I took notice of a short thick-set man in a gray sack suit who had been hanging around the edge of the shrubbery some little time, and it begun to dawn on me there was something familiar about his looks. I took a few steps toward him, coming out into the light, and he come running forward at once—and sure enough it was the lieut. in plain clothes.

Well, this is where there should be an awful pause. Because while it was a nice sack suit, it wasn't his snappy uniform, not by any means. But although it was one of those shocks, if you know what I mean, I am a lady or dead, and so I at once greeted him, bad as I felt over the revelation.

"Oh, hello, so it's you!" I says. "I didn't know you at first."

"Have you been waiting long?" says he. And by the tone of his voice I could tell right off that something had changed more than his clothes. "I have a car right here," he says. And in silence we went over and got in, and the lieut., who didn't look the part any more, says something to the driver and then we drove off, sitting kind of awkward and quiet.

Well, on our way out I and the lieut. talked about how hot it had been today, and was it a good thing for America to keep the islands, and had I found any good Spanish jewelry, and it seems he had last year found some for his wife. I says oh, indeed, and he says yes, indeed, but of course I mightn't care for it. His wife had liked it, but it's so dangerous to buy personal things for people didn't I think so. And I says yes, indeed. And he says I assure you these dancing pavilions are perfectly respectable places, especially Santa Anna, I assure you it is quite all right for us to dine there. And I says ah, yes, of course And so on, me watching him out of one corner of my eye and wondering how I had ever imagined this nice, respectable, middle-aged citizen was the Prince of Pilsen. Also I couldn't help but wonder what had come over him that he was making no passes at me at all. And by that time we was at Santa Anna, and believe me, it was enough to take a person's mind off of themself for the first few moments, observing.

The building was what you might call large, the dancing floor being actually two hundred and fifty feet long with a domed roof and divided in the middle by a great high flower-trimmed band stand with a exceedingly active band going at it earnestly. On one side of this scene was the floor where the very Ritzy crowd danced and ate, while on the other side the low-lifes was welcome, and gobs was to be seen dancing with ballerinas, which is professional dancing Filipino girls, that look like tiny brown dolls in their strange, old-fashioned costumes, their enormous trains pinned up in front to show a foam of starched and ruffled white petticoat when they danced.

Speaking as one who knows, believe me, they sure could dance! All the money these girls get is a tip from the boy that trots 'em out, and being a ballerina is considered a perfectly respectable job, though a strenuous one, so they got to dance good. It don't pay to be a wallflower.

The lieut. led the way to a table on the edge of the high-life side of the dancing floor and we sat down, the both of us eying each other and sizing each other up as not so good, but afraid to show it for fear of hurting the other's feelings, see, and so pretending we wasn't onto each other, but was out for a desperately gay time

"I told the chauffeur not to come back before two o'clock," says Mr Walley, heaving up a smile for me that was about as light as a ton of bricks. "This place doesn't wake up before midnight, and you really ought to see it, especially the wrong side, when the city closes up and the folks have no place else to go."

"Oh, I couldn't stay that late," I says.

"Oh, well, we can get a car any time," says he, and little did I think when he made that simple statement what a serious one it was going to turn out to be. A silence fell between us with a dull thud right after it, and I begun to realize for the first time why they have so much music in restaurants. It is to cover the things people are not saying to each other. At last I couldn't stand the active silence no more. I couldn't think of a thing to say, but I had to say something, so in despair I decided not to pull any line about do you believe in love, or some such stuff which the situation seemed to call for, but to mention something that really interested me.

"Did you know I have a little boy?" I says. The lieut. come back with the first bright look he had given me this evening.

"You haven't!" says he. "You don't say! Do you know I have one myself?"

"Not really?" says I eagerly, and we having questioned each other's actual knowledge about were we sure we had children, why we was off on a real topic.

"How old is yours?" says he.

"Six last June," I says. "He's a boy."

"Mine is four," says the lieut. "Say, by the way, I got a letter from my wife this afternoon with some snapshots in it. Would you like ——"

"Sure, show them to me," I says. "I haven't any snaps, but my boy is at the hotel, and some time before we leave I'd like you to ——"

"I'd like to," says he. "They are great things, kids, aren't they? See here, this one was taken in front of our barn, and here he is with one of my old caps on. Not so bad, eh?"

"He's a darling," says I.

"He is," says the lieut. "Just like his mother. The doctor wouldn't let them stay on out here because of the climate. Gee, maybe I don't get lonesome for them, though!"

"I'll swear to man you must!" says I. "And, do you know, you must meet my husband some time. I know you and he would like each other. He's an awful nice boy, if I did pick him out myself."

We looked straight at each other for a moment and burst out laughing. Then the atmosphere having been pretty well cleaned up, we settled down to a real talk, which was going strong and wholesome for about an hour, when it was suddenly interrupted by a boy from the hotel looking for me. He had a telegram addressed to I and Jim both, so I at once tore it open and it was a frantic yelp from Rowlie up at Baguio. It says.

Where are you people? Come Tuesday without fail. Absolutely necessary to begin shooting Wednesday morning. Otherwise it will be impossible to get sequence made before sailing. This is my second wire.

"Well," says I when I read it out to the lieut., "I guess this means we got to go up to Baguio tomorrow all right. It's the first wire I know anything about too."

"But tomorrow is Wednesday," says he.

"What?" says I, now thoroughly scared. "Today is Monday!"

"It is not," says the lieut., pulling out his watch. "It is Tuesday—what there is left of it. It's 11:30."

"Good heavens!" I says. "This is a serious business! We simply got to get to Baguio tonight. When is the next train?"

"Some time tomorrow."

"Why, it will mean the loss of thousands of dollars!" I says. "To say nothing of our not keeping our contract! We'll have to drive, that's all. And first thing we will have to locate my husband and I haven't the faintest idea where he is."

"Even if you can locate him it won't do you much good," says the lieut. "You'd have to drive at top speed the whole way to get there by daylight, and the road is infested with rural police. They'd pinch you at night just as quick as by day. They have been having a lot of trouble with bandits in cars lately, and with joy riders too. The road is perfect, though. If it wasn't for the night patrols and the small towns you might make it. Would it be possible to hold the steamer one day?"

"Out of the question," I says. "She's a day behind her schedule now, and we got to play Java on the fifteenth. No, we'll have to get to the hills tonight if it's the last thing we do. Oh, if only I could locate Jim!"

Well, everybody knows one of the greatest troubles with prayers is that they might get answered, and this was one of those cases. Within two minutes after my passing up that fervent one I located Jim all right all right! From the wrong side of the center screen come a terrible crash, the noise of glass splintering and roars of laughter, one in particular which made me spring to my feet and grab Lieut. Walley by the arm

"There!" I says. "The low-life! He's over to the other side of the band stand! Come on and help me dig him out. I told you I wanted you to meet my husband and now I'm afraid you are going to."

Well, we dashed around the corner like a coupla jack rabbits and there in the middle of an overturned table sat Jim resisting Elmer's coaxing to get up, Elmer humorously baiting him with a banana.

"Nice kitty, come to poppa!" says Elmer, and all the low trash that had gathered around to watch roared with laughter.

"Meow!" says Jim. Then he caught sight of me and I guess maybe his face changed some. "Oh, my lord!" he says.

"Why ——" says Elmer, his back still to me. About then he followed Jim's glance and he saw me. Right away he come dancing over.

"Oh, lady, lady," says he, "do join our party! You look so sober!"

"I am," I snapped at him, "and you all will be when you hear the news. Get right up out of them dishes, James Smith, and listen to this telegram!"

"Certainly, certainly!" says Jim, getting to his feet and his senses at the same time. I give a big sigh of relief then, because I see he was not real tight, but only with a good start on him. When he read Rowlie's wire it give him a shock in the right direction, so's by the time introductions was in order he was pretty near cold sober.

"This is Lieutenant Walley, Jim," I explained. "And he says it's Tuesday."

"By cripes, it is!" says Jim. "Then we are in some fix, I'm telling!"

"Yes!" says I. Then I remembered my manners. "And this is Mr. Elmer Raus," I says. The lieut. held out his hand.

"Elmer Raus?" he says. "Why, don't you know Smithson, funny old feller used to be head dog catcher out here?"

"Why, yes!" says Elmer.

"I thought so," said the lieut. "He always did speak well of you!" And for once Elmer says absolutely nothing.

Well, Jim settled for the damage and we started for the door.

"If there is no train," says Jim, "we have got to drive it, that's all. We'll dash back to the hotel, throw a few things in the bag and beat it."

"There are always plenty of cars out here," I says, only quoting what I had heard. And by this time we come out of the front entrance and there was never a car in sight.

"S'funny!" says Lieutenant Walley "I never knew this to happen before. I wish I'd told my boy to come back earlier, but he'd be no good, anyway; he's only a taxi."

"Then we'll have to take callistias back to the city," says Jim, "and get a car there. You pack, Marie, and be ready to start the minute I show up."

Well, believe me that drive back seemed some slow, but at last it was over, and we told the lieut. good night, come to see us when we are all home in the States, but hastily. And while I was packing Jim was telephoning, cussing at the management and so forth about a car to take us to Baguio, but all in vain. There is a limit to the number of cars in Manila, anyways, and it seemed to of been reached earlier in the evening. Elmer, who continued to stick around, kept making suggestions about where to call up and each idea was more useless then the other. There was no car to be had anywheres.

"Well," says Jim, when I had the bag all packed, "I guess we don't go. I guess the picture is ruined. I guess we are queered for life in the moving-picture business."

All of a sudden Elmer grew an idea.

"The boss ought to have a car over at our garage," he says. "And he's not in town. We'll hook it, by gollies, and let him walk tomorrow! Wonder I didn't think of it before!"

"Come on, Marie, old scout!" says Jim. "Step lively! We'll take along the bag and start from there."

No sooner said then commenced. In another few minutes the three of us was trotting off across the deserted, silent plaza, headed for Elmer's shop, our teeth grimly set on bagging one live automobile. And after plenty of dark streets, we come to the garage and Elmer opened the door. It was black as pitch inside, but we could see something uncoil itself from the floor It was the night watchman, a native.

"It's only me, José," says Elmer, speaking modestly for the first and only time in my hearing. "I'm going to take out Mr. Grundy's car."

"But that is impossible, Señor Raus," says a soft voice in the dark.

"Nonsense!" says Elmer, coming back to normal "You know me I'm all right. Of course I'm going to take it. I'd like to know why not?"

(Continued on Page 54

# A Woman's Dream in Lotus Blue

## *With Marvelous Performance— and Balloon Tire Comfort*

THERE'S a smart up-to-date air about this De Luxe Sedan. Its graceful, low lines are strikingly set off by the new Lotus Blue finish and colorful stripings. Soft, deeply cushioned seats are richly upholstered. Complete equipment—everything you'd want for a car. There's roominess for 5 to ride in perfect comfort. And now balloon tires give the last touch needed to Jewett's big-car riding ease.

Jewett drivers enjoy the security of Jewett's *proved* stamina and ability. More than a billion miles of care-free service for over a hundred thousand owners! That proves Jewett's soundness of design—proves Jewett's experimental days are long passed. For further proof read the Jewett Drivers' Column at the left. Read what owners say.

### *Performance that Lasts*

Jewett's big, 50 h. p. Paige-built motor accounts for amazing performance. Jewett has 20% to 40% more power than "light" sixes. Think what that means! Power to beat others in the traffic getaway. To beat others on level or hills. Power to go slowly in high where the pulling is bad—in sand, or mud, or rough detours. Power to do all these things without ever straining the motor!

And Jewett's ability *lasts!* Why? Because its power comes from *size*—not from wearing, tearing motor speed. Jewett's big motor handles every job you'll ever put it to—and without strain. No wonder its life is long!

### *Sturdy Value*

Jewett is sturdy in every part to match its big power. Extra deep frame, heavy-duty axles, all-steel universal joints. Jewett's rugged weight—2805 lbs. of huskiness—indicates its ability to stand up under hard service. That's 200 lbs. to 400 lbs. more strength than "light" sixes show. And Jewett's extra weight with its unusually long springs, gives riding ease only equalled by far bigger, costlier cars.

When you buy your Jewett you are sure of having made a sound investment. Sound in continuous enjoyment, freedom from care. Its performance and ability "stand-up"—never decrease. Its fine finish—interior and exterior—stays good. Jewett is built throughout to *last*—serve you joyfully

1653

*Included at Jewett's low price are: Five balloon cord tires; Duco finish; nickeled radiator, head lamps and cowl lamps; motometer, monogram cap, sun visor; spotlight; stop light; double bar bumpers front and rear; trunk and trunk rack; automatic windshield wiper; rear view mirror; heater; thief-proof transmission lock. All included at $1745 f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra. Steel wheels extra*

# Proved JEWETT

PAIGE BUILT SIX

"ONE BILLION MILES BEYOND EXPERIMENT"

## *The Jewett Drivers' Column*

It is with the letters do pour in from enthusiastic Jewett owners. Here are a few of 'em

Mr F R Smith of Portland, Oregon who has driven 8 cars and some 100 000 miles of it, says—

"I am frank to admit that when it comes to getting up and going this Jewett is in a class by itself! I live on Portland Heights and few machines go up without shifting, but the Jewett doesn't seem to know there's any grade.

"It matters not how deep the mud or steep the hill, the Jewett takes it at one mile or fifty, as you wish."

Mr. Smith, we'd like you to meet Mr S. B. Judd of St Louis, who has just about the same idea. In fact he says—

"I've only had my Jewett about two months but I'm not right sure it wouldn't climb the side of a house!"

Mr T E Burns of Knoxville, Tenn doesn't say anything about hills—but he does say of his eighteen months' old Jewett that—

"It has been in constant use over some of the worst roads in the county. Upkeep has been almost nothing, no repairs being necessary.

And he says, too, "I think the Jewett is one of the biggest automobile values offered!"

Thanks for your praise, Mr. Burns

While we're in Knoxville we'll thank Mr G C. Williams, who writes

'My Jewett has never missed a stroke The longer I run it the smoother it runs."

He, too, considers Jewett "the very best car for the money on the market today."

Still farther down in the land of cotton —Eufaula, Alabama—lives Dr [illegible] Kibbe, who took a trip through Mississippi in his Jewett. It must have been quite a trip, for the doctor says.

We encountered some 250 miles of muddy roads Two stretches of 50 miles and 41 miles respectively, which local citizens told us were impassable

One 30-mile detour through [illegible] and over hills and through woods where there was no road

But, he says, The little old Jewett never faltered or hesitated once."

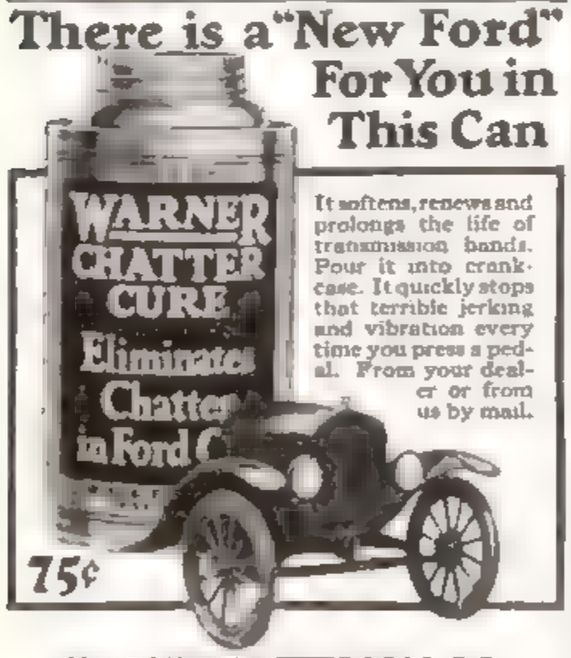
Well Doctor, we're very glad you are so enthusiastic. We'll be glad to hear from you again

Stop that leak yourself—and on your way quickly

You do not have to spend money and waste time having your radiator removed. Leaks anywhere in your cooling system are repaired quickly and permanently with Warner Liquid Solder. It will not clog circulation or injure any part of the cooling system. Prevents other leaks from developing. Over a million users endorse it. Avoid substitutes. Guaranteed by Mr. A. P. Warner, inventor of the Warner Speedometer. Your money refunded if it doesn't do all we claim. If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

There is a "New Ford" For You in This Can

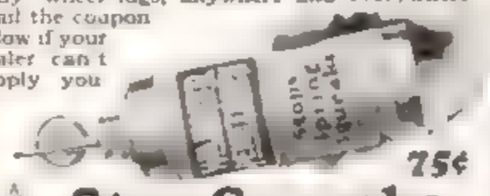



It softens, renews and prolongs the life of transmission bands. Pour it into crankcase. It quickly stops that terrible jerking and vibration every time you press a pedal. From your dealer or from us by mail.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WARNER-PENETREEN

A few drops of Warner Penetreen loosens rusted and dirt-bound spring leaves. Penetrates instantly and thoroughly, lubricating thoroughly. Contains Acheson's deflocculated graphite. Use it to eliminate squeaks in hood, door hinges, body, wheel lugs, anywhere and everywhere. Mail the coupon below if your dealer can't supply you.




Stop Squeaks
DO IT YOURSELF

OVER 1000 OTHER USES around Home, Garage and Shop

WARNER PATTERSON CO
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
Enclosed find seventy five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Penetreen
Name
Address
Town State


(Continued from Page 52)

"Because," says the boy, "Señor Gundry have already take the car this afternoon to Baguio."

"B.-a a-a!" says Elmer, entirely collapsed.

"Make a light," says Jim. "I can't find where I set down the bag."

Elmer fumbled for a minute and then he found the switch. As the light come on sudden, I give a jump back, on account for a minute I thought there was a dragon or something in the garage. And no wonder, for there was the much-talked-about fire engine, all gleaming and glittering, a big face painted on the front of it to please the natives.

At sight of it intelligence commenced to reach me.

"Boys," I says, "is there a motor in that fire engine?"

"By thunder," yelled Elmer, "the woman is crazy like a fox! There is not only a motor but she's full of gas this instant!"

"Do you think we could?" says Jim, already throwing the suitcase aboard while he asked the question.

"I know it!" hollered Elmer, darting at the engine here and there like a humming bird to see was everything O. K. "I'll say we go! You work the siren, Jim, and Marie, hold on tight. One hundred and eighty miles to Baguio and five hours to make it. Get set, folks!"

Well, a drive like that don't really need no description, not if a public has got any intelligence whatever. I will merely remark it was some ride, and nobody tried to stop us. We went through Manila with the cops cleaning traffic for us, and in the early morning, which is the busy time out there and the folks do all their heavy trading, and the roads is full of wagons, why Jim would merely pull the siren and the crowd would scatter, in several cases the motorcycle cops helping us get there to the very best of their ability. We went through the towns so fast we almost left them behind before we reached them, and in an instant would be swaying out on the curving road again, the immense valleys dipping to either side of our narrow path, all steps of rice fields or filled with palm-tree tops so distant they looked like mere ferns, the gorgeous mountains zigzagging around it all. Then zowie! A town would rush at us and part in the middle for us, everybody helping us get to the fire. But the big surprise come when we got to the foot of the road up the mountain, which, on account it goes up four thousand feet in nineteen kilometers, is arranged peculiar. It is divided in sections, with a camp and a coupla guards in each, and you are allowed only just so much time running up from one station to the other. Well, Raus had been explaining this as we approached the first camp, and as we got there, the siren going full blast, the guard come out all excitement.

"Hurrah!" he yelled. "Thank heaven you made it! Go to the warehouses first and you may be able to save the residence section."

"Good gosh, is there a fire?" yelled Elmer.

"What else did you come for?" the man hollered back. "The business end of the place has been burning since six o'clock last night. Hurry, man, you're wanted badly!"

Well, how we got up that mountain is more than I can rightly tell; but I'll say it was some demonstration, and the ancestors of that fire engine must of been flies or mountain goats or something. Anyways we got there, welcomed by the entire populace with shouts of joy, and the engine was no mere roadster, either, for inside of the next hour the fire was well under control and Elmer was getting a raise in salary on account the selectmen or aldermen or what not had just bought the fire engine for Baguio. The last thing I and Jim heard of it before going off to work with Rowlie was Mr. Gundry, Elmer's boss, talking pretty to the boy.

"The most remarkable piece of sales demonstration that I have ever witnessed!" he was telling Elmer over and over. "Magnificent! It was magnificent! But how in the world you ever heard of this fire is more than I can understand!"

"Well, a good live salesman knows instinctively where to go for a sound prospect," says Elmer modestly. "I'm glad you're satisfied."

We did the necessary sequence in two days easy, the Philippine mountains making a real nice New England forest, only for the natives getting into the picture now and then; but Rowlie saying oh, well, they don't hurt any, we can run in a subtitle to the effect they are slaves or something.

Anyways, when the job was done we went back to Manila more calmly than we came, and got to the boat in lots of time. When we got there I heard ma's cabin had been changed, and I went to look her up to find out why. She was in an inside one, and of all things, she was eating her lunch off a tray and all it had on it was the wing of a chicken and a coupla pieces of dry toast.

"Why, ma!" I says. "What on earth is the trouble? Here you give up a perfectly good outside cabin and also go on a diet. Please explain."

"Caribou," says ma briefly. "Water buffalo—that's what. I went to the porthole yesterday to see why it was so dark, and it was dark because one of them beasts had been driven up on the pier and was looking in, and for a second I thought it was my reflection."

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

KID GLOVER: Swell kid. Want me to fix it up for yuh? Call up Shawmut 603 an' ask for Alice.

*From the Evening Blah*

SECRET OF ENMITY DISCOVERED

Since the days of the cave men man has battled man for woman and nations have fought nations for the love of some fair woman such as Helen of Troy. Reading almost like fiction is the true story of the intense rivalry and bitterness of the city's leading middleweights, Kid Glover and Young Childs. It is reported that Kid Glover placed his heart in the hands of a fair young lady and that all was proceeding serenely until Young Childs leaped into the spotlight by his impressive string of kayos. Presently Young Childs became the rival of Kid Glover for her affections. Next Friday night within the hempen strands they will fight for the fair lady's smile as did the knights of old.

Meanwhile the two continue to train at Kiley's Gym at different hours. It is reported that the other day Young Childs came late so that his time overlapped that of Kid Glover's, with the result that both were actually in the gym at the same time. Fortunately attendants managed to secrete one from the other and certain conflict was avoided.

—*H. L. McNary.*

### The Poor Fish!

*UP THE bank of Mother Ganges,*
*Where the gongs of brazen flanges*
*Call the crowds with solemn planges*
*To the Second Heathen Church,*
*On his central fins and flippers*
*Hunting bugs and gallinippers*
*Crawled that hardiest of trippers,*
*Came the dauntless Climbing Perch.*

*His presumption sent a shiver*
*Through the sacred Hindu river*
*And the Mudfish all a-quiver*
*Sang in chorus from the slime:*
*"Oh! you'll surely come a cropper,*
*For the thing is most improper!*
*You're a swimmer and a flopper*
*And you hadn't ought to climb!"*

*But the Climbing Perch proceeded*
*On his journey unimpeded*
*Through the grasses pearly beaded,*
*Till he scaled a pipal tree;*
*Whence his eyes with horror dimming*
*And with tears of anguish brimming*
*Saw the flying fishes skimming,*
*Zephyr-borne, across the sea.*

*Like a silver storm they drifted;*
*But the climber's heart was rifted*
*As a fishy voice he lifted*
*In a sad, reproachful cry:*
*"Were you made for aviation?*
*You have fins for ambulation*
*Or for aqueous natation,*
*But you hadn't ought to fly!"*

*Yet those flying fish are soaring*
*Over ocean's rumpled flooring,*
*Every tropic sea exploring*
*To the farthest reach of blue—*
*Where with pious "bahs!" and "pishes!"*
*Like prophetic seers and rishis*
*They'll be telling other fishes*
*What they hadn't ought to do!*

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

"The Wretch! I Wonder What the Brute's Done to His Poor Wife Now!"

### Infantry

*THEY say I was a yelping babe—*
*A howling, yowling, whelping babe—*
*A squalling babe,*
*A bawling babe,*
*Who cried through half the night.*
*A tiny, creepy, crying babe—*
*A whiny, sleep-defying babe—*
*A ruthless kid,*
*A toothless kid,*
*A freckled, speckled sight!*

*My wife was not a violent babe—*
*A chuckling, suckling silent babe—*
*A merry babe,*
*A fairy babe,*
*Alone she'd sleep and play.*
*A make-you-linger cooing babe—*
*A toe-or-finger-chewing babe—*
*A painless kid,*
*A stainless kid,*
*Eugenically okay!*

*The stork just left a wrinkled babe—*
*A fragile, agile, crinkled babe*
*A blinking babe,*
*A winking babe,*
*Whose eyes can hardly see.*
*And, gee, I hope this puny babe*
*This petted, fretted, crossy babe*
*This recent babe,*
*This decent babe*
*Will turn out tough like me!*

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

# DODGE BROTHERS
## TYPE-A SEDAN

Incorporating the betterments of ten progressive years of closed car building.

Distinguished in design, in the appointments, in smooth operation and travel comfort. Distinguished, above all, by a reputation for dependability which is world wide and a decade old.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

The Quick Smoke brand

*—the secret of the coolest, smoothest, sweetest smoke that ever won a man's heart*

# WHY *the Lyon Pipe* won *General Dawes' approval*

It was two years ago that Mr. Lyon sent General Dawes one of his pipes, to be paid for only if he liked it.

The answer was a remittance for the pipe and a dozen more like it; and his orders since for friends have averaged almost a dozen a week—for men like Marshall Foch, and other world-known celebrities.

## *The Genuine* LYON PIPE

***The Pipe General Dawes Smokes***

In the *genuine* LYON PIPE there is a real reason for the curious, upside-down shape that has become famous in a day.

As the smoke leaves the burning tobacco, it enters the cold chamber and deposits at once the bulk of the ammonia, light oil, nicotine and other corruption that pipe smokers have thought a necessary evil—then up through the long spiral air-cooled coil until only the pure smoke reaches the dry chamber. This insures that the stem itself carries only the pure aroma—every puff is dry and cool and clean when drawn into the mouth. The principle is exactly the same as a steam separator—and the best part is that *it works*, as thousands on thousands of pipe enthusiasts will testify. *Patents protect the principles of the Lyon Pipe—its wonderful smoking features—the Lyon Pipe cannot be duplicated.* If your dealer does not have the Genuine Lyon, mail the coupon with name and we'll send you the pipe by return mail.

***Sponsored by Hargraft***

**HARGRAFT & SONS**

**Wrigley Building — Chicago**

The market has been flooded with imitations—*they look* the same—but what a difference in the *smoke!*

For your own sake, *insist* on the genuine LYON with the 20-inch smoke travel.

***At your dealer's or use this coupon***

HARGRAFT & SONS, Wrigley Building, Chicago

Please send me a genuine Lyon Pipe, the pipe that General Dawes smokes. I will pay postman $4.00 (plus postage).

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*Dealer's Name* .....

(SEND NO MONEY)


# HOT AIR AND NITRATES

(Continued from Page 40

The Democrats, forgetting their wild claims of the preceding Saturday, stated solemnly that they were enchanted beyond words at the Maine election, and that it demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that Mr. Davis would be elected.

The Progressives, preferring anything to silence in their customary progressive and forward-looking manner, declared that the Maine election was proof positive that the sturdy peasantry and yeomanry of the Pine Tree State had, by the Maine election, clearly evinced their determination to free themselves from the corrupt yoke of the vested interests and to turn resolutely from the common sense of the Republicans and the common honesty of the Democrats for the purpose of embracing the common courage of La Follette.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the only part of the entire proceeding that wasn't saturated with nitrous oxide was the part played by the voter in stepping dully and stupidly up to the ballot box and casting his ballot with a faint but clearly audible thud in a manner not anticipated by the leading, as the jocular saying has it, politicians.

There is no particular reason, however, why a small amount of consideration shouldn't be given to the fate of gentlemen in other lines of endeavor who are careless enough to make predictions that pan out with the same success as those of the political leaders. If a newspaper correspondent in Europe for a reputable New York newspaper, for example, were to cable his paper that a revolution was to take place on Tuesday and that there would be 50,000 revolutionists, and then the revolution unfortunately failed to take place until a week from Friday and there proved to be only 7500 revolutionists instead of 50,000, the editor of the paper would take pen in hand and send the young man a vitriolic cable that would singe his eyebrows to a crisp when he read it. If the correspondent should be so unfortunate as to make another similar mistake, the editor would fire him so fiercely and so far that he would be five months in getting back to America by the swiftest conveyances.

### *Eloquent Promisers*

Or if an engineer should predict to a mining syndicate that a gold mine would yield $5,000,000 worth of gold in a certain time, and if the gold mine should actually yield about $700 in that same time, the engineer would be given a reputation that would cause little children to run screaming from him whenever he appeared on the streets.

The only calling or profession in which leaders can open their mouths and permit misinformation to flow forth freely without being thrown out on their ears by the persons whom they mislead is that of politics.

Having found that they could emit the wildest and most extravagant predictions without being suspended by the thumbs or favored with a ride on the deckled edge of a fence rail, the most advanced and forward-looking politicians were not long in discovering that they could also indulge in promises of the most exciting sort without going to the trouble of keeping them.

There are many sections of the United States where sane, straight-thinking men cannot enter politics because of the impossibility of competing with the fluent promisers against whom they would be forced to run. The man who promises, as so many have been raucously promising in this election, that when he is elected to the United States Senate or House of Representatives he will put an end to all governmental corruption, rescue the people from the slavering jaws of the wolves of Wall Street and erase the slimy trail of the money octopus from the dome of the Capitol and the portico of the White House, is giving vent to enough nitrates to fertilize the kingdom of Montenegro.

Actual corruption in the National Government has probably been not much more common, the past fifty years, than corruption among bank officials and employes. There has been much waste and stupidity—waste in throwing away unnecessary money on deepening Roach Crick, building a new and gorgeous courthouse at Pusley Crossroads, handing out bonuses to able-bodied citizens, setting congressional investigating committees to taking tons of testimony in the investigation of everything under the sun, maintaining an ever-increasing and shell-backed bureaucracy at Washington, and so on—and those who have been responsible for the stupidity and waste have been Democrats, Republicans and Progressives, as the members of the third party whimsically term themselves.

Anybody who labors under the delusion that all Democratic senators and congressmen cover their eyes with their hands and turn shudderingly away from the horrible spectacle when the members of the Senate or the House are engaged in plunging their hands deep into the pork barrel should pull himself together and awake to the stern realities of life. A Democratic senator or congressman can get his fingers into the pork as quickly as any Republican that ever lived.

### *Political Laughing Gas*

Nor should the Progressive senator or congressman, who howls so bitterly in his campaign orations against waste and corruption and the way in which the Government is controlled by the sinister and destructive influence of unprecedented wealth, be overlooked as an accomplished pork retriever. One might expect, after hearing a Progressive indulging in his daily campaign roaring about the way in which the mass of the people is threatened with economic servitude, that a Progressive would run shrieking from the Senate Chamber or the halls of Congress when offered an opportunity to withdraw a fragment of pork from the barrel. The only shrieks that would probably arise at such a time, however, would be from those Progressives who weren't invited to participate in the pork.

There is and always has been a sickening amount of waste in government, and this waste at times verges on the criminal and the corrupt; but corruption of the sort which the campaign spellbinders wish their pop-eyed hearers to think is the hall-mark of the present Administration—the actual taking of money for personal gain—has been and is uncommon in government circles. And when individuals in government positions are corrupt in this sense, no one party is honored with all of them. All thieves are not Republicans, nor are they all Democrats or Progressives, contrary to the hot air that escapes from the doors and windows of the political headquarters of opposition parties.

Consequently the genial and frequently misled voters of this fair land might bear in mind that when a more or less distinguished orator surges majestically to his feet, tosses back his raven locks from his alabaster brow and begins to tell how he will sweep corruption from the Government, he is, to put it bluntly, sucking wind. He could no more stop corruption in government, provided someone decided to be corrupt, than he could stop murders in Chicago or bank defalcations in St. Louis or flubbed golf shots on the links of the Chevy Chase Country Club.

The same thing is true of the strong-lunged candidate from whose mouth emerge the searing blasts calculated to remove the hide in long smoking strips from special interests, private monopoly and the wolves of Wall Street. These baneful and malignant interests, according to the passionate candidate, control the Government and threaten the mass of the people with economic servitude, and what he will do to them when he gets into office, to hear him tell it, will be a caution.

Fortunately the speaker is a politician, so that his slight misstatements will never be held against him, as they would be if he were in some calling like architecture or banking or newspaper reporting or plumbing. Consequently few, if any, steps are taken to correct the misunderstandings that might creep into the minds of the candidate's hearers as a result of his orotund bellowings.

Nobody bothers to explain to them that the candidates who scream about the wolves of Wall Street wouldn't recognize a Wall Street wolf if it came up and bit them on the leg. Nobody takes the trouble to let them know that the Wall Street wolves are so busy trying to guess what oil stocks and copper stocks are going to do tomorrow that not one of them would be willing to devote even one hour of his time to controlling the Government. Nobody gets out a pencil and paper and shows them that private monopoly, whatever that may mean, and special interests, whatever they are, and the wolves of Wall Street would have a twenty times harder job to control the United States Government than any special interests would have to control the Princeton football team or the Navy crew or the Yale baseball team or any other organized body of men from an American university—and the latter task is so wholly impossible that if it had been included among the labors of Hercules, Hercules would have been obliged to give up his job of solver in chief of labor troubles and earn his living as a stevedore.

The nearest that any special interest has ever come to controlling the United States Government was during the winter of 1923-1924, when a little body of radical congressmen and senators, led by Robert M. La Follette and masquerading under the title of Progressives, was able to prevent the Republican majority in both houses of Congress from legislating. This is the same group that has been galloping around the country during the presidential campaign, declaring proudly and apparently without splitting their lips that government must be restored to the people—which is probably one of the most concentrated bits of nitrous oxide that has ever been encountered outside of a laughing-gas tank.

Politicians know that there are certain lines of attack against imaginary evils which will greatly impress the uninformed voter with their courage and independence. An attack on the machine is one of these. An attack on Wall Street is another.

The machine is the political organization of a party in a given state or district. Sometimes a machine in a state is responsible for helping to elect weak and insincere men to public office. Sometimes it is responsible for helping to elect the most capable men in sight. But whatever sort of man a political machine may work for, the very word "machine" is like a brisk poke in the eye to many voters, especially in the country districts, where it has come to be regarded as all that is disgusting and low.

### *Perennial Vote-Getters*

Consequently the political orator who unlimbers his most vibrant chest tones and resonantly blames high taxes, early frosts, tight shoes, a scarcity of apples, indigestion and the prevalence of bootlegging on the machine is complimented highly for his lofty courage and handed large quantities of votes on a silver salver. The machine may be a highly praiseworthy one, and the political orator may be little more than an animated bit of Roquefort; that makes no difference to the unthinking voter who likes to vote for a courageous candidate, but who is unable to distinguish between courage and hot air.

The attack on Wall Street wins votes in the same way. Voters leap to the conclusion that the candidate who stands up and thumps his chest and unhesitatingly makes harsh and nasty remarks about anybody as tremendously powerful as the money kings of Wall Street must be even braver than the man that butted the bull off the bridge.

There is never any comeback from Wall Street; for neither the politicians who blat and bellow about Wall Street, nor any of the bankers, brokers, lawyers, subtreasury officials, stenographers and clerks that populate the financial district in the vicinity of Wall Street, have the slightest idea to whom the politicians are referring when Wall Street is blamed for the failure of farmers and laborers to hve in stone castles and have diamonds set in their teeth.

The politicians would be equally truthful if they blamed the imaginary troubles of the United States on Pike's Peak, but it might be harder for them to convince their hearers that Pike's Peak was to blame. They could say, as they do about Wall Street:

"Oh, my friends, the slimy tentacles of Pike's Peak have entwined themselves so securely around the roots and branches of the Government that the very fundamentals of civilization are at stake. Beneath the dread weight of Pike's Peak the farmers and laborers of this land are entering upon lives of helpless slavery and hopeless despair. And if I am elected, my friends,

(Continued on Page 58)

*Gabriel* is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubber*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2200 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers, and many install them as well.

The diagram above shows the sharp, quick action which results when the wheels of a motor car equipped with high-pressure tires come in contact with uneven road surface, and set up vibrations which the springs cannot completely absorb.

This diagram illustrates how balloon and low-pressure tires, *when controlled by Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers,* affect car springs at low speeds and on comparatively smooth roads. There is no rigidness or binding of spring action such as must result with anything but the free play which Gabriel provides, regardless of the number of passengers in the car.

Install Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers and enjoy the full benefits of balloon and low-pressure tires.

The mere fact of low air pressure in a tire requires free play to absorb the small bumps in the road and also positive control when larger bumps are encountered.

Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers are the only device which has the necessary free play, and the increasing braking action to restrict the upthrow when it goes beyond the free-play margin.

Without the free play, the tires cannot exercise their main function of absorbing the small bumps themselves. And without the increased braking action you cannot prevent the galloping, rolling or pitching which low air pressure sets up after the car passes the larger bumps.

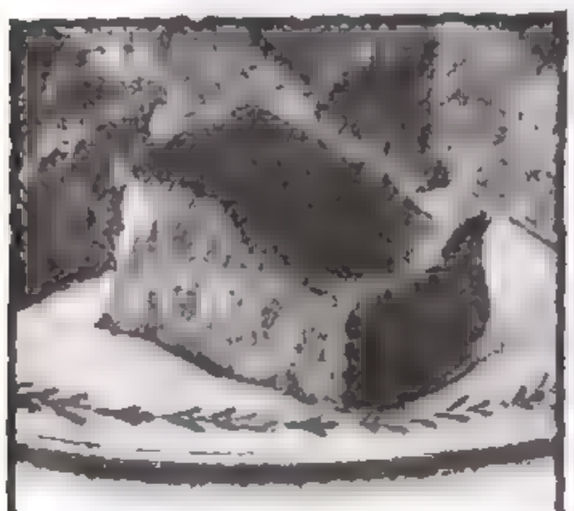
If you have, or get, balloon tires on your car, there is one more thing to do if you want full comfort—put on Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers.

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1408 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ont.
*Sales & Service Everywhere*

*Balloon Type*

# Gabriel Snubbers

# Spicy Gingerbread!



WITH the tantalizing flavor of real, old-style plantation molasses. Make it this way:

Melt ⅓ cup butter in ⅔ cup boiling water; add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses and 1 egg well beaten. Then sift together 2¾ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons cooking soda (or bicarbonate of soda), ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon clove. Now add these mixed dry ingredients to the first mixture, beat well, pour into a buttered shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven twenty to thirty minutes. Um—m! I smell something good!

Molasses sweets are not only good, but good for you. They're rich in the mineral salts doctors say we need. *Free Recipe Book:* Send to Dept. P-2, Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La., for the Brer Rabbit book of delicious molasses recipes.

*Two grades—Gold Label and Green Label*

**Brer Rabbit Molasses**

(Continued from Page 56

every waking hour of my life will be devoted to strangling this monster that is destroying our beloved country. My party, my friends, will have no traffic with Pike's Peak. Banded together by ties of common danger, the party of the people will beat down and utterly destroy Pike's Peak and restore the Government to the people from whom it was wrested by Pike's Peak.

"Oh, my friends, we have dedicated our lives to the overthrow of Pike's Peak and the common courage of fundamental blah-blah-blah-blah-blah-blah."

### Political Shock Absorbers

Wall Street has become the inevitable scapegoat of flannel-mouthed politicians who want to put the blame for everything on a popular shock absorber. If the farmer has too much dry weather and his crops suffer severely, the politician knows better than to blame a high-pressure area or Providence or the prevailing winds in the Gulf of Mexico. There are no votes to be gained from cursing the prevailing winds in the Gulf of Mexico, and one cannot get any enthusiasm into cursing them, anyway. So he blames the dry weather on Wall Street. It is easier to curse and there are votes in cursing it.

The same thing is true of wet weather. All flannel-mouthed politicians blame wet weather, dry weather, fog and humidity on Wall Street. They also blame heavy frosts on Wall Street. Wall Street, according to the nitrate-laden politician, is responsible for high prices and low prices, to say nothing of the rudeness of the younger generation, bobbed hair, jazz dances, the annual exodus to Europe, high building costs, war, peace, Japanese public sentiment, salacious movies, newspapers and magazines that don't agree with the flannel-mouthed politicians and everything else that distresses them. There is as much courage and common sense in attacking Wall Street as there would be in attacking the North Pole or a last year's wren's nest.

The slogan of the Republican Party is Common Sense, of the Democratic Party, Common Honesty, and of the Progressive Party, Common Courage. Consequently any orator from any of the three parties who is caught handing out the moth-eaten piffle about Wall Street would have to be led at once to the nitrate factory and forced to donate his hot air to the common good before candidates who stick to facts can have even, as the saying goes, a Chinaman's chance.

At times the people of America have been fed up with advertising that has not been strictly accurate. They have been pained beyond measure at advertisements of all-wool garments that turn out to be made of a combination of old cotton stockings and blotting paper; or of medicines that are supposed to cure the most virulent cases of the jippy, the Australian zing or the gambler's rot, but that prove, when sampled, to be incapable of curing anything more serious than a fly's thirst; or of beautiful water-front properties that, when visited, are seen to be half a mile out at sea and seventeen feet under water. This pain has led to a strong movement toward truth in advertising; and the agency or organ that furthers or sponsors or prints an advertisement that is not strictly true is rapidly coming to be viewed with fluent contempt or unbridled loathing.

No movement, however, has been started toward truth in politics, in spite of the fact that whereas untruthful advertisements rob or upset only comparatively few individuals, untruthful political speeches may result—and have often resulted in the election of unscrupulous beetle-heads whose success in misleading the public encourages them to continue misleading the public at even greater length, and whose success in large numbers can very easily result in laws so bad that the people of the entire nation may be very seriously affected.

Unfortunately, it is easier to get results against sour advertising than against rancid political statements; for whereas the average American voter screams as though he had been knifed when he pays ten dollars for an advertised article that is only worth thirty cents, he remains calm and unmoved when he votes for an animated windbag who promises before election to produce a sure-fire remedy for all the ills in sight, but who votes, after his election, for measures that will double the nation's taxes and set class against class in another fifty years or less.

It is probable that the hot air which contains the highest known nitrate content is released when the political orators begin to shout their opinions of their opponents' ability through the throbbing ether.

La Follette, who is an able politician with an inveterate dislike for wealthy Easterners and a fixed determination to force his views on the 114,999,999 other residents of the United States, is accused of demagoguery and of wishing to destroy the United States. Nothing could be more ridiculous; for if La Follette succeeded in destroying the United States, he would automatically destroy his own job and his own proud position as dictator of the La Follette bloc in Congress, which enables him to stop any piece of legislation not pleasing to him; and whenever anybody finds Mr. La Follette engaged in destroying his job and the stimulating and refreshing publicity that goes with it, he may also expect to find the entire La Follette bloc opening a bond house next to the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.

### Data From Headquarters

John W. Davis, who is not only a capable lawyer but who has demonstrated his ability to represent the United States efficiently in the effete courts of Europe and even to outdress the dapper, becutawayed, be-wing-collared Mr. La Follette, is snappily represented by enemy orators as being a demagogic tool of Wall Street, which he is not.

Mr. Coolidge, the silent New Englander, with his hard-working New England conscience and his determination to effect sanity and economy in government, is genially characterized by his opponents as a lack-witted demagogue. The palest whiff of nitrous oxide ever discovered in hot-air form was pushed out of a political headquarters, possibly with a pair of tongs, late in the summer.

"All persons of even the slightest intelligence," read this bit of high-power fertilizer, "revolt against the attempt to inflate Mr. Coolidge to the proportions of a first-rate man. He is actually a puerile and hollow fellow and the current blather of his partisans, most of whom hope to profit personally by his election, cannot conceal the fact. . . . His nonsensical speeches and the childish billingsgate of his running mate, Mr. Dawes, are making hundreds of thousands of votes for Senator La Follette."

The same fragrant and potent bit added sapiently that "throughout the country there is a rising tide of discontent with the ancient political buncombe."

Such sane, constructive and nonpartisan remarks as these, by comparison with the current blather of Democratic and Republican partisans, are inspiring, instructive and calculated to raise the standard of American politics a long, long way, in a manner of speaking and if you don't care what you say.

The willingness of many political orators to say anything that will bring them votes has reached such a point that any voter who wishes accurate information concerning candidates and national issues can only play safe by staying at home, having all the political news deleted from the paper and burying his head in a pillow when the radio starts.

### A Sample Speech

Political orators go far out of their way to lie about the tariff, railroad earnings, the financial condition of the farmers, the wheat crop, the cotton crop, the population of the United States, the Fascist movement in Italy, coöperative marketing, the price of eggs and everything under the sun.

Owing to the fact that the voters of the country seem unable to distinguish between accurate statements and distortions of the truth, it would seem advisable for all candidates for public office to follow a set form in making speeches. It is scarcely necessary to add that the form should be as short as possible, so that it would not take up too much time on the radio, and that it should make as many unkeepable promises as possible, and slander as many important personages as can be crammed into a small space. The following form has not been copyrighted, and can be used by the nitrate candidate to greater advantage than the misinformation-crowded speech which he now uses:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I come before you tonight to seek an election to Congress in place of the Republican"—or Democratic—"incumbent and over the Democratic"—or Progressive—"candidate. The present incumbent is known to be a robber, and a madman. Indeed, the President of the United States himself, in spite of the conspiracy on the part of the newspapers to make him into a person of sound judgment, cannot entertain guests at the White House without the permission of Wall Street and the sinister monopolists. All the members of the President's cabinet are known to play cards for money, and drink liquor. If I am elected I faithfully promise to abolish all taxes, except those on individuals worth more than $1,000,000, provide rain-making machines for all rural districts, raise all salaries in manufacturing districts and pay them out of the Treasury in case of financial depression, abolish Wall Street, limit the salaries of all presidents of mines, railways and public utilities to $1000 a year, and install free meat and coffee stations from coast to coast, owing to the fact that free food is as necessary as free libraries. I will also promise anything else that anybody can think up for me to promise between now and election. My friends, I thank you."

# AT EXACTLY OPEN CAR COST

## HUDSON
Super-Six
## COACH
## $1500
*Freight and Tax Extra*

THIS HUDSON COACH is the first closed car ever to sell at exactly open car cost. And Hudson, alone, can build it. As the largest producer of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world, Hudson exclusively holds the advantages to create this car and this price.

It is the easiest steering, most comfortable and steadiest riding Hudson ever built. No car is smoother in action. None, regardless of price, excels it in reliability or brilliancy of performance.

a holiday's Apollo day

YOU KNOW that the most deliciously made chocolates on earth cease to be delicious unless they are fresh.

To insure Apollo Chocolates being fresh for you we send them direct to the store where you find them—often.

$1 · $1.25 · $1.50 · $1.75

APOLLO CHOCOLATES are made by
P. H. ROBERTS COMPANY
128 Cross Street, Boston, Mass.

# SPEED

(Continued from Page 34)

Wiletta took the telegram with dignity, though her heart was already pounding. Under the mellow lantern she read it, and the stars above her danced, the moon swooned, the night produced a thousand trumpets. Jack Cartwright was on his way to Denver with a party. He would come up to the Alta Vista on Sunday or Monday. That was all, but the slip of yellow paper throbbed and was alive in her hand. She did some rapid thinking.

"Rick, please go up to the pavilion and tell mother I want to see her. I can't go up to the Dawsons' tomorrow."

"Well, I don't suppose that will put a cramp in the party," remarked her brother.

"No; but don't you see they can't go without us? We've got to stick around. Rick, maybe if you go, it will be enough."

"No you don't! I'm not going, anyway. I—I've got other plans."

She inquired what plans could he possibly have, and after some probing, he admitted that he was going to slip down to Colorado Springs to see a fellow.

"I know!" she cried wrathfully. "That common boy you met at the camp!"

"Huh! You needn't stick up your nose. He's all right. He wrote me that if I'd come down there he'd let me play in his orchestra."

"But, Rick, what is a mere orchestra to this—this tragedy that may happen to father? You know those Dawsons are trying to rope father into something. And yet you'd let a mere selfish whim keep you from protecting your own father and mother!"

"Aw, shucks!" Richard wriggled with discomfort. Then he perked up again. "How about you, miss? How about your doing a little watchdogging yourself, eh?"

"I tell you I can't go tomorrow. There's a very special reason."

He looked at her with shrewd eyes and she flushed.

"Yeh, I know that reason," he grinned.

She decided that Richard, though he was a mere child, would have to be told about the dangerous age.

"We've just got to stick to them, Rick," she concluded. "They don't know the world, and there's no telling what they may do, left to themselves."

He kept silence for a moment, and then he fetched a long sigh.

"I ll tell you what I'll do," he said at last, reluctantly. "I'll go along tomorrow if you will. But I won't if you won't, and that's flat."

"Oh, Rick!" she implored. "Couldn't you—for me?"

"No, I won't. If dad and mom have got to be chaperoned, then it's got to be fifty-fifty between us. Do you get me? You needn't think I'll give up everything I want to do, and you not a thing. No, sir, fifty-fifty or nothing."

There was nothing for it but to give in. Lying awake that night, she felt that life was very cruel and complicated. It was the first time in her life she had ever given up anything because of a sense of duty, and it infuriated her. She had always heard, she reflected, that if you were good you were happy. But here she was, doing something heroic, and was she happy? No; she was merely cross. Life was awfully queer.

But one crumb of enjoyment she got out of her sacrifice. On Sunday morning before they set out she drew Nat Armstrong into a secluded corner of the patio and intrusted to him a sacred charge. She was expecting a friend—a very dear friend—here she lowered her lashes—to arrive at the hotel some time either today or tomorrow. She wanted him to know where she was and she didn't trust the hotel clerks. Would he be so very good as to watch out for Mr. Cartwright and induce him to wait for her return?

"It is very important," she said, with a far-away look. "In fact my whole future happiness depends on it. You will know him when you see him, I'm sure. He is tall and very striking. Dark. He has often been taken for John Barrymore. We—well, the truth is, we are practically engaged."

It was a really enjoyable moment. She knew that at last she had the whole attention of this detached young man. When, losing for an instant her far-away look, she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye she observed a certain startled rigidity in his face. She felt gay and happy, quite herself again.

"You will do this for me, won't you—Nat?"

She breathed his name, for the first time, softly. She knew how blue her eyes were under the blue morning sky.

"Of course. Glad to," he said abruptly.

The remembrance of this moment sustained her through a day that was very wearing, and toward the end of it positively frightening. The Dawsons had said that their place was less than thirty miles from the hotel, but they had omitted to add that most of those miles stood up, as Sam declared, on their tails. And as they stood they bent themselves into sinuous and appalling curves. They wrapped themselves around the profiles of mountains, they plunged into dark valleys and hung precariously at the edge of cañons. And all the time they climbed upward. When a stop was made for lunch at a place called Brayley's in a fold of a mountain, their host made quite a flourish of their altitude and their isolation.

"This is the last house before ours," Dawson said. "From here on we really do some climbing."

Wiletta was pleased to surprise an expression of dismay on her father's face. Sam had willingly let her have the wheel for the last few miles before lunch; he admitted that he was tuckered out.

But the roads they had traversed already were as mild thrills beside the last half of their journey. No member of the Whipple family had ever seen so steep and frowning a landscape. Not a single house or settlement, not even a deserted shack, was seen from the time they lost sight of the house where they had lunched. And the road, now narrow and in bad condition, continued to climb and twist its way upward. Wiletta finally took the wheel away from her father; he was getting gray-faced. For once in his life Richard did not clamor to drive. He sat, large-eyed and subdued, in the back seat.

At last, after a sharp dip into what was scarcely more than a wide cañon, the Dawson car stopped; and when the others came up it was seen that into the side of the cañon a stable or garage had been built. Querino was opening the rough doors and Mrs. Dawson was dragging out their light luggage.

"We leave the cars here," she explained. "Our little nest is up there."

She pointed upward. Nothing could be seen save the wall of the cañon beetling over them. Far up, against the sky, trees hung over, darkening still more the twilight depths of the cañon. Mrs. Dawson, full of vivacious apologies, led them along a bowlder-strewn path which suddenly dived through a tunnel of rock and began to climb. For several hundred feet they panted upward, and then came out with startling suddenness upon a sunlit, tiny meadow. It was like a broad shelf on the side of the mountain. Below it, range after range of hills fell away; behind it the dark pines climbed upward.

"Isn't it too romantic for words, Mr. Whipple?" cried Mrs. Dawson. She swept her arm in a half circle. "Up above all the clamor of the world. So peaceful, so near heaven. And there"—she pointed behind them—"there is our little nest."

Only a corner of the little nest could be glimpsed among the trees at the edge of the meadow. But when they had crossed the meadow, the house was found to be a quite spacious old adobe house, rambling around an open patio. The open side of the patio looked out over the little meadow, but at the back a narrow grove of fir trees grew dark and melancholy under the overhanging shoulder of the mountain. Nothing broke the absolute silence of the place save the rustle of wind among the firs, and that sound seemed full of a whispered mystery.

"How in time did you ever come to build away up here?" demanded Sam, wiping his streaming face with a damp handkerchief.

Mrs. Dawson explained volubly that they hadn't built the house themselves. It had belonged to Old Scotty, a misanthrope from Edinburgh, who had built the house after he struck a paying vein in his mine. The mine was just around the shoulder of the mountain, almost at their back door.

"That is why we fixed up this house." She lowered her voice, though no human being was within sight save an old Chinaman who was carrying the bags into the various bedrooms. "We want to be near the mine, Clate"—she turned her vivacity upon the somewhat taciturn Mr. Dawson, hovering in the background—"show Mr. Whipple those samples we had back from the assay office last month."

Mr. Dawson made a deprecatory gesture. Why bore their friends? Give them a chance to rest a while, couldn't she?

"Oh, but I can't wait!" she shrilled. "I'm so excited over the whole thing. Think," she whispered, "of having a vein of almost pure silver running back for goodness knows how far, starting right under your windows! Wouldn't anybody be thrilled? Clate, dear, do show them—just a teeny little look!"

Apologetically, Mr. Dawson at last unlocked a cupboard near the fireplace in the long living room, felt carefully within it, removed a brick and smilingly explained that he took these precautions not because of the value of the samples but because he did not want word to get out that the old lode had been rediscovered.

"There'd be a stampede up here inside of two days," he said. "For twenty years they've been hunting for that lost vein. Then everybody gave up. For ten years the timbers haven't been off the opening of Old Scotty's mine. But when I ran across certain old maps of his, I said to myself they'd all been looking in the wrong place, and my hunch was right."

He emptied upon the table a small bag of what appeared disappointingly like nothing but bits of yellowish rock or stones. He showed them to Sam through a magnifying glass and also brought out the report from the assay office. Sam gazed upon these exhibits with the most respectful interest. He also listened as Mr. Dawson talked about drift and mother lode and volcanic formation, and explained the theory upon which he had based his successful hunt for the old vein so long lost.

The conversation would have bored Wiletta exceedingly had it not caused her so much anxiety as she watched her father's face. Behind their backs she beckoned Richard out of the room and across the patio to the edge of the meadow.

"You see what they're up to?" she hissed. "You stick close to father every minute. Tonight we'll give him a good talking to."

They exchanged fiery glances, and Wiletta went into her own room, for her head was aching and she wanted to think in peace.

An excellent dinner was served by the old Chinaman; and besides themselves, there was another guest at table, a nondescript man with a peculiarly blank stare. Their host explained that this was Storrs Hendricks, the best known metallurgist in Colorado, whom he had persuaded to drop all other work to study his mine. Most of the talk at dinner was furnished by Dawson and Hendricks, and it principally concerned itself with tales of what the mine had done in the old days and what it was certain to do in the future.

Sometimes Hendricks dropped into technicalities which plainly only Mr. Dawson understood, and again he told vivid stories of lost mines and the fortunes they had netted their discoverers. But the tenor of his drawled sentences was optimistic belief in this particular mine; he even said he wished he had saved his money so that he could go in with Dawson in the development of the new vein.

"Don't know anyone I'd rather have than you, Storrs," said Dawson heartily. "I'm afraid I'll have to get outside capital sooner or later, though I'd rather swing it myself. I want to clean up big. That's the way to do it—a lone hand."

Hendricks wagged his head wisely.

"Don't fool yourself, Mr. Dawson. There's six man-size fortunes practically in sight already, and we don't know how far the lode goes on."

"Maybe," sighed Dawson; "but all the same, I'd like 'em all. That's just the kind of hog I am."

"Isn't he dreadful?" laughed Mrs. Dawson.

They said good night soon after dinner, weary from the hard drive. The men were to rise early so as to have a long morning in the mine. Sam urged them to call him; he wouldn't miss it for anything.

"Father, we want to talk to you," said Wiletta, waiting for him beyond the door of his bedroom. Richard came in from the adjoining room.

(Continued on Page 62)

**Route of the "Round-the-World" Fliers**

*Numbers correspond with those shown on the map*

1 Santa Monica, California
2 Sacramento, California
3 Eugene, Oregon
4 Vancouver, Washington
5 Seattle, Washington
6 Prince Rupert, British Columbia
7 Sitka, Alaska
8 Seward, Alaska
9 Chignik, Alaska
10 Dutch Harbor, Alaska
11 Atka Island, Alaska
12 Attu Island, Alaska
13 Paramushiro Island, Japan
14 Yetorofu, Japan
15 Minato, Japan
16 Kasumigaura, Japan
17 Kumamoto, Japan
18 Kagoshima, Japan
19 Shanghai, China
20 Amoy, China
21 Hong Kong, China
22 Tourane, French Indo-China
23 Saigon, French Cochin China
24 Bangkok, Siam
25 Rangoon, India
26 Akyab, India
27 Calcutta, India
28 Allahabad, India
29 Lahore, India
30 Multan, India
31 Karachi, India
32 Gwadar, India
33 Bandar Abbas, Persia
34 Bushire, Persia
35 Bagdad, Turkey
36 Aleppo, Syria
37 San Stefano, Turkey
38 Bucharest, Roumania
39 Budapest, Hungary
40 Vienna, Austria
41 Strasbourg, France
42 Paris, France
43 London, England
44 Brough Hull, England
45 Kirkwall, Scotland
46 Hofn Hornafjord, Iceland
47 Reykjavik, Iceland
48 Frederikdal, Greenland
49 Ivigtut, Greenland
50 Ice Tickle, Labrador
51 Hawke's Bay, Newfoundland
52 Pictou, Nova Scotia
53 Casco Bay, Maine
54 Boston, Massachusetts
55 New York, New York
56 Washington, Dist. of Columbia
57 Dayton, Ohio
58 Chicago, Illinois
59 Omaha, Nebraska
60 St. Joseph, Missouri
61 Muskogee, Oklahoma
62 Dallas, Texas
63 El Paso, Texas
64 Tucson, Arizona
65 San Diego, California
66 Santa Monica, California
67 San Francisco, California
3 Eugene, Oregon
5 Seattle, Washington

International News Reel Photo

*One of the Round-the-World Planes Passing Mt. Shasta, Calif.*


## U. S. Army Airplanes First to Circle the World

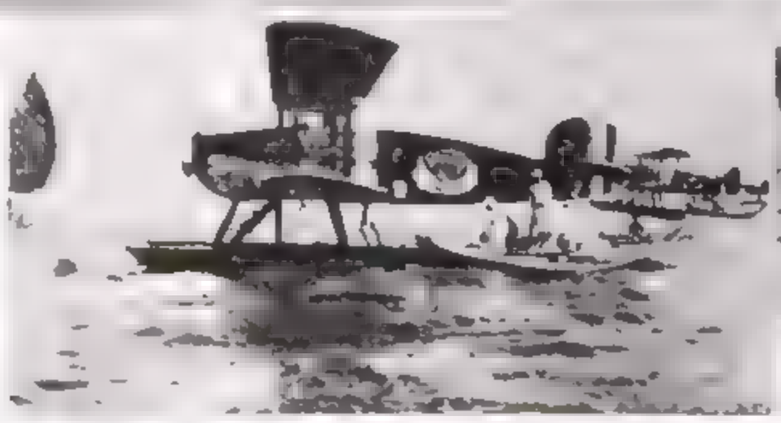
The unfailing performance of Delco Ignition on the United States Army planes that so gloriously accomplished the first airplane flight around the world was an extreme test of endurance. It is an indication of Delco ruggedness and durability and of the dependable service that Delco equipment provides in the cars of millions of motorists.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO.
DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

# Delco
IGNITION

International News Reel Photo

*The Planes Anchored in the Mountain-girted Bay at Sitka, Alaska*



P & A Photo

*Planes being Refueled by Chinese Junk at Amoy, China*

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

*Arrival of the Planes at San Stefano Flying Field near Constantinople, Turkey*

*Reception Given the Fliers at Croydon Flying Field near London, England*

P & A Photo

# Don't Abuse Your Eyes

WHEN it comes to eyesight, many are *penny-wise* and *eye-foolish!* Eyes are priceless, cannot be replaced, and deserve protection rather than abuse.

Be sure your working light is suitable. Daylight is the best because Nature made it right for eyes. That is why Emeralite has a special device which changes ordinary electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite.

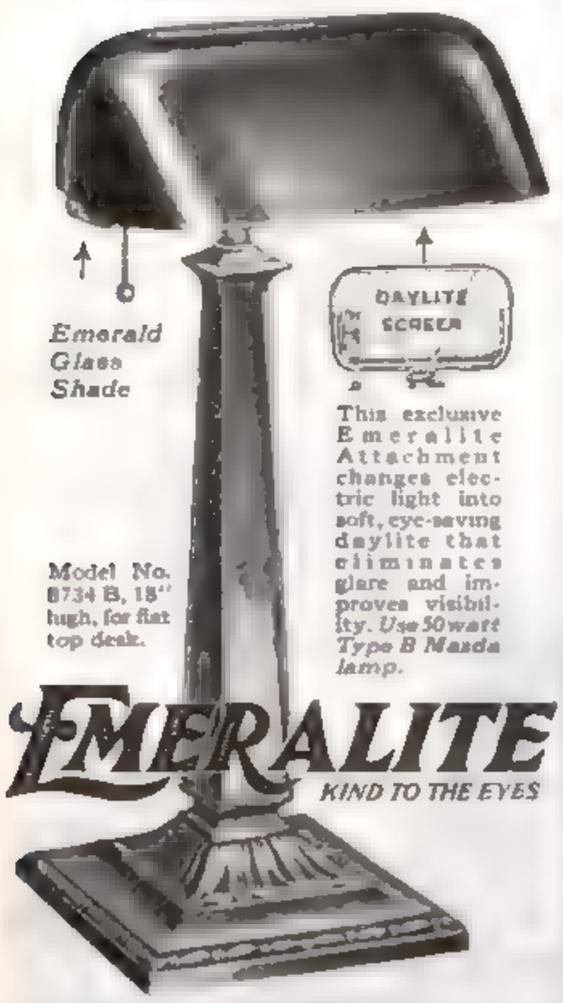
Under Emeralite's restful, daylite glow more is accomplished in less time. Eyes appreciate this friendly light, and are as fresh in the evening as in the morning.

Give your business this inexpensive eye-insurance—promote comfort and efficiency—reduce upkeep by standardizing on these good-looking sight-savers—Emeralite your office—protect the eyes that serve you.

*Ideal for reading, writing or sewing at home.*

**Genuine Emeralites are branded and are the only lamps having the Daylite Attachment. Look for trade mark. It is your guarantee of satisfaction. Buy them by name.**

*Sold by office supply and electrical dealers. Booklet illustrating over 50 patterns in color sent upon receipt of coupon with dealer's name*


Emerald Glass Shade
DAYLITE SCREEN
This exclusive Emeralite Attachment changes electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite that eliminates glare and improves visibility. Use 50 watt Type B Mazda lamp.
Model No. 8734 B, 18" high, for flat top desk.

EMERALITE
KIND TO THE EYES

COUPON

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., 37 Warren St., N.Y.
*Makers of Lighting Devices for 50 Years*

Send free Emeralite Booklet. (P 2)

Name

Address City

Dealer's Name


*Continued from Page 60*

"Father, are you thinking of putting any money into Mr. Dawson's old mine?" Wiletta demanded. "Rick and I want to know. Because if you are, we want to tell you you are making an awful mistake."

"Mistake? What makes you think it would be a mistake?"

Wiletta stated her intuitions about the Dawsons and added Mr. Armstrong's opinion.

"They will certainly do you, father. Rick and I both think they're a bunch of crooks."

"Oh, no. I guess not."

Sam's tone was mild, but it was plain he was entirely unconvinced. Wiletta's face was both anxious and exasperated, and her mother, watching her, had to turn away to hide a smile. How many, many times had she not felt that way about Wiletta and Richard!

"I think they seem to be nice folks," she broke into Wiletta's further impassioned remarks. "Mr. Querino is a marvelous dancer. You ought to let him teach you the tango, Willy. You don't tango very well, dear."

Wiletta's face became crimson with indignation, her eyes filled with angry tears.

"Mother, is that all you can think of, when father is in danger of losing all his money maybe? My good gracious, I should think you both might have better sense!"

"Don't be stuffy, Willy," Mary said calmly.

Wiletta blinked rapidly. "Stuffy" was a word she had been fond of in the old carefree days. It had applied so neatly to the prejudices of parents. It had been a good word, but now she knew she would never use it again.

Hanging his coat over the back of a chair and unfastening his collar, father hummed divertingly, "For I'm only a bird in a gilded cage."

Then, seeing a storm about to break, he began hastily:

"You see, it's like this, Willy: I've worked hard all my life and saved and piled it up, and now why shouldn't I spend it? Suppose I do go in with Dawson. Of course, I might not make anything; but think of the fun it would be! What if I do have to sell the store? I should probably have to do that to get the ready money we'll need to get the mine on a paying basis. But what is a mere store? Richard will never care for the business, you will probably marry that Cartwright fellow, if he can get himself free, and your mother and I can live on very little up here. Why shouldn't I sell the store and have my fling, eh?"

For a long moment there was the silence of utter stupefaction. These wild words they had just heard were unbelievable; they were stunning. Moreover, they caused the solid universe to rock and quiver. The store! Why, the store was the firm rock on which their lives, their safety, their comfort had been built! It was more than that; it was a symbol of that secure but impalpable thing which was their background; it was part of that atmosphere in which they swam about so freely. Father, mother, the house, the store—to these fixed things they had always been able to return from no matter what adventure.

"Dad! You don't mean ——"

"Father! You wouldn't ——"

But Sam was calmly taking off his coat, unfastening his collar. And in the most callous manner imaginable, he began to hum his only tune.

"For Pete's sake," he then added, "all of you get out of my room. I want to go to bed. I'm going to be up early in the morning; busy day, climbin' around in the bowels of the earth."

Wiletta struggled vainly for a word of sufficient strength, and then suddenly, to her intense disgust, she felt a sob rising. She rushed into her own room and flung herself on her bed.

Next morning Wiletta watched her father depart with the other men. He was dressed absurdly in high boots and a huge red bandanna was around his throat. He wore an old felt hat, wide in the brim, cocked jauntily over one eye. Wiletta smiled bitterly. Richard accompanied him with a dogged air.

Mary and Mrs. Dawson departed up the cañon in search of wild flowers. The patio drowsed in the sun; a sound of dishes being washed to an accompaniment of queer grunts came from the detached kitchen. After a few minutes of deep thought, Wiletta walked toward the sound.

Putting her head in the door, she inquired if there was a telephone in the house. The Chinese music stopped, an eye like an ancient shoe button regarded her over one shoulder.

"No, missy, no phlone."

She inquired where was the nearest telephone, and finally understood that the nearest was down at Brayley's, the house where they had lunched the day before. Discouraged, she walked away. She crossed the meadow and stood gazing off at the wild tumble of mountains spread before her. Ten miles down to the nearest telephone—and such miles! On the other hand —— She sat down the better to reflect deeply.

In a few moments she sprang to her feet. She looked about her. Not a soul in sight. The kitchen was behind the house. She slipped into the path which led down to the garage in the cañon. Five minutes later she had headed the gray car up the incline out of the cañon. The forenoon was only half gone when, with smoking brake bands and a scorching smell, the car slithered into the level road in front of the house where they had lunched the day before. Wiletta's knees trembled with fatigue as she walked up to the door.

It seemed a long time before she got the connection with the Alta Vista.

"Which Mr. Armstrong do you wish?" the clerk at the other end inquired.

"Mr. W. H. or Mr. Nat Armstrong," she shouted. "And hurry, please."

In a few moments a pleasant voice called, "This is Nat Armstrong. Did you want me?"

Did she want him?

"Oh, Nat, this is Wiletta Whipple. Oh, I'm so glad to hear your voice. Listen, I have to ask a tremendous favor of you and your father. Will you both come up here right away? We need you awfully. Father's going to buy a mine. I can't do anything with him. I am nearly wild. I ——"

"We'll be there. Where are you?"

"This is Brayley's; twenty miles from Alta Vista. You take the main road to a place called Guadaloupe, then you branch left. After that there's only the one road and it keeps on climbing. You'll see Brayley's from the road; the only house in six or seven miles. I'll wait for you here. Have you got it?"

"Yes. Guadaloupe—left branch—Brayley's. We'll start as soon as we can fill the tanks. Be there by noon."

"No, you won't. It's all climbing. But I'll wait."

"Right! I say, are you all right? Your voice sounds ——"

"I'm all right—now. You won't fail me, will you?"

"I should say not!" And just as she took the receiver from her ear she heard very faintly the word "Dear!"

A delicious and comforting warmth spread through her, her eyes grew very bright. It was not until she had gone outside and stretched herself on a bench to wait that she remembered she had forgotten to ask Nat Armstrong if Mr. Cartwright had arrived.

"The cat's cuffs!" she sighed. "How could I have forgotten that?"

She was finishing a belated luncheon when she heard a car sliding down the road and Nat Armstrong's voice—"Is this Brayley's?" Never had voice sounded more comforting. She ran to the door. Three passengers instead of two were climbing out of the car. She could not believe her eyes. The third person was Jack Cartwright.

## IV

AS CARTWRIGHT sprang gayly to meet her, Wiletta realized that her emotions were mixed. It was marvelous to see him; almost too good in fact. It made her feel cross, and at the same time she was thrilled, as always, at the sight of him. How romantic, how exactly right he was in his English sport clothes. Only—somehow he seemed to be in the way of something much more important.

"I knew you'd not want to miss him," Nat Armstrong was explaining gravely, "so I brought him along."

"Mighty good of him, wasn't it, Bill?" cried Cartwright. "But, I say, what roads! What a country! Is there much more of it?"

"Ten miles," she said briefly. "I'll lead the way, shall I? Got plenty of water, Nat? She'll boil all the way."

The Armstrong party had lunched from their vacuum bottles and were ready to start on at once. Cartwright took his seat beside Wiletta as a matter of course. At first he was full of conversation, gossip, descriptions of Denver parties, tender declarations of how much he had missed her.

But presently she said, "I've got to keep my mind on the road now. It gets worse from here on."

He laughed, but it seemed to her sensitive ears that the sound was nervous. When they had reached a convenient level she waited for the Armstrong car to overtake them.

"Take the next curve pretty slowly, Nat," she called. "There's 'dobe just around the corner and it's wet from a spring. Yesterday we skidded pretty nearly spang off the edge. It looked to me like about a thousand-foot drop."

"Want me to take your place and let father drive our car?" Nat Armstrong asked her.

"Certainly not!"

She looked at Cartwright, expecting admiration, and caught in his face a peculiar expression. His smile seemed a trifle drawn.

"Perhaps you'd better take his suggestion," he said lightly. "I hate to lose your company, but really, this road ——"

She bent forward and threw the car into gear. She was conscious of an unusual emotion, a discomforting, pricking sort of wonder. Could it be that Cartwright's face had paled? No, that was too absurd. He was so dashing, so audacious, so lacking in caution, a characteristic she had always despised.

But when they struck the stretch of adobe something happened that was too astounding to be dismissed. As they started up the sharp rise the car began that most disconcerting of all motions, a front-wheel skid. Then it hinted at an intention to progress crabwise and began slowly to turn about. The road not being laid out for a long car to climb the hill sidewise, the rear wheels tried to peer over a sheer drop that was not pleasant to contemplate.

Wiletta, her lips set, a fighting gleam in her eye, was entirely cool, though the wheel shivered in her hands. This was the third time she had coaxed the car over this spot and she knew its possibilities. But to Cartwright it was a horrid novelty. She heard him make a low sound like an oath and out of the tail of her eye she saw his right hand flung out. When she had brought the car to a standstill the door was open and Cartwright had one foot on the running board.

During the rest of the journey she was thoughtful and rather silent. She felt depressed. She argued with herself that any man is entitled to a moment of panic. But in the illogical depths of her heart she knew that this did not apply to her man.

The long shadows of late afternoon were lying across the little meadow when Wiletta led her guests up to the house. The Dawsons' faces were smooth and noncommittal after their first stare. They bustled about hospitably. Room enough for everybody, they declared. All friends of the Whipples were welcome. Mrs. Dawson herself mixed a cocktail for Mr. Cartwright, studying him with her veiled eyes.

Sam and Mary greeted Cartwright more quietly; but to Wiletta's relief, they were quite pleasant. No one asked her why she had taken so much trouble to get the Armstrongs up here. But Mrs. Dawson archly insinuated that now she had seen Mr. Cartwright she could understand. They had tea in the open patio, and their polite gestures stood out oddly against the overpowering and gloomy bulk of the mountain behind them.

Wiletta managed a word alone with Mr. Armstrong that evening before he settled down to bridge with Mrs. Dawson and her father and mother.

"What did dad say? Have you been able to make a dent in him at all?" she whispered.

"Your father is in a very dangerous state of mind," said Mr. Armstrong gravely. "But I'll do my best. If we succeed in getting him away from here, you'll have to watch him quite closely. Once a man of his age gets bitten by mine fever, it goes hard with him."

"Oh, dear! And the old mine is no good, is it?"

"Not worth a last year's bird's nest," said Armstrong with sincerity. "Did you notice Dawson's eyes when he caught sight of me?"

"He doesn't seem any too happy, does he? I shall be glad when we've got away from him. Couldn't you persuade father to leave here early tomorrow?"

*(Continued on Page 64)*

## *"My tires die of old age now.*

*I used to murder them!"*

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*Continued from Page 62*

"Better not make it too abrupt. I'll go into the mine with them in the morning, and then—we'll see."

The evening passed slowly. Querino hovered around the bridge table. Nat Armstrong and Richard hunted up the old Chinaman and held a remarkable conversation with him. Hendricks, the best metallurgist in Colorado, did not appear at dinner or afterward. Wiletta had Jack Cartwright to herself and no one said her nay.

They strolled to the edge of the meadow and watched the moonlight slowly pouring the valley full of a silver flood. It was a setting so romantic as to be almost invincible. But somehow romance evaded it. Wiletta felt tired and apprehensive of something intangible in the air. Cartwright was absent-minded and uneasy. He could have risen gayly to hostility on the part of Wiletta's parents, but their pleasant acceptance nonplused him. He presently suggested going in to watch the bridge players.

Next morning immediately after breakfast most of the men went down to the mine. It was about noon when they appeared again. Wiletta saw them from her bedroom window and it struck her immediately that a change had taken place in the atmosphere of the party. Father and W. H. Armstrong came first, cheerfully puffing along. But behind them Dawson walked. Gone was all his sprightly good-fellowship; his face looked dark and angry. But when one of the men turned back to speak to him she saw him pull himself up and smile with an effort. When they came into the patio, Sam had his watch in his hand.

"Oh, I'm sure we can make it," he was saying easily, "if we start in an hour."

Mrs. Dawson looked up sharply from the game she was playing, with Cartwright opposite her.

"Starting! Starting where, Mr. Whipple?" she cried.

Sam explained that they had taken advantage of her hospitality long enough.

"I think we'd better go back to Alta Vista this afternoon, don't you, Mary?"

Mary agreed, with just the right shade of regret, and Wiletta was about to add her voice to her mother's, when she saw a glance exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, a sort of question and answer.

"Nat and I'll go down and see what the cars need, father." Wiletta was on her feet eagerly. "Coming along, Nat?"

But Mrs. Dawson raised an insistent voice. Lunch would be served in five minutes and there would be ample time after it to attend to the cars.

"Besides, maybe when you've had one of Wu's frijoles you'll decide to stay another night," she added in her liveliest voice. "There's the gong now."

There was nothing for it but to eat a luncheon that nobody appeared to relish very much. The Dawsons were silent except for Mrs. Dawson's occasional nervous bursts of chatter. Querino's eyes glittered watchfully.

Immediately after luncheon Wiletta and Nat hastened down to the garage in the cañon. Nat explained when they were out of earshot of the house that at his father's suggestion Dawson had been invited to produce his papers and assay reports at the office of Harrison & Weir, preliminary to an offer from her father. And from the moment of this suggestion Dawson had appeared to know that the game was up. Harrison & Weir knew mines and all the crooks and turns of the mining game too well.

"I owe a great deal to you and your father," said Wiletta.

"Not at all," he returned politely. "I hope I did right in bringing Cartwright along. I felt sure you'd be happy to see him."

He looked at her keenly, but she avoided his eyes.

"I think I'll run my bus out into the light," she said, and climbed behind the wheel. "Hello! What's the matter? No spark!"

After a second attempt, young Armstrong lifted the hood and inspected the spark plugs.

"Let's run her out where I can see, and I'll have a look at the electrical system," he said, removing his coat and turning back his cuffs.

After a few minutes of search he exclaimed, "There's the trouble! Loose wire to the generator."

Wiletta drew a breath of relief. There was no time to be lost if they were to get away in time to make the Alta Vista Hotel before dark. Luncheon had been unusually protracted and already the shadows were beginning to deepen here at the bottom of the cañon.

She once more attempted to start the car, but with no more success than before.

"Dead on her feet!" she cried. "I can't understand that, can you? Plenty of gas, good lively spark ——"

Once more he went over the car patiently. Then he stood staring at it thoughtfully.

"Perhaps the carburetor's clogged with dirt. I'll have a look at it."

It was some time later, as he stood with the dismembered carburetor in his hand, that he had an idea, and sniffed at the fluid on his fingers.

"That's darned weak gasoline," he muttered.

"Why, we had it put in at the Alta Vista. It got us up here all right," Wiletta said.

"I know; but wait a minute till I try something." He siphoned a little gasoline from the rear tank, put a few drops in each cylinder and got a good explosion. Then he did the same with the contents of the vacuum tank. The result was a weak cough and then nothing.

With a tight expression about his mouth, he opened a valve and drained the vacuum tank into an empty can. Then he sniffed at this and finally held it up to Wiletta.

"What does that smell like to you?"

"Doesn't have any smell," she declared. "It's more like water."

"Exactly! It is water!" he exclaimed. He looked over his shoulder at the dark depths of the cañon and then stepped nearer her. "Someone filled that vacuum tank with water while we were having lunch."

They stood staring at each other for a long moment.

"Why, but that is—that means ——" cried Wiletta.

"Sh-h! We don't know what it means—yet. I want to have a look at my car."

They were not surprised to find two tires deflated on the Armstrong car. Nat silently set at the task of putting on new tires and Wiletta hovered near him.

"Why do you suppose they did it?" she whispered. She was beginning to feel jumpy in the green twilight of this silent place.

"I think they have some reason for keeping us here overnight," he replied. Then, catching sight of her face, he added hastily, "They may figure that if your father stays another night they can talk him back into investing. Of course, they know it's their last chance at him."

"But how treacherous to do things like this! I've a mind to tell them what I think of them."

"No, that wouldn't do. Our best move is to pretend it was a normal mishap, and keep our eyes open."

"But I don't want to stay any longer with these horrid people! Couldn't we start out—you're nearly finished now—and go as far as Brayley's?"

He shook his head.

"Dark would catch us right in the worst part of the road. We don't know the grades and turns well enough. It's too dangerous."

"But, Nat"—she shivered and looked up at the dark sides of the cañon, "it's dangerous here too."

He came around the car and took her cold hands.

"You're a silly little goose." But his eyes said something quite different. "You're going up to the house now and tell them we can't get off until tomorrow morning. Ask my father to come down here, when you get a chance to do it quietly. But what's the use of saying anything to your people about what we've found? Only make them nervous. Father and I will scout around a little and see what we make of it. But in the meantime don't you be scared. Maybe, after all, it was just an accident—that water in the tank."

"You know it couldn't be," she said. "But I won't tell the folks right away, though I must say they've brought this down on themselves."

Conversation at dinner that evening would have languished had it not been for the recovered spirits of Mrs. Dawson. She talked almost incessantly, covering the abstracted silences of her husband. The evening being unusually warm, the doors of the patio were wide open, and not even a breeze disturbed the flames of the candles on the long table. The long living room was shadowy at its farther end, but across the patio a path of yellow light lay, and through this Wu stepped now and then, bearing in and out the dishes. As the Chinaman brought in the coffee service, Querino rose with one of his slow, graceful movements.

"I'll go down to see if I can help young Armstrong, with your permission," he said to Mrs. Dawson.

Nat had come up for the first part of the meal and then had excused himself, saying that he had not quite finished at the garage. Now that he had got into this job—he smiled—he might as well do all the little odds and ends of cleaning he had meant to do for some time. Wiletta knew that he did not intend to leave the cars long unguarded.

"Have Wu give you a pot of coffee for Mr. Armstrong, Miguel," Mrs. Dawson called after him; and they saw him pass with his indolent step through the bar of light on his way to the kitchen.

Wiletta felt at this instant an impulse to say, "I'll go with you." But her dislike of Querino stopped her. Instead, she took the coffee cup Mrs. Dawson handed her, and walking over to the shadowy end of the living room, she stood at the window, looking out across the meadow. Behind her at the table in the candlelight the others sat drinking their coffee and making polite conversation.

At her left hand, within arm's reach, was one of the open doors into the patio, and she was about to step out of it when an odd sound at the table made her whirl around. It was a sort of squeak from Mrs. Dawson and the clatter of a cup against a saucer.

Then a gruff, quick voice said, "Put up your hands, everybody! Stand up!"

She whirled, set down her coffee cup carefully, and as her hands went up she thought, "They do it like this in the movies. It must be somebody's joke." She gave a nervous giggle, but the next instant a glint of blue steel fanned in her direction and she felt utter astonishment. It wasn't a joke. It was the real thing. They were being held up, with all the traditional details.

Two men, one taller than the other, both with dark handkerchiefs tied over their faces, were waving her father and Mr. Armstrong back from the table; they were backing Mr. Dawson into a corner. Mrs. Dawson's mouth was wide open, her eyes distended, her hands were shaking. Richard's face was a study. He was enjoying it! Oh, if somebody, she thought, would do something, not just stand there stupidly obeying orders!

She looked at Cartwright and she saw that he was so terrified he could scarcely stand. He had backed against the wall and there he clung, his knees visibly shaking. He had not made a move to stand between her and the guns, as they always did in books.

"He's almost passed out," she thought, "the poor prune."

While the taller of the two men went deftly and rapidly through the men's pockets, taking away their watches and pocketbooks, and in Cartwright's case even stick pin and ring, the other kept up a slow sweep of his two guns which covered them all. The tall man heaped the plunder in a table napkin.

"Won't you please, please give me back my ring?" sobbed Mrs. Dawson. "It was my mother's."

The man with the guns gave a blood-curdling snarl, and for the first time Wiletta was afraid. The tall man did not come near her, however, and when he had tied up the napkin, he went out of the room. He could be heard rapidly opening and closing bedroom doors. He was searching their luggage.

A little breeze came in through the open door. It lifted the curls upon her forehead.

A deathlike silence fell upon the room. The man with the guns mechanically watched his victims. Wiletta's eyes went toward the open door so near to her. Across the meadow a tiny light suddenly appeared. Nat Armstrong was coming up from the cañon. Two minutes more and he would come into the patio. Suppose that watchful bandit got nervous and shot at the sound of footsteps! Out of the tail of her eye she measured the distance between her and the threshold. Not more than two feet.

The next time the gunman looked away, she noiselessly inched toward the door. Then the voice of the other bandit spoke from the bedroom passage; the gunman looked around for an instant. And in that instant she melted without a sound into the outer dark.

Two steps on tiptoes took her off the adobe floor of the patio. Across the grass

*(Continued on Page 66)*

# CHRYSLER

## *Why The Country Is Chrysler-Wild Today*

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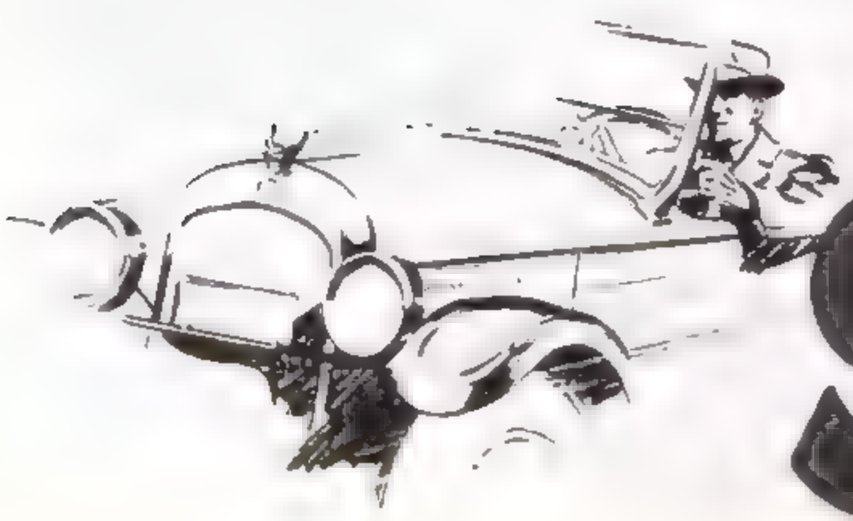

SIX

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(Continued from Page 64)

of the meadow she flew toward the bobbing lantern.

"Go back! Quick!" she gasped in a whisper. "Into the trees! Put out the lantern!"

Nat obeyed instantly. Together they leaped into the heavy shadows at the head of the descending trail, and she gasped out the story of the hold-up. She had scarcely finished when faint above them they heard the sound of doors slamming.

"They're shutting them in the living room," she whispered.

She was startled by Nat's arm flung suddenly about her. Without a word he hustled her halfway down the trail to the turning. Here he thrust her unceremoniously into the bushes.

"Stay there and be quiet," he whispered "I've found a car down there hidden up the cañon. They'll try to get away in it. They'll be down here in a minute, you'll see."

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind about me. I've got a couple of guns of my own."

"But you won't ——"

"Shut up, I tell you!"

With this impolite command, she found herself abruptly set down in the midst of prickly shrubbery. But the next instant she was picked up again and hastily but warmly embraced. Then a kiss was pressed upon her lips, a hasty but sincere salute—which she returned, the whole thing being but a fantastic dream, anyhow.

The next instant she was alone. Nothing could be heard but the scrunch of a shoe against a pebble as Nat sprang down the trail. In this still darkness her heart thumped with abandonment and a strange exultation overcame her fear. What a man! She thought of adjectives—two-fisted, red-blooded—which at other times she had scorned. They alone would fit him.

Then all her senses sharpened and concentrated on a sound at the top of the trail. Someone up there was moving. She knelt forward cautiously and parted the bush in front of her. In a second two dark figures moved past her down the trail, hurrying but noiseless.

She strained her eyes and ears after them. If she had been a rabbit, her nose would have twitched, so eagerly did she follow their flight. But suddenly she clenched her hands and stood up. Good gracious, what would happen next? Nat Armstrong was down there, one against two. Had he had time to hide himself, or would they come upon him in the dark garage?

She stepped out into the trail. Then it seemed as if the cañon beneath her rocked and roared with sound; a crackling of shots reverberated from it. Obeying no sensible impulse, but rather some primitive instinct, she began to run down the trail.

"If they've killed him I shall kill them!" was her furious and absurd thought.

Meantime, in the house above, hands had been slowly lowered as the bandits closed the doors behind them. For a moment there was silence as the victims looked blankly at one another. Then Mrs. Dawson burst into excited cries:

"Clate, it was the Del Rey gang, wasn't it? Oh, my heavens! It's a wonder we're alive! Del Rey held up a party of motorists at Hitchcock's last week and left them all bound and gagged Oh, Mrs. Whipple, what a dreadful thing to happen in my house! Oh, Clate, get me some brandy quick! I think I am going to faint."

There was a great deal of scurrying about. It was discovered that the couch was already occupied by Cartwright, who had toppled over upon it the instant the door was closed. Assisted by Sam Whipple, somewhat ungently, he was able to arise and stagger to the table and a decanter.

"I wasn't scared, but it was the—the surprise of the thing," he stammered.

"Yeh, it was some surprise," muttered Sam dryly. "You all right, Mary? Did they take your watch?"

Dawson, muttering apologies and invectives, was moving about with the decanter and advising everyone to keep cool, when the sound of shots reached them.

"Oh, gee! Nat's down in the cañon!" Richard cried. "They've got him!"

With that, Nat's father crashed open a window, threw himself out of it and ran across the meadow, Sam close behind him and Richard following.

Thus they raced one another to the cañon's bottom and toward the dark bulk of the garage. Silence, amazing after that fusillade, was heavy in the darkness. But just as they approached the dim outline of the garage they were aware of a lighter shape moving toward them.

"Stop! Stick 'em up!" roared Armstrong in a good copy of the manner he had so recently had an opportunity to study.

A breathless voice cried out of the dark, "It's me! It's Wiletta! He wants his flashlight. Don't bother me!"

She brushed past them, breathing hard.

"He's shot one of 'em, and he's sitting on the other. Quick, help me find the flash!"

"Where is he, where is he?" Armstrong was demanding.

"He's up the cañon there. They were trying to get away in their car. Come on, I'll show you!"

The light from the flash fell first upon the back of Nat, who was rising from a kneeling position on a recumbent figure. The figure was lying face down. Tying the wrists together with the cord Wiletta brought, Nat turned him over. The blue-white beam fell upon the black handkerchief still tied across the face, but above it were a pair of staring black eyes, full of the hatred of the defeated.

"Querino!" Wiletta cried.

Sam gave a low whistle. He looked dazed, as if it was beginning to dawn upon him that the joke might possibly be upon him. It was well for him that his daughter was too excited to observe his face.

"Who—who is the other one?" he inquired faintly.

They turned the light upon the other figure. It was Hendricks, the best metallurgist in Colorado.

"Well, father!" cried Wiletta, suddenly awakening to the moral. "I hope this will teach you to be more careful about the friends you pick!"

At the Hotel Alta Vista, on the evening after this adventure, the Whipples and the Armstrongs dined together at their usual table; but the one near by, where the Dawsons and the supple Mr. Querino had sat, was empty. By this time a sheriff and a deputy should have arrived at the isolated house in the mountains to arrest a quartet that had long been wanted in another part of the state. It had seemed simpler to put the Dawson car and the one hidden in the cañon out of commission and leave the captives up there than to try to bring them down to the authorities.

"If they can escape, they're welcome to for all of me," Sam declared. "I'm just about fed up on this bandit business. I don't know but what I'd just as soon turn the old car toward home tomorrow morning."

He looked wistfully at Mary. Wiletta and Richard likewise turned their eyes upon their mother. They were aware that mother was the unknown quantity. She had become inscrutable lately; one did not know what mother was going to do next, and it kept one rather anxious. Father was all right; he had had his wild moment and seen the error of his ways.

"Oh, I don't know that I'm so ready to go home," said Mary lightly. "I am seeing life. I am having a really good time. Home will seem a little stuffy after yesterday. And there's so much more"—she made an embracing gesture—"China, for instance."

The eyes turned upon her filled with alarm.

"But, mother, don't you realize"—Wiletta spoke earnestly—"that dad can't go running around the world indefinitely? There's his business! We were talking it over this morning on the way down, weren't we, dad?"

Sam expanded with pride.

"I tell you, Armstrong, this girl's got a good head. Do you know what I've just about decided to do? Expand a little. Yep, I've just about decided to open a branch at Oak Lawn—that's a good live suburb—and put Willy in charge, until she wants to get married, or Richard decides the hardware business isn't the worst in the world. Eh, Willy?"

They smiled at each other, father and daughter. Mary drank in this friendly glance and her eyes misted. But she continued along her chosen lines:

"I think that's a fine idea. Of course, you must get home for the late autumn trade. But Richard and I don't have to get back for any old business. We're free spirits, aren't we, Rick? What do you say to our letting Willy and her father go back by train while you and I drive on to California and —er— the South Seas, or Japan?"

Her son looked at her with embarrassed eyes. The mere thought of guarding and guiding in foreign lands a mother who had become strangely irresponsible filled him with terror.

"It isn't as if you had to go back for school or anything," she went on. "Wouldn't it be jolly? Maybe we could go right around the world."

He swallowed hard. "But, mother, I have got to get back for something."

"What on earth for, Richard?"

"Well, I don't know. Maybe I—maybe I'll get ready for college this year."

His eyes looked at her somewhat unhappily. And his mother knew there was a point beyond which she could not use this sort of unsporting coercion. But all she said was, casually, "Just as you like." Then she added, as if from a careless afterthought, "You know, I shouldn't wonder if your musical talent might help a lot in college. Suppose we stop in Chicago on the way home and buy a—what is that thing you're always talking about?"

"A saxophone," he mumbled.

"A really good one. Don't you think so, Sam? And then if Richard finds after a year or so of college that he'd rather go in for music than anything else, why, he can. The orchestra man here says he has real talent. Don't you agree with me, Sam?"

Richard's father in his turn swallowed a trifle hard. But he nodded amiably, catching Mary's eye. And Richard stared down at his plate. Never do to show that all at once he had grown giddy with lightness. Nevermore would he feel the awful burden of a hardware store pressing down upon his spirits. He could take it or leave it. Maybe the time might come, when he was very old, like father and Mr. Armstrong, when the hardware business might interest him; but that would be a long time off.

In the meantime, all at once something too marvelous to believe had happened. He was a free agent. He could choose. College might not be so dry and dusty now. He knew exactly the spot in Chicago where reposed the most sumptuous and beautiful saxophone heart could desire. He had gazed upon it often and often. It was the same as his now, and already he could feel it in his hands.

The orchestra in the lobby began its syncopated provocation. Richard stood up and smiled at his mother.

"Want to dance, mom?"

Mary's feet hurt her, but one never would have guessed it as she sprang up lightly and tucked a hand under her son's arm

"Dance this?" inquired Nat of Wiletta.

She looked out of the window. Once more the moon was preparing its magic. In the little pavilion at the top of the lantern-lit trail the will-o'-the-wisp light was swinging. Without further words they crossed the patio and began to climb the trail. They had a great deal to talk about—the past and the future, life and parents.

But when they had sat down on the halfway bench, they fell silent, for, without warning, their eyes and their hands had met.

The moon edged around the shoulder of the mountain and silvered their rapt faces, it climbed higher and did miracles with the landscape that caused angels to lean from heaven But the two on the bench saw neither mountains nor valley. With their eyes fixed on each other's faces, they went on murmuring, murmuring endlessly. And their conversation was all of themselves.

Sam Whipple lifted up and cast from him a pair of white flannel trousers; he wincingly withdrew from his feet a pair of patent-leather pumps.

"Take away from my sight," he exclaimed, "those dude duds! I don't care if I never see 'em again."

But Mary gathered them up and carefully packed them in tissue paper.

"You'll see them again," she murmured. "You and I aren't going to slump again into mere keepers of a hotel where two young persons are fed and lodged. We're going to keep them guessing quite a while yet."

"Oh, the cat's cuffs!" groaned Sam, burrowing into a pillow.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and began to braid her hair with animation.

"Honestly, own up! Haven't you got a certain amount of fun out of this? Isn't it good to know we can still speed up a little? Don't you feel more—more alive, younger?"

He grinned reluctantly.

"Mary, I hate to admit it, but I've sloughed off ten years."

(THE END)

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# He takes his pipe 1800 miles into China

## And for a very good reason

No, it isn't because his wife objects to his smoking in the house. We don't know that he has a wife, for that matter.

Mr. Mellor takes his pipe far into the interior of the Land of Confucius because he is attached to the good U. S. S. Palos, which, among other waters, sails the upper Yangtse Kiang.

This is what Mr. Mellor writes:

U. S. S. Palos
Chung King, China
January 24, 1924

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
U. S. Soldiers,
Dear Sir:

I have just been reading a letter that was sent to our canteen yeoman and thought that this would be a good time to tell you of our appreciation of the fine tobacco that your firm shipped us. I feel that I can say the same for the crew of this ship.

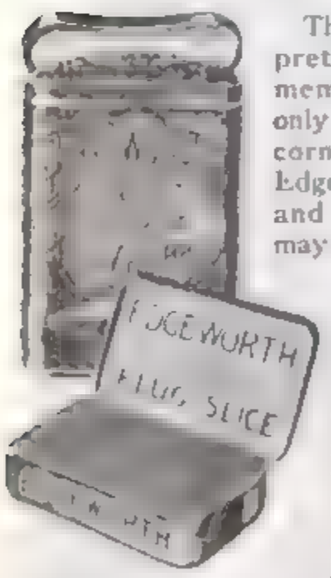
Yes, this sure is an out-of-the-way place and we sure enjoy a good smoke. We feel that we can at least rely on your tobacco always being fresh, especially that in the glass jars.

[illegible] is hardly a man but what carries one of your small tins of tobacco with him on these trips. Every man on the ship smokes Edgeworth and quite a few chew it too.

Another thing that I might mention is that the empty jars make good containers for shaving gear and soap on board ship.

Speaking for all hands and the ship's cook I can say that we will uphold your fine tobacco on this part of the river, as every man is for Edgeworth first, last and always. Best regards to Edgeworth from the crew of the U. S. S. Palos on the Yangtse River.

Sincerely yours,
(signed) Robert N. Mellor




This makes it seem pretty soft for the members who have only to drop into a corner store to get Edgeworth whenever and wherever they may run out.

If you would try before you buy, let us send you free samples of Edgeworth and give you a chance to learn at first hand why so many smokers like it.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

*To Retail Tobacco Merchants:* If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.


# AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 4)

I had provocation. These articles therefore are not only the result of a first-hand investigation made at a critical turn in the cycle of Soviet events but will embody an attempt to state without prejudice the case as it actually is.

One trouble with many people who go to Russia to study the situation is that they feel rather than think. The half-baked uplifter who is thrilled by what he believes to be the consummation of a modern Utopia is emotional instead of analytical. Others are blinded by unreasoning antagonism or exasperated by the countless things that hinder and delay. They do not always comprehend that the Russian is fundamentally an Oriental and this very Orientalism impedes traffic and provokes irritation. Possibly this is why a witty Englishman once said, "If you want to write a book about Russia don't go, or only stay a week."

In Russia there is much to condemn, little to condone, something to praise. Even with the best intentions the most impartial observer cannot escape the impression that ethically, as well as economically, the whole national structure seems to be reared on sand. The quality of the fantastic permeates every avenue and activity. There is the feel of unreality—more than a hint of atrophy. You wonder where it all leads. The inevitable conclusion is that Bolshevism is strong not by virtue of its own inherent strength but by the weakness of its opposition.

On the favorable side of the ledger you have, as leading item, the fact that the Soviet Government has not only been the strongest in Europe—strong, however, through the fear that it inspires—but also the sole régime that has remained continuously in power since 1917. It has survived the aftermath of the World War and likewise more than two years of civil strife, intervention, blockade, famine, and what was for a considerable period almost the united opposition of the whole outside world. You likewise have a nation-wide school system which is injecting the light of knowledge into the illiteracy which darkened Russia for so many years. Every one of the 590,000 men in the Red Army, for example, can read and write, a state unknown prior to Bolshevism. Child hygiene has also advanced to a degree not appreciated elsewhere. Art treasures have been conserved and the famous Russian ballet and the art theater maintained. Art, however, is an unsatisfactory diet, as the hungry Russians soon discovered when they listened to Chaliapin in free seats but with empty stomachs.

### The Reign of Atheism

On the other side of the inventory and literally written in red ink—more often it was the blood of its victims—is the almost continuous reign of tyranny and terror since the crimson day broke. The Cheka, alongside of which the Spanish Inquisition seems almost friendly, has been succeeded by a no less oppressive agency known as the G. P. U., which are the first letters of the Russian words meaning secret political police. Under it there is less liberty of speech and action than obtained in the days of the czar. The bosses propose, and the G. P. U. disposes, in the fullest sense of the word.

Economic production has almost been paralyzed and capital crucified. The cost of living is higher and wages are lower than at any period prior to 1913. Moscow is the most expensive place in the world, while Leningrad is the ghost of a city, a place of decay and desolation. Beggary and Bolshevism have become almost synonymous. You see almost as many mendicants as in China, where street supplication is a habit. At the end of July there were 1,500,000 unemployed workers in the big communities. Initiative, and with it the stimulus to do, are lost arts.

Far more damning than all this is the crusade against God, because Soviet propaganda respects neither deity nor man. The youth of Russia is being reared on the idea that there is no creed but a perverted communism. All sense of the spiritual, the saving grace of individual as well as of nation, is crushed. Atheism rules. The anti-religious literature is an offense to the eye and to the mind. I have never seen anything so sacrilegious. It is this undermining of what might be called the moral influence that constitutes perhaps the worst indictment against the Bolshevik order.

Animating this panorama of deed and misdeed is that strangest perhaps of all modern composition, the Soviet mentality. It is a curious mixture of conceit, suspicion and misdirection. Nor is it a mystery. All the masters of Russia, save Krassin, had no previous practical experience except as professional revolutionists. Having suffered terror they can see terror only as the means to an end. In consequence they have canonized cruelty and made oppression a favorite pastime.

Another kink in this extraordinary mentality is the determination to try to bend every stable and organized outside influence to the prescribed theories which have made Russia a ruin. To illustrate—the Bolshevik overlords committed themselves from the start to an economic policy absolutely incapable of being reconciled to the system on which the rest of the world carries on trade and commerce. What we term fair dealing and opportunity they denounce as a tyrannous capitalism.

### Going by Contraries

Bolshevik ignorance of the outside world is little short of appalling. It led Kalinin, the president of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, to suggest to me that the cure for American racial ills was intermarriage between blacks and whites! Incredible as it seems, this statement was made in absolute seriousness.

Furthermore, like spoiled children, the Bolsheviks seem to operate by contraries their blunders to perform. The murder of the priest, Budkiewicz, which horrified all civilization, was a case in point. I was told in Moscow that it was the intention of the government to commute the death sentence. As soon as the Poles made an indignant protest—the lamented prelate was one of their nationals—the brutal decree of the court was carried out. The hostility between the Soviet Government and Poland is well known.

The moral, or rather the unmoral, of this tragic episode is that with Budkiewicz, as in many other similar cases that I could cite, the Soviet Government, with customary vanity, wanted to show the world that it was master in its own house. The fact that others oppose its will makes the determination to persist in a course all the stronger.

A final manifestation of Soviet mentality relates to the aftermath of our relief intervention, which literally saved millions of lives during the famine of 1921. Many Russian employes of the American Relief Administration—they were all bourgeoisie, of course—have been exiled or imprisoned because of a fancied belief that they were economic spies working in behalf of American interests. Apropos of this it is worth mentioning, as we go along, that the Soviet Government has discovered a new crime. Technically it is called economic espionage, which is construed as counter economic revolution. The penalty is death or exile, with confiscation of all property. It has brought about a new reign of terror, the complete story of which will be told in a subsequent article.

So much for the preliminaries. As I have intimated, practically no obstacle was placed in the path of my investigation. I had to deal, of course, with that sometimes trying institution known as the Slav temperament, which decrees that an appointment seldom means a fixed engagement, and that the Russian word for today is a synonym for the one meaning tomorrow. I was forced to learn, as in no other country where I have worked—and this includes China—that patience and perseverance were the twin keys to presence and speech. But there were many human-interest compensations.

I talked with most of the figures whose names are associated with the most astounding of all national adventures since the French Revolution. At the War Office I listened to Trotzky expound his theory of world upheaval, and make, among other things, the startling prediction that the next war would be between England and America. Within the storied walls of the Kremlin—the Soviet holy of holies if anything Soviet is holy—I sat with Rykoff, successor to Lenine as Premier, while he appraised the Bolshevik achievement. Across a shabby desk and in a dingier room, Kalinin, the collarless president of all Soviet Russia, solved the world agrarian problem, as he thought, and made a parallel between Lincoln and Lenine. In a dramatic midnight interview at the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, Tchitcherin, the aristocrat turned communist, revealed the vision of a universe bent to Soviet dictate. Krassin, suave and sophisticated, and the one well-groomed individual in the whole official show, sought to prove the trade monopoly within and without as the universal economic panacea. Rakovski, arch intriguer at large and spinner of crimson webs the world over; Rudzutak, master of Soviet transport, and Sokolnikoff, keeper of the frenzied Bolshevik finance, told me their stories. So it went from day to day. As the series unfolds all these figures will pass in intimate review.

What struck me forcibly in this contact with the men who shape the destinies of Russia was the fact that all of them told practically the identical story, not only in theory, which was to be expected, but in articulation. They seemed to have learned their lesson in the same class, to talk at the behest of some invisible mentor. The communist school is a stern one, and drastic is the punishment meted out to him whose foot slips while he does his bit. Yet somehow the element of conviction appeared lacking.

Amid that puppet gallery only one personality and one point of view stood out in vivid and striking contrast. They were invested in Trotzky. He alone seemed alive and sincere. In a country which seeks to curb individualism with the same ruthlessness that it strives to stifle the religious instinct, he is a stark individualist, the one out-and-out insurgent. For his hardihood he has drawn the fire, and worse, of the machine that runs Russia. He has had the courage to dissect that prize rainbow—the Soviet economic scheme—and to protest against government by doctrine and platitude.

In this duel between Trotzky and the old left guard you have the episode that ranks second only in significance to the campaign against private trade. In a larger sense it is part of a struggle for the mantle of Lenine. On the outcome hinges the rebirth of some kind of economic freedom and a break-up of the bureaucracy, or a return to almost pure—I should say impure—communism. As a matter of fact, Trotzky would have been dislodged months ago, save for the reason that he is not only the hero of the Red Army, of which he is chief, but remains the most popular and outstanding figure in all Russia.

### Page the Kogan Family

I went into Bolo Land by way of Riga. It is only fair to say that after the thirty-six-hour ride I arrived in Moscow on time. The best that the train could afford was a second-class carriage, and there was no dining car. But it represented a miracle of advance over conditions of even a year ago. The man who first brought order out of the rail chaos was Dzerzhinsky, the original master of the Cheka. He put terror into the hearts of the people, but took some of it out of transport.

Some hours after we passed Sebech, the frontier station where you get the Bolshevik once-over, a husky uniformed guard came into my compartment. At once I thought I was going to get the third degree. Instead, I had my first intimation that, in spite of the savagery which has marked the rule of the Red autocracy, the heart of the great mass of the Russian people is still in the right place.

In somewhat uncertain German this man said to me, "I hear that you are an American journalist and I wonder if you will do me a favor. My sister, Ginda Goldman, married a man named Kaphel Kogan, ten years ago. At that time they lived in Minneapolis. It is eight years since we heard from them. Could you locate them for me? It would be a great relief for my eighty-year-old mother."

As I traveled I could not help recalling my last journey to Russia and the tragic sequence of events since that time. It was at the end of the revolution that overthrew the Czar and set up the superegoist, Kerensky, in power. Then the hazard of the

(Continued on Page 70)

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**—and be done with it**

"EVERY day to get some important matter settled—off your mind. It's the keynote of management!" Executives recognize this fundamental truth and so—

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And experience has proved that Barrett Roofs of this type far outlast the 20-year period specified in the surety bond. We can point to many roofs of this type laid thirty to forty years ago that have received no maintenance, have required no repairs, and are still giving staunch, weather-tight service.

But whether you want a roof constructed according to The Barrett Specification or your own specification—

Whether you want a roof for a new or old building—

Three-quarters of a century's experience—the experience of leading architects, engineers and contractors—has proved that it pays to see that any built-up roof is a pitch and felt roof—and that both pitch and felt bear the Barrett Label.

### *A Valuable Service Free!*

Without charge or obligation a Barrett Service Man will show you how to avoid roof troubles—will explain "stitch-in-time" upkeep methods that will save you expensive repairs in the future.

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They leave your mouth dry instead of bathed in alkaline fluids. And without these natural protective fluids the acids that cause decay collect on your teeth.

### *Brushing is not enough*

The ordinary kind of brushing is only temporary. The minute you hang up your tooth brush, the acids of decay begin to form again.

The only way to keep your mouth moist and healthy, your teeth safe, is to restore the natural free action of the mouth glands.

That is why, everywhere, men and women are learning to prevent tooth decay by using the tooth paste that keeps the mouth glands active.

With Pebeco tooth paste the mouth glands flow normally. These natural protective fluids overcome all dryness. They neutralize the acids of decay as fast as they form. Your whole mouth is revitalized, your teeth are kept always clean and safe.

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'. Canadian agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Send me free your new large-sized sample tube of Pebeco.

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*Free Offer*

(Continued from Page 68)

adventure was outside Russia, for I had to make my way across the mine-infested North Sea and on through Norway, Sweden and Finland. Now, whatever danger there was, lurked within Russia.

The fateful break-up had begun, but no one ever dreamed it would reach the proportions of the present social and economic debacle. Throughout an Allied world, already weary with the burden of conflict, a thrilling, almost pathetic interest centered on Petrograd. At last Russia was free. The German intrigue that had dominated the Romanoff court, was shattered. The Slav awakening was construed as a real agency to curtail the struggle that had already sapped England, France and Belgium, for we had just declared war. But it was a vain hope.

In 1917 I found Petrograd mad with the new freedom, and one continuous gabfest. The tragedy of that first emancipated Russia was that, from Kerensky down, it was a case of conversation and not action. The average Russian, let me remark, is perhaps the world's champion long-distance endurance talker. It is just as true of the Bolshevik régime as it was of the Kerensky outfit. It took Lenine nearly two years to get his cohorts to put a silencer on their speech and get down to some kind of work.

Had Kerensky performed one single outstanding feat save to dramatize himself, he might have prevented the coming of Bolshevism. But like many others, he loved the sound of his own voice too well. Authority went to his head and he made it comparatively easy for Lenine and Trotzky to mobilize the forces for the counter revolution that made Petrograd and Moscow shambles, and the whole country an economic graveyard.

As it happened, I was not only in Petrograd when Lenine arrived but in the American Embassy when he headed a street demonstration against it. No one paid any particular attention to him. Kerensky, with that false assurance which was his undoing, treated him as an interloper and not as a rival, and he paid the price. The whole drama of the rise and fall of Russian freedom once more illustrates the folly of underestimating an enemy strength. This is precisely what Kerensky did.

### *The Glorification of Lenine*

With the chain of happening since his overthrow we are not concerned here. In order to get the approach to my investigation it is only necessary to say that since November, 1917, when Lenine assumed the command, there have been three distinct epochs.

The first continued until the spring of 1921, and was what might be called the era of communism, when almost complete state socialism prevailed. The nation lived on rations, and what amounted to primitive barter took the place of organized commerce. Although this alleged Utopia proscribed money there was an avalanche of worthless rubles. In consequence the peasants went on strike and almost ceased to produce. Chaos impended.

The second epoch, which began with the promulgation of the new economic policy in 1921, was a sop to the agriculturist, and continued practically until Lenine's death early this year. It was the flight from communism. Under it, initiative was reborn and private trade flourished to such an extent that on January 1, 1924, 85 per cent of the retail turnover throughout Russia was in the hands of the small capitalists. So great were the inroads they made upon the communistic idea that the government decreed another about-face, which meant war on capitalism and the opening of the third cycle, which was in full swing when I reached Russia in June.

The fact that the offensive against the new economic policy practically began with Lenine's passing does not mean that his influence has diminished to the slightest degree. That brown temporary tomb in the Red Square at Moscow is more than a weird mortuary chapel; it is a shrine in which the lamp of Bolshevik faith is kept burning brightly. Part of the strategy of the men now engaged in the struggle for power has been to invest Lenine with godlike attributes. All education in Russia is bent toward this idea.

In Moscow I went one day to a huge institution where the boys of the street are mobilized and educated. Through the superintendent I asked a bright-faced youngster of about seven if there was a God.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "and his name is Lenine."

Lenine's picture was on every wall, interspersed with extracts from his speeches and writings. It is rank heresy not to show his portrait in office and in home. I doubt if any other modern character has been so deified by his people.

There were a good many who believed that with Lenine's death Bolshevist rule would collapse through the struggle for power among his heirs. In destroying themselves they would automatically disrupt the government. The exact reverse has happened. Though these heirs are engaged in a contest for authority the cult and practice of sovietism remain unimpaired. It all results from the fact that sovietism and Leninism have practically become one and the same thing. A posthumous worship of the man seems to be a guaranty of the perpetuity of his creed. In life he was the symbol of revolution; in death he is the new icon.

### *The Bosses of Soviet Russia*

In order to understand what is going on and what is likely to happen in Russia it is important that you know the structure of Soviet government and, what is far more diverting, the play of the communist oligarchy that rules with such iron hand. There is a widespread belief throughout the world that Lenine's dream of a dictatorship of the proletariat has resulted in something resembling a government of, by and for the people.

This may have been the program upon which he sold Bolshevism to the masses, but when they woke up it was to find themselves in the thrall of a tyranny the like of which the world has not witnessed since the Middle Ages.

Russia is really governed today by a machine technically known as the political bureau—the so-called polit boro—composed of seven men, each one being a composite of all that any political boss from the days of Tweed has hoped to be in his wildest dream of party manipulation. This group comprises the inner machine and it is the absolute dictator of Russia.

First, get the setting. Ask the average man what constitutes Soviet Russia and he is likely to answer offhand that it is the immense European and Asiatic dominion once ruled by the individual who bore the high-sounding title of Czar of all the Russias. Such is not the case. Not only has that original empire lost what is, in part, the present Poland, the Baltic States, Bessarabia, and various smaller national fry, but the Soviet domain itself is split up into two categories—namely, those which form the parts of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and those which are nominally independent but bound by treaty with the Moscow government.

The stronghold of Bolshevism is the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, which is more commonly referred to as the U. S. S. R. It is composed of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic—always designated as the R. S. F. S. R.; the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic; the White Russian Socialist Soviet Republic, and the Transcaucasian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic, which includes the Republics of Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan. Linked up in this federation are more than 130,000,000 people.

The Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic was the original Red stamping ground and the source of the infection which has spread throughout Asia. It consists of the whole territory of the former Russian Empire peopled by the Great Russian population and includes forty former provinces in European Russia, three provinces of Northern Caucasus, and the greater part of Siberia. Included also are various more or less autonomous units the accent is largely on the less -such as the Tartar, Turkestan, Crimean, Daghestan, Kirghiz, and Bashkir republics. The principal republics, nominally independent, but bound by a treaty to Moscow, are the Bokhara People's Soviet Republic and the Kharezm People's Soviet Republic. Here then is the Bolshevik dominion.

Our immediate concern, however, is the U. S. S. R., which is defined by a constitution promulgated in July, 1923.

This document contains a paragraph that is part of the larger world humor. It reads like this:

"Since the time of the formation of the Soviet Republics the states of the world

(Continued on Page 72)

# billiards

## a gentleman's game

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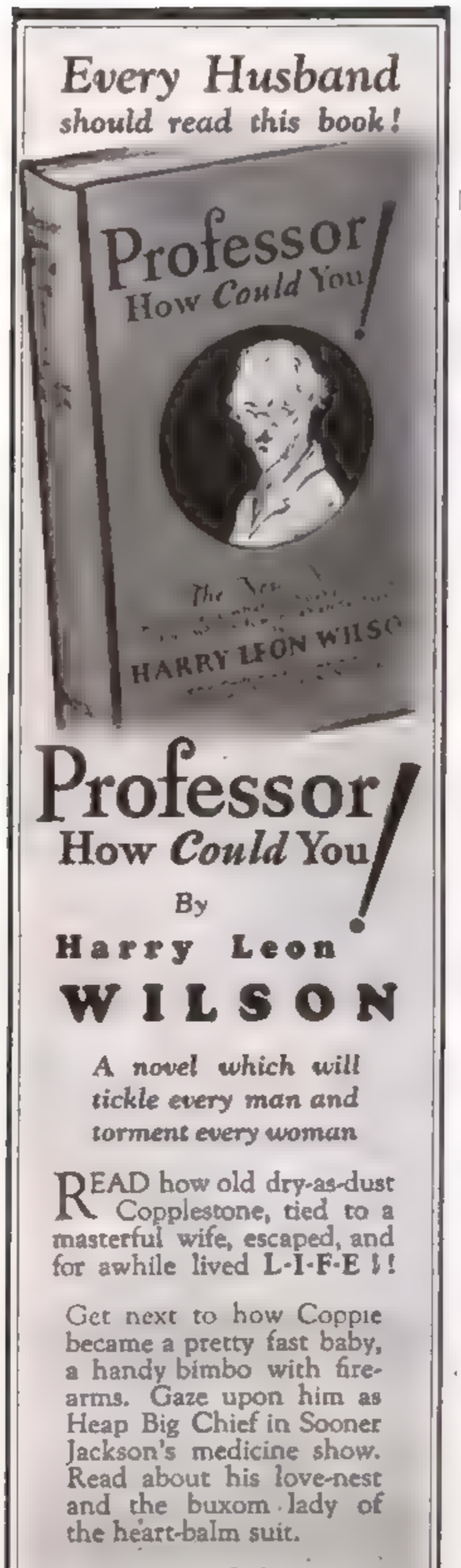
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have divided into two camps: the camp of Capitalism and the camp of Socialism.

"There—in the camp of Capitalism—national enmity and inequality, colonial slavery and chauvinism, national oppression and pogroms, imperialist brutalities and wars.

"Here—in the camp of Socialism—mutual confidence and peace, national freedom and equality, dwelling together in peace and the brotherly collaboration of peoples."

The U. S. S. R. comprises the largest, most populous and, in normal times, the most productive part of Russia. The Ukraine, for example, is a huge granary. White Russia, which extends from the Polish border to Moscow, resounded with the tramp and witnessed the tragedy of Napoleon's invasion. Within the boundaries of the U. S. S. R. is almost enough raw material and agricultural resource to make the nation self-contained.

Now for the structure of government. The supreme organ of authority of the U. S. S. R. is the All-Russian Congress of Soviets which meets once a year and is made up of about 1400 delegates from the various local Soviet organizations throughout the country. Nominally the delegates are chosen by vote, but the powers-that-be at Moscow indicate the desirables. In other words, from the village up to the metropolis what we call representative government is merely a phrase.

The All-Russian Congress in turn chooses the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, composed of 371 members. This body corresponds with the American Congress and sits two or three times a year, or more often as necessity or emergency may dictate. It is the first machine outpost that we reach, and is composed not only of communists tried and true, but persons willing to obey the behests of the men higher up.

The president of the Central Executive Committee is likewise President of Soviet Russia. Under the constitution of the U. S. S. R. the president of the four big units comprising it alternate on the job. At the time of my visit it was Kalinin's turn.

### Cabinet Officers

The Central Executive Committee has tremendous scope and authority. It not only promulgates all the codes, resolutions and ordinances but also names what is technically known as the Council of People's Commissars, the body which in any other country would be called the cabinet. It is bad communistic form to refer to any high soviet official as a Minister, for it savors of the bourgeoisie. Hence, what France would term a Minister of War, England a Secretary of State for War, and the United States a Secretary of War, is called in Russia a People's Commissar for Defense. There are also commissars for Foreign Affairs, Foreign Trade, Ways of Communication, Posts and Telegraphs, Workmen's and Peasants' Inspection, Food and Finance. Another cabinet post is President of the Supreme Council of People's Economy.

Just as the president of the Central Executive Committee is automatically the chief executive of the nation, so is the chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, or Commissaries, as they are also known, Premier. This was the job that Lenine held, and the post now occupied by Rykoff.

There are various smaller bodies in the government, such as, for example, the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee, which carries on the current work of the committee when it is not in session. It supervises the execution of all the resolutions of the All-Russian Congress as well as those of the executive committee.

So much for the conventional organization which engages in the business of government. To all intents and purposes it embodies the machinery whose word is law and order. To put it in another way, it is the visible government.

Behind this external structure which coordinates the functions of administration is the invisible government embodied in that inner controlling organ to which I have referred as the political bureau. It is the machine of a machine. Dominating the Central Executive Committee is the Communist Party, and master of the Communist Party, in turn, is this group of men. Not a single delegate to the All-Russian Congress is named from the remotest local Soviet—nor is any decree, anywhere in the union, instituted—without its visa. From that inner room within the Kremlin, where once an imperial autocracy formulated its corrupt and sometimes brutal decrees, the political bureau radiates a force no less absolute.

The men who constitute the political bureau are the real masters of Russia. Conspicuous among them is the aloof and inscrutable Stalin, whose name is scarcely known in America, but who wields a power almost akin to that once exercised by Lenine himself. Technically he is secretary of the Communist Party. Actually he is the chief wire-puller of the administration. He has that peculiar genius which enables him to pit one man against another for his own ends.

Next comes Zinoviev, president of the Leningrad Soviet, which means that he is political boss of the former capital. He was once called the phonograph for Lenine's records, because for some time he was the principal mouthpiece of the late leader. Zinoviev is also president of the Third Internationale.

### Trotzky as an Organizer

Third in the list is Kamenev, who is president of the Moscow Soviet. He is the Russian Richelieu because of the peculiar slant of his mind and his love of intrigue. These three men control all their colleagues in the political bureau but one.

That exception is Trotzky, who is tolerated not because of his superior ability—he is the ablest organizer of them all—but for fear of the effect of his dismissal upon the great mass of the people, whose hero he remains. Trotzky has been the one man in Russia with the temerity to rebuke the autocracy that rules. He has particularly criticized their treatment of the economic situation. If a famine complicates the present lack of production—and it is among the possibilities—he will not only be vindicated but may succeed to Stalin's post as unofficial chairman.

The remaining members of the bureau are Bukharin, editor of the Pravda—one of the two leading Russian newspapers—a brilliant pamphleteer and Lenine's successor in the group; the no less effective Tomsky, head of the Soviet Labor Federation, and Rykoff, the premier. You may well ask, how can these men rule Russia? There are three main reasons.

First of all is the fact that the political bureau has built up an interlocking system of control that makes the most copper-riveted business combine look like the rankest of pretenders. Alongside it the old Standard Oil combine was a piker. Examine a chart showing the control of the various Bolshevik organizations by the political bureau and you find that the Big Seven permeates every important executive branch.

Take the case of Zinoviev. He is a member of the controlling committee of all three branches of the Russian Government, is president of the Third Internationale, and identified with the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee.

Kamenev's penetration is even more pronounced. He is a vital part of the political bureau, the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the All-Russian Executive Committee, the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee, the Federal Central Executive Committee, is president of the Soviet of Labor and Defense, and is one of the vice presidents of the Council of People's Commissars. Trotzky, Tomsky, Stalin and Bukharin are likewise prominently associated with every one of these bodies.

The political bureau overlooks no bets. It has three alternates—Rudzutak, Kalinin and Molotov—who impregnate all the principal executive branches. They comprise a little machine that is an understudy for the big one. Hence, it is not difficult to see how the masters of Russia impose their will. Not only are they represented in every activity that makes for power but they are likewise the overlords of the Communist Party.

With the Communist Party we reach the real source of Soviet autocracy. It is generally assumed that the Communist Party in Russia is not only an aggregation of roughnecks but includes the great mass of the people. Nothing is further from the truth.

To begin with it includes among its chiefs—I mean, for example, the members of the political bureau—men of university training who are accomplished linguists and cultured in the fullest sense. Lenine, for instance, was a scholar and a son of a hereditary noble. As I have already pointed out, all these leaders were professional revolutionists, which accounts for the code of reprisal they have imposed upon their opponents.

Instead of representing the entire population, the Communist Party constitutes a very small section of it. Up to the time of Lenine's death it included not more than 350,000 men and women. They were all hand-picked. What most people do not comprehend is that the Russian Communist Party is almost as exclusive as a fashionable club. A former member of the intelligentzia who seeks to join must go on probation for a period of two years. The strictest watch is kept on his life and habits. If he utters a word not compatible with communist tenets his name is wiped off the list. More than one aspirant has lost his chance by getting drunk or profiteering. The worker slips in much more easily, with the result that the horny-handed, so to speak, constitute today the bulk of the membership. This explains why the party is stronger in the cities than in the rural regions.

The Russian Communist Party is the most relentless taskmaster in the world. It is like a secret society whose oath is a merciless mandate for every service. What the chiefs command, the rank and file must perform, regardless of hazard or consequence. It is medieval in conception and execution. Yet to bear the badge of the communist in Russia is on a par with the wearing of a high decoration in the old imperial days.

A definite method exists for keeping down the numbers of the Communist Party. Like most of the prevailing ideas in Russia it originated with Lenine. He always made the point that a small, compact and easily manipulated party was far more advantageous to his interests than one that included millions. So it has continued

### The Ruling Party

When Lenine died a great wave of sentimentalism swept the country. The grief was hysterical. His almost barbaric funeral, in such bitter and biting cold that thousands died or became ill from exposure, started a movement which resulted in the enlistment of what is called the Lenine levy, which added 300,000 new members to the rolls of the Communist Party. Many of these had already made application and had served the first novitiate. Their entry therefore was merely hastened.

At the time I write, the strength of the Russian communistic body is approximately 650,000, a ridiculously small number when you consider that it absolutely controls a population of more than 130,000,000. These communists are parked in every strategic position. They hold the most responsible posts in the various divisions of the army and navy. They are the confidential clerks in the commissariats. They are the envoys to all foreign countries. They carry on the red intrigue in every part of the world. A special contingent in uniform forms the guard of the Kremlin and another in mufti—a sort of flying squadron of shock troops—is at instant call for any emergency.

The control of the Communist Party therefore means the control of Russia. It explains how the political bureau perpetuates itself and why its will is law.

The third reason why the communists have put themselves over so unalterably is partly due to the tradition and temperament of the Russian people. As someone has well said, "They have been the reluctant and yet voluntary accomplices of the Bolsheviks."

For many decades Russia has been ruled by some kind of bureaucracy. It is the substitute for what in other countries would be called the ruling class. In czarist times the country was under the heel of the police, the army, and a corrupt, selfish aristocracy. Accustomed to the ways of terrorism it readily adapted itself to a new brand of it. After years of war waged both from without and within, the spirit of the people was broken and their morale shattered. In addition, the peasants were led to believe through the working of a cunning propaganda that if the Bolshevik power were overthrown all the land allotted to them would pass from their hands.

(Continued on Page 77)

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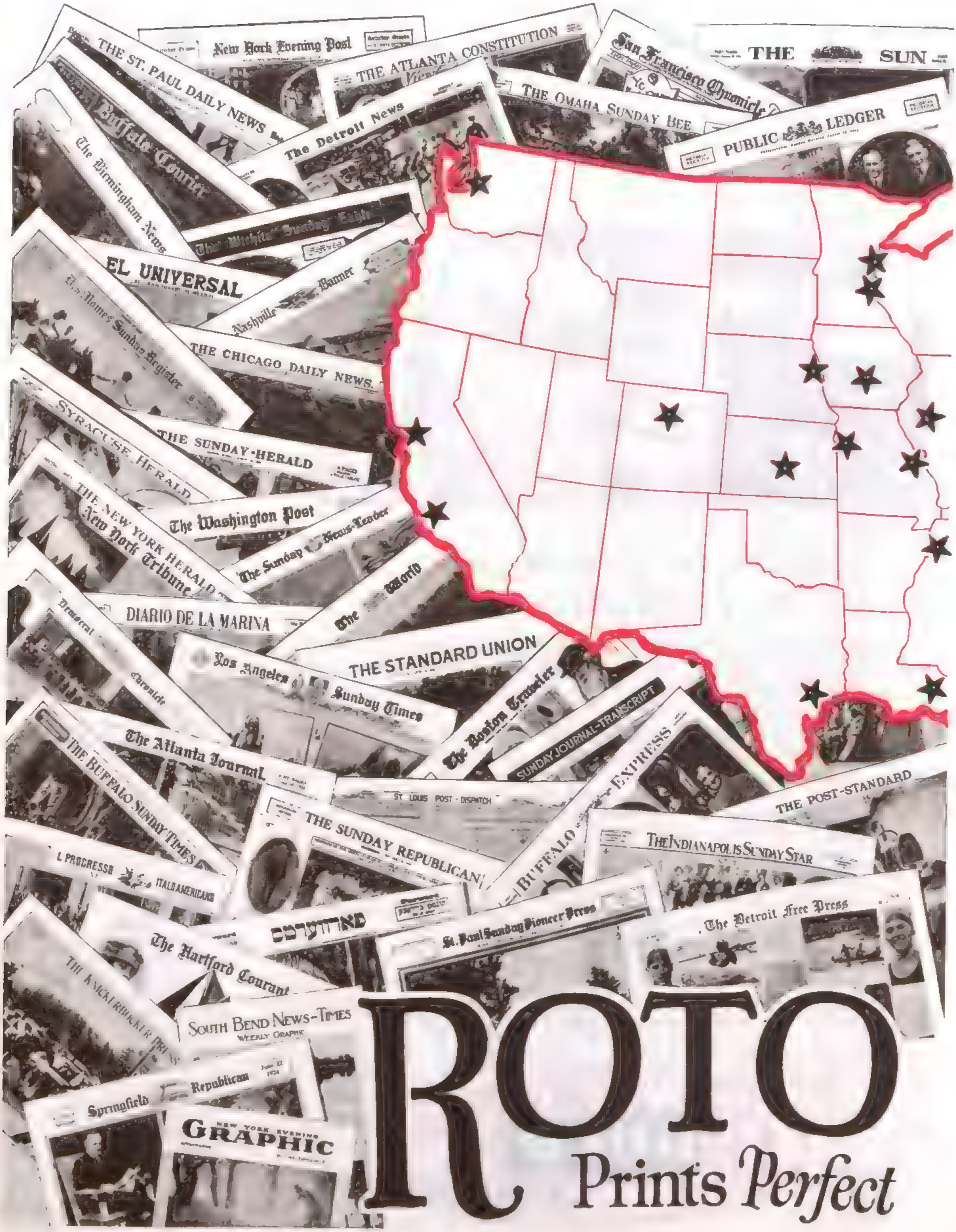
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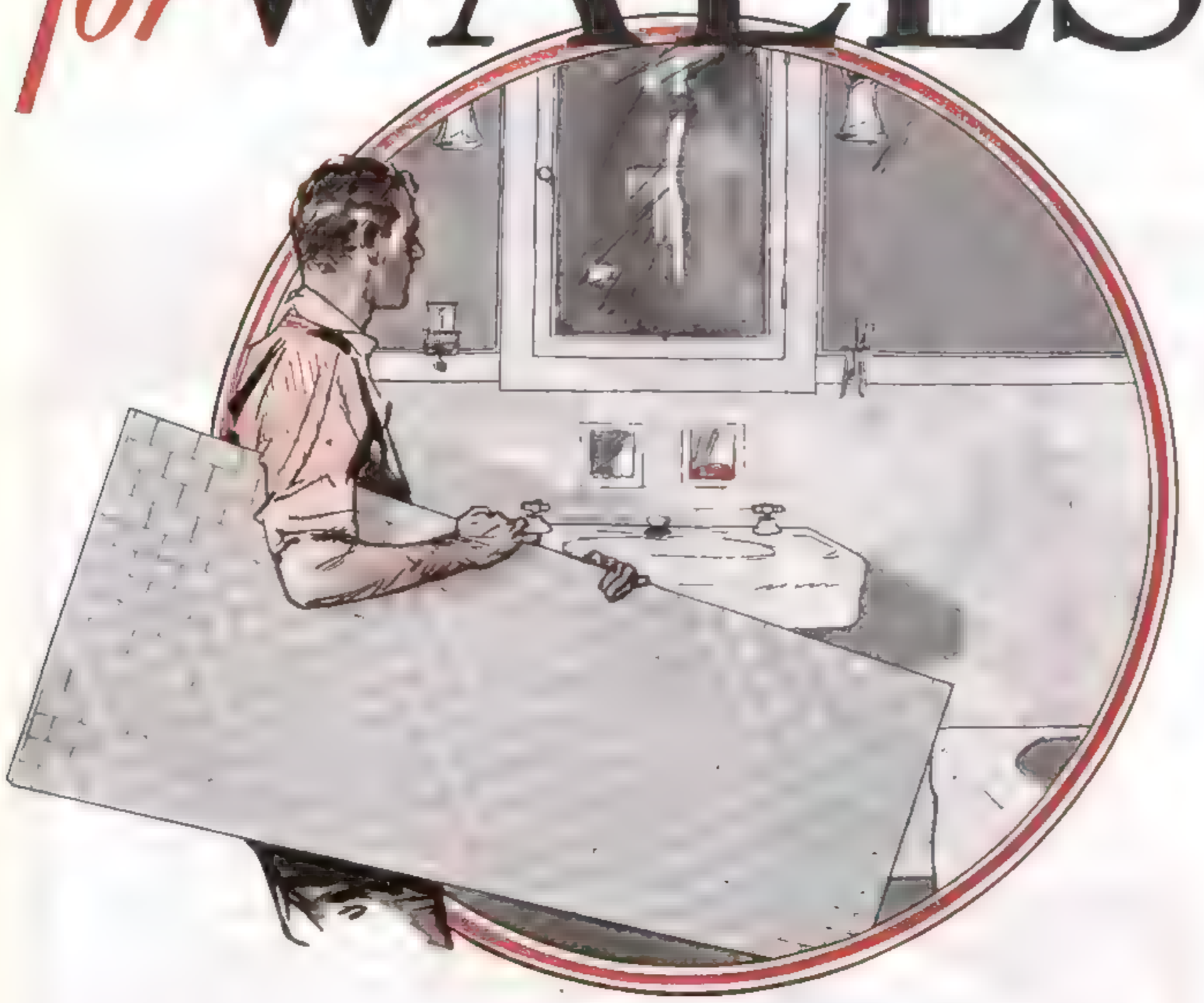

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Whatever the cause, the populace seems to have accepted its fate with the ready acquiescence to the immediate, which is one of the Slav traits. Everywhere is the indication that the nation has shrugged its shoulders and said, "What's the use?" The physical squalor is matched by a kindred mental abandon.

With this bird's-eye view of the land, the people and the government, we can pass on to the first of the outstanding figures. Since Lenine was, and for that matter remains, Bolshevism incarnate, it follows that the man who succeeded him as Premier should head the list of those who will have their say about the crimson cause. We will begin with Rykoff.

No experience of mine in Russia, not even the amazing interview with Trotzky, was so full of interest as the two hours I spent with the Premier. It did not result so much from the personality of the man and what he said as from his environment. For I talked with him inside the Kremlin, the citadel of communism.

The prelude afforded an illuminating contact with Soviet mentality. When I reached Moscow the head of the press department at the Foreign Office assured me that he would make whatever engagements I desired. After arranging for me to see Krassin, Rudzutak and Sokolnikoff, he apparently got tired of the job and informed me that I would have to make the remaining ones on my own. Once I got an appointment, the Foreign Office would vouch for me. It was not a cheerful prospect.

Luck was with me, however, because one night at dinner I met Raphael Rubenstein, Kalinin's principal secretary, who not only made the arrangements for me to see his chief but also Rykoff. The plan was that on the day indicated for the talk I was to come to Rubenstein's office with my interpreter to ascertain the exact hour. The building that houses Kalinin is just opposite one of the principal gates of the Kremlin.

On the day indicated I showed up at half past twelve. Instead of bringing the woman interpreter whom I had employed during the greater part of my stay in Moscow, I took the male secretary of one of the leading London correspondents.

When Rubenstein telephoned Rykoff's secretary that we were ready to go over he was asked what interpreter I had, whereupon the status of my man was explained. Much to my surprise Rubenstein was told that he was not acceptable.

Finally we got Samuel B. Cahan, head of the Anglo-Roman Department—it used to be Anglo-American—at the Foreign Office, on the telephone, and he was good enough to send over his own personal secretary, who once lived in Grafton, Illinois, and spoke excellent English.

### *Impressions of Rykoff*

Meanwhile various preliminaries had to be arranged. A major in the Red Army—a most obliging young man who smoked the last of my precious store of Virginia cigarettes—came over to act as escort, bringing a pass to enter the Kremlin. No one, not even the highest Russian official, is allowed to pass within the portals of this stronghold without proper credentials. The fear of assassination still holds. All this consumed most valuable time and it was nearly two o'clock before we arrived at the Troitzkiya, one of the five great gates to the Kremlin.

Rykoff's office is in the big white building that once housed the Supreme Court of Russia. We went down a long hall, passed through a small chamber, and almost before I knew it I was standing in the presence of the individual who, so far as office is concerned, wears the mantle of Lenine.

Rykoff is thin, tall, with frail shoulders and the general look of a man who has suffered. Nor does his experience belie this look. He spent seven years in solitary confinement in Siberia and the record of it is written in his face. There is a suggestion of Joseph Conrad, who was a Pole, in the tragic countenance, and especially in the wistful eyes. I have rarely seen a forehead so furrowed as his.

For fifteen years Rykoff, a professional revolutionary like his predecessor, was hunted from place to place. Born of peasant stock he is of pure Russian blood and therefore in contrast with Trotzky, Kamenev and Zinoviev, who are Jews. When Lenine fell ill he became his understudy because he had been Vice Premier since 1920. It was natural that he should step formally into his shoes, although mentally he does not measure up to the man who is deified in Russia today. His manner, while reserved, does not lack friendliness, and he readily answered every question I put to him. There is a defect in his speech which, as is the case with many stammerers, he seeks to cover up with a cough.

### *A Chat With the Premier*

The room in which we sat was not without its touch of drama. On a pedestal alongside Rykoff's desk was a clay cast of Lenine's right hand, and in a corner, resting on a piece of red velvet, reposed Lenine's death mask. It seemed as if the presence of the departed mentor still filled the chamber.

Since Rykoff, to a greater degree than any of his associates save only Trotzky, had been a real student of economics, I first asked him to outline the Russian economic situation. He said:

"Before and during the World War, Russia developed her agriculture, industry and railway partly on foreign capital, whereas the Russia of today must rely entirely upon her own resources. What was previously considered a great misfortune is now regarded as a natural state of affairs. Russian self-sufficiency in the future must be preserved.

"Natural conditions in Russia permit her to keep her economics isolated. It is impossible to state how soon the different branches of industry and agriculture will develop if this isolated state continues. For example, I will name chemistry, which during the czar's régime was in a poor state of development. Most of the material had to be imported.

"In order to develop this and kindred activities we have had to transfer our working capital from one industry to another. The tendency has been to slight the light industries in favor of the heavier ones. This has been especially the case in machinery and coal mining, which, in prewar times and later, operated on European and American money.

"At the start we regarded the transfer of capital from one industry to another as a temporary measure, as we expected a renewal of financial relations with the rich capitalist countries. The process has been so successful that it has been kept in general use. Relations with foreign nations have now been renewed, but the question of the participation of foreign capital has not yet been decided. Therefore, such shifts of capital from one industry to another as we practice now afford the fundamental and only means for the state accumulation of wealth."

When I asked him to declare himself on the new economic policy he replied:

"Nobody expects the new economic policy to be a permanent measure. That it should continue was neither the plan of the Communist Party nor the aim of the Soviet Government. Just when the turning point from the new economic policy to communism will come is hard to predict. It depends wholly on the organic and gradual growth of our state institutions. Introduction of the new economic policy meant a private bourgeois initiative based on competition between the state syndicates, trusts, and coöperatives, and private trade. The inevitable liquidation of the new economic policy cannot be regarded as another revolution. It will be eclipsed by the gradual accumulation of wealth in state institutions, and it is quite possible that its disappearance will not even be noticed by the majority of the populace. Competition in industry and trade will be ended by the growing importance of state and social principles and the decrease of private bourgeois initiative."

When I asked the Premier if it was true that 85 per cent of the retail trade was in the hands of private traders, his answer was:

"Yes, it is true that 85 per cent of retail trade is in the hands of petty private merchants. You as an American, however, can hardly imagine what a Russian petty trader is. He used to be called *korobeinik*, which means peddler. In some parts of Russia today these peddlers control 90 per cent of the retail trade. They are half merchants and half peasants who buy small quantities of goods, such as tobacco, soap and calico, put the wares in a basket and carry them on their backs to villages, where they dispose of them. Owing to the lack of development in our state coöperative institutions, these traders must reserve their supplies from the middleman—another private trader—who sells at outrageously high prices. It is unnecessary for us to abolish the petty trader, but it is necessary for us to make him dependent upon the state cooperative institutions so that the government and not the private capitalist middleman will be the agent. The state will give him favorable terms. When we have accomplished this the 85 per cent of business now in the hands of the small trader will vanish. Our present aim is not to abolish the small merchants."

On the state of Russian industry Rykoff made this statement:

"Our general economic state to a large degree depends upon the harvest. If it is good we shall have a big expansion at home and abroad. Therefore it is difficult to make any forecast about the future. I can say, however, that Russian industry today is 45 per cent of the prewar proportions, although 25 per cent of our workers are unemployed. Wages are 67 per cent of prewar. The demand for various products has greatly increased. This is especially shown in the textile industry, which has increased 30 per cent over 1923.

"Expansion of heavy industries, such as the metallurgical, depends upon the state budget and upon the orders that the state can give. Next year's budget will be increased by 500,000,000 gold rubles. Hence, we expect a big increase in factory output.

"The movement of our two great products—coal and particularly oil—will have an important bearing on our economic future. It will, of course, depend upon European competition. We can export coal and oil in almost unlimited quantities. Our chief oil fields—Baku and Groznyi—have been reëquipped. American methods of drilling are employed, and production is increasing."

In the matter of concessions and future relations with the outside world, Rykoff said:

"At the present time only 4 per cent of our concession capital is foreign and we shall proceed cautiously with any further grants.

"As to the future relations with the United States and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, my desire is for the strongest possible coöperation. America's economic resources are such that she is the only country that can really assist us financially. There is much in common between the geological conditions of America and Soviet Russia. America was compelled to establish her commonwealth on vast stretches of unpopulated territories. Her great prosperity has resulted from the application of high productive forces. The same can be applied to Russia."

### *Treatment of Concessionaires*

"All Americans who apply to us for concessions seem concerned about guaranties. Let us assure you that their energy and money will not be lost in the U. S. S. R. Safety lies in the peculiar form of our government. Instead of referring to juridical or international laws, we always refer to our own interests, which make it profitable for us that American capital participate successfully in the reëstablishment of Russia. Thus our own self-interest is the highest guaranty for American capital in our territory."

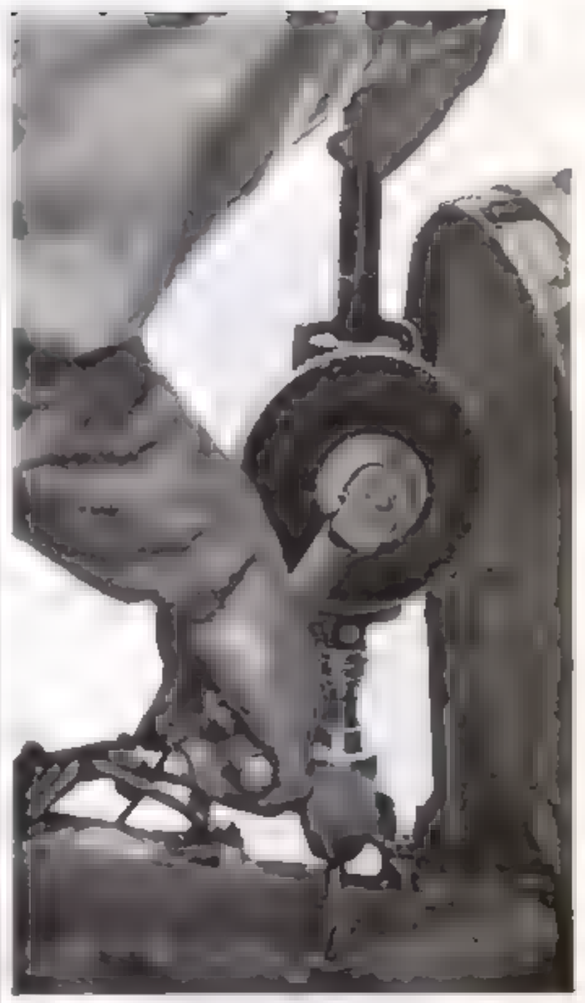
My final query was related to some kind of prophecy about the future of Russia. Rykoff smiled, shook his head, and made what was his concluding comment:

"All I can say is that nothing good will come out of the Versailles Treaty or the League of Nations."

As I went out through the great red gate I met Kalinin coming in. His living quarters, as well as those of his principal colleagues, are in the Kremlin. As usual he wore no collar, and he carried a small basket in his right hand. He looked just like a factory employe going home from work. We passed the time of day, for I had interviewed him a few days before, and went our separate ways. Thus within the space of a few minutes I had contact with the two men who rank highest in the government.

But that rank—and here is the point of this closing observation—is a hollow mockery, especially in the case of Kalinin. The real masters who hold the fate of 130,000,000 people in their hands are the members of the small political machine that I have described. We can now see in detail the consequences of their rule on the vast domain which is Soviet Russia.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia. The next will be devoted to Trotzky.

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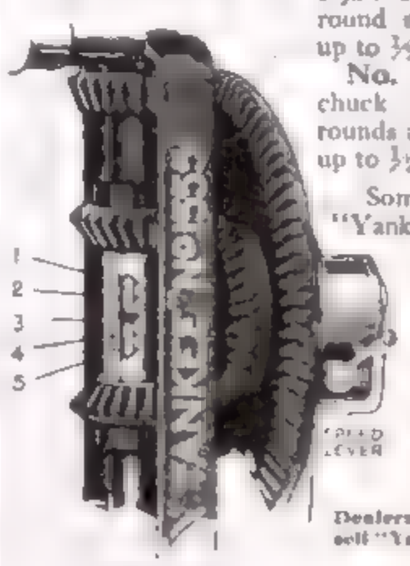
No. 555. 2-jaw chuck holds both rounds and squares up to ½ in.



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2. Left Hand Ratchet
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4. Double Ratchet
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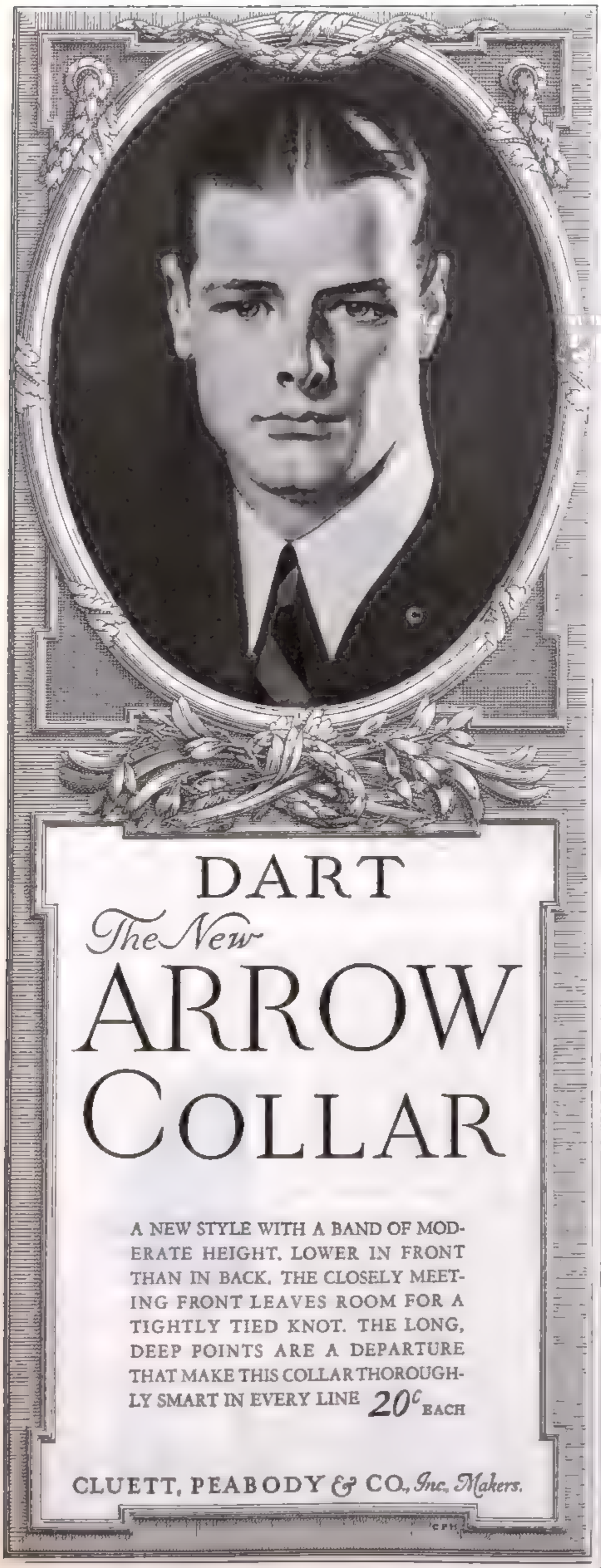
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# RUSTY AND THE SOB SISTER

(Continued from Page 21)

says "Come take a taste." You know, just naturally puckered for it. But you wouldn't take a chance after you'd seen the eyes, which says "Keep off. This means you," as plain as printin'; and below the mouth is a sturdy little chin that backs up the warnin'. So I gives her a friendly glance, and hardly that.

She's got an envelope in one hand with something written on the back, probably a street address by the way she's lookin' at the different doors. But as some of these places is numbered and some ain't she's more or less puzzled. Next thing I knew she's stepped up and hailed me.

"Could you tell me where I will find Miss Rosenberg's studio?" says she.

"Rita's?" says I. "Right in here, first floor left."

With that I steps one side and lets her pass. But in a minute she's out again. "Miss Rosenberg doesn't seem to be in," says she. "At least I could get no reply to my knock."

"Did you try the door?" I asks. "Well, you should. If she was on a party last night she might still be poundin' her ear. I'll see for you." But it was locked, all right. "Then she ain't back from some week-end trip in the country," says I. "Stays over for days sometimes. You never can bank on these Villagers. If you got any word to leave you might slip a note under the door."

"No," says the young lady. "I must talk with her. That is, if she's the right one. Perhaps you know—the young Russian sculptress who came over with those Moscow players and who has been modeling such wonderful heads and busts."

"Well, you might call 'em wonderful," says I, "but if you ask me they're just plain rummy—gobs of mud that she tacks names to. I can't see 'em a-tall. 'Course, if you're one of them art sharks ——"

"I'm not," says she, "and I should probably think just as you do about her sculpture. But some of the critics have made quite a fuss over her work, and she has done busts of several prominent people, and so the Sunday editor sent me down to get a story about her—not about her art, but about herself, human-interest stuff."

"Oh!" says I. "A lady reporter, eh?"

She lets a little smile flicker about the rosebud mouth. "Nothing so grand as that," says she. "They call us sob sisters; chiefly, I suppose, because we do leads for murder trials and other emotional write-ups. I was hoping to get something good out of Miss Rosenberg for the next edition. And I've always wanted to see the inside of some of these Alley studios."

"Well, say," I goes on, "you ain't missin' so much in not seein' Rita. She's a mess, and so's her joint in there. But if you're anxious to have a look at a studio I guess I can fix it. My lady boss has one on the next floor, and you're welcome to see all there is to see."

"Oh, may I?" says she. "Are you sure she wouldn't mind?"

"Absolutely," says I. "I'll pilot you up myself."

She waits for a second, gives me the careful once-over, and then climbs up the rickety stairs behind me. And as she scouts around the studio she lets out little gurgles—one for the bright-patterned curtains, another for the window boxes with the petunias in 'em, and more for the white bathtub and the gas range.

"Why, it's all so cozy and comfortable and—and clean!" says she. "I didn't know that the Village artists had places like this."

"They don't, most of 'em," says I, "but when my lady boss does a thing she's apt to do it pretty near right."

"And she must be quite a successful painter," goes on the young lady, "with a car and chauffeur and everything. Is this some of her work?"

She has spotted the one of the brickmakers at lunch.

"How does it strike you?" I asks.

"Why," says she, tiltin' her head on one side, cute, "I—I really don't know. An odd subject, isn't it? And painted rather rough and splashy. But there seems to be something genuine about it. Those men lounging there in the sunshine with their muddy boots stretched out. I've seen a gang of ditch diggers sprawled about just like that at their noon hour. That one holding the tin cup. Isn't he real? Of course, I know nothing at all about art."

"Same here," says I. "And likely that pitcher ain't any good. Nobody around here seems to think any of her stuff is, but it's kinda raw of 'em not to kid her along a bit, for she's as kind-hearted an old girl as ever breathed."

"Oh!" says Miss Sob Sister. "She's an old lady, is she?"

"Along in the sixties," says I. "And she ain't a reg'lar artist at all. She's just down here keepin' an eye on a granddaughter that quit home because her folks led too gay a life for her. Whaddye know about that?"

"That's a new one," says she. "A grandmother chaperon in the Village is rather novel too."

"Only," says I, "the girl don't know she's any relation. So they get on fine. You see, grandmother's flaggin' under another name—mine, to be exact. And she took up this paintin' act just as an excuse to live here next door to Miss Stella. But she seems to be havin' a lot of fun out of it."

"How interesting!" says she. "Do you know, Mr.—er ——"

"Rusty, to you," says I.

"Thank you, Rusty," says she. "I was going to say that I believe your lady boss would make almost as good a story as Miss Rosenberg. I wish I could meet her."

"I guess you're goin' to," says I. "That's her comin' up the stairs now."

Ma Gowdy don't seem a bit surprised to find a strange young lady in her studio, and when I explains how she was one who wanted to see how artists lived, and so on, the old girl just smiled and shook her curly gray bob and said she wasn't the real thing, but even if she couldn't paint she thought she could make a cup of tea that would pass muster. And with that she proceeds to do it, and to fix some sandwiches, and set out jam and cheese, all the time chattin' as folksy as if she was entertainin' an old friend. Half an hour later, when Ma Gowdy tells me to drive her guest home, wherever it is, and I leads Miss Sob Sister out to the coupé, she says just what I expected.

"Isn't she an old dear, Rusty?" she asks. "And I do hope somebody comes along who will tell her that her paintings are wonderful."

Which was when I got my hunch. "Why don't you say it—in your paper?" says I.

"Oh, they wouldn't allow me," says she. "The Sunday editor knows that my opinions about art would be of no value. He would think I was press-agenting for some friend. No. She would have to be discovered first, by some recognized art critic. If that could be managed ——"

"Say," I breaks in, "any critic you couldn't manage would be hard-boiled, I'll tell the world."

"Thank you, Rusty," says she. "But I don't happen to know one. Wait! Yes, I do too. Ward Veeder. Not very well, it's true, but I've met him once or twice, and if I should be sent to do some interviews on that row over the statuary group they've thrown out of the Metropolitan well, I might arrange something. I'll let you know if I can."

But you know how it is with them newspaper people. They go from this to that and they're easy promisers and easier forgetters. I didn't hear anything from little Rosebud for more'n a week, and I'd about decided she'd junked the whole proposition when here one day she comes hurryin' up to the car where I'm parked just outside the Alley.

"I've planned something, Rusty," says she. "I've hooked Veeder! He has promised to look at her stuff late this afternoon. There's to be a smart tea at Manship's studio, with a lot of society stars out, and as soon as he can break away he'll let me bring him here."

"Classy work," says I.

"Oh, nothing may come of it," says she. "Maybe he'll only snort and walk out on us. He's a snorter, you know. An awful crab. His art column is mostly made up of roasts, and half the painters in town would like to murder him. But this Mother Gillan of yours has nothing to lose, you know, so we'll take a flyer. I'd like to stage-manage it a bit though."

"Any way you say," says I.

"I want him to see the pictures first," says she, "and then meet your lady boss. How can we get her out of the way for half an hour?"

(Continued on Page 81)

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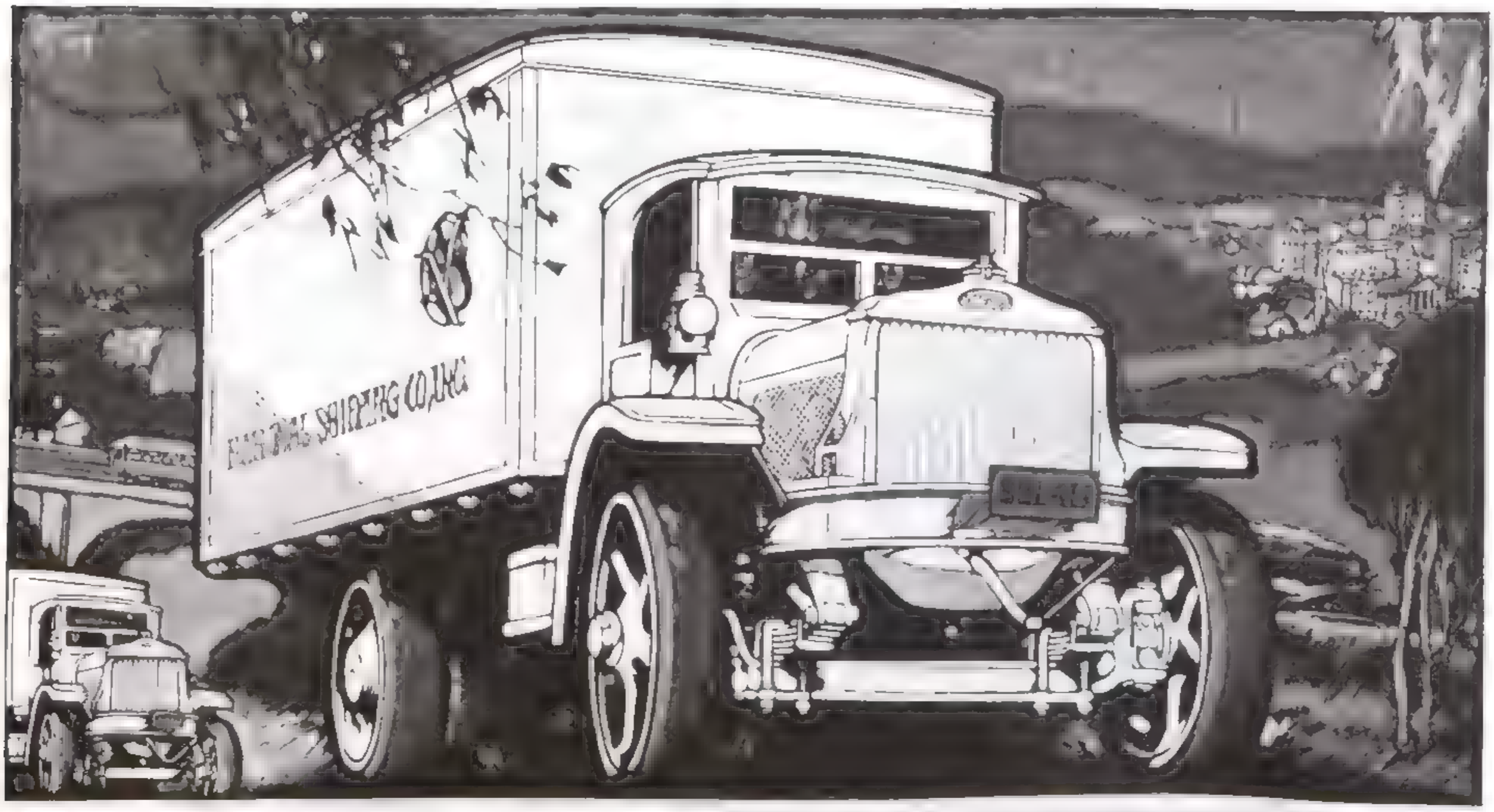

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Owners' records of White Trucks, published annually, have shown steady increase in the number of trucks which have exceeded 100,000 miles of service and in the number which have gone on past 300,000 miles —even 500,000 miles.

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THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

# WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 78)

"Simplest thing I know of," says I, "is for me to put it to her straight. You know, I've almost got so I can't lie to her any more. Funny, ain't it, when I used to be such a ready liar? But I'll just explain how you want to show her stuff to someone when she ain't there and then have her drop in afterwards. She can slip into Stella's place for a while. Oh, she'll do it if I say it's for you."

And she did, although she laughs and says, "Why, Rusty! Are you sure it is mine she wants to show?"

Anyway, she left the place tidied up neat, and her paintin's stood around, and then I hangs up outside the downstairs door to give Rosebud the nod when she came. It's near 5:30 when she shows up, and with her is this potty little party with the pink and white face and the wide black ribbon on his eyeglasses.

I expect that Rita person must have suspicioned something was on, for she'd been in and out once or twice and tried to pump me as to what I was waitin' for. And I'll bet she had her ear stretched all the while, for no sooner do they hit the doorstep than out she pops.

"Why, look who's here!" says she. "The great and only Ward Veeder! Now who told you about that naughty group I've been doing? Well, I'll let you see it if you'll promise to be good."

"Huh!" growls Veeder. "Who wants to see your cursed nudes? Not I, thank heaven!" And with that he pushes past her.

"Ditched again, eh?" says I, grinnin' at Rita.

She glares at me, vicious. "Listen, son," says she, "if you were my chauffeur —"

"It couldn't happen," says I and slips upstairs to be ready to pass the word to Ma Gowdy.

And I couldn't help castin' an eye through the door crack and listenin' in on what a critic says when he's workin' at his job. It wasn't much. Mainly grunts as little Rosebud puts first one pitcher on the easel and then another.

"Wretched line," I hears him mutter. "Abominable composition. But what sunshine! What blazing sunshine! Sorolla never did anything so utterly drenched in it. Put on that brickyard thing again. No, turn it a little to the left. There! Come here, girl, and tell me what you feel about that picture."

"Me?" says Rosebud. "Why, it will probably sound silly, Mr. Veeder, but it makes me want to sprawl out on that log with them, and soak in the sun for a while, and maybe beg some of that cold coffee."

"Exactly," says he. "And when anyone can get that across with a few splashes of ocher, it's art. Nothing less. Did you tell me some old lady had painted this? I don't believe it. Where is she? I want to see her."

So I calls for Ma Gowdy, and she goes trailin' across the hallway with Stella bein' dragged along too. And this time I edges right in. Veeder puts on his glasses and looks the old girl over, curious.

"You never worked in a brickyard," says he

"No," says she, "but I lived next door to one for more than thirty years."

"Ah!" says he. "Who have you studied under?"

"Studied what?" says she.

Veeder snorts. "Do you fancy I am discussing dressmaking or piano pounding, my good woman?" says he. "Painting, of course."

"Oh!" says she. "I haven't taken any lessons."

"Why not?" he demands. "Why haven't you improved your line? Why haven't you learned something about composition?"

She gives him one of her quirky smiles. "I suppose I've been too busy cooking and washing dishes and bringing up children," says she.

"Criminal neglect!" says Veeder. "No less. Anyone who has such a gift for using color should be compelled to learn to draw; ought to be jailed for not learning."

A cut-up glimmer comes into her shrewd eyes. "I just knew I'd be sent to jail sometime or other," says she, "but I never dreamed my silly paintings would land me there. Oh, dear!"

"But they're not silly," says Veeder. "They're the most important things you've done in your whole life."

She shakes her head. "I have four grown children," says she.

"Bah!" says he. "Are any of them works of genius? Well, these paintings are; at least, very near it."

She lets out a chuckle. "Oh, no, they're not," says she.

"Woman!" snorts Veeder. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," says she. "Am I supposed to guess?"

"Tell her," says he to little Rosebud.

But when it's been explained how he's one of the headliner art critics Ma Gowdy only smiles.

"Then you must step over and see what Stella's been doing," says she. "Stella's a real artist, you know. Takes lessons from Tauchner and Berrolitz."

"Those fakers!" says Veeder. "She's wasting her time. I don't want to see her stuff. I refuse to go near it. But yours—oh, I must have Belder over here. Someone must go quickly to Manship's and tell Belder to come here at once."

"I'll go," says I.

"Good!" says Veeder. "And tell him to bring along as many of the crowd as are left. Mrs. Todd Buren, if she's still there; and Percey Mount, and the Parkinsons. Here, I'll dash off a note."

Well, I missed a half hour of Veeder, but when I comes back with half a dozen swells and this Belder guy, he was still pacin' up and down in front of the brickmakers pitcher and gettin' pinker in the face every minute.

And you should have heard them two art sharks go to it. Seems they both agree that there's great stuff in the paintin's, but not as to how or why. Belder claims the composition is naturalistic, or something like that, and is all to the good. Veeder says it's perfectly rotten. Same way about the drawin'. And while Belder insists that the color scheme is theatrical Veeder sticks out that it's as true as breathin'. Why, by the way they was jawin' and shakin' their fingers under each other's noses you'd thought they was debatin' who'd win the next World's Series, or if Firpo had a chance, or somethin' important. The swells don't take part, but sits around lookin' awed. As for Ma Gowdy, she pays no attention to it at all, but gets busy makin' tea and passin' the gingersnaps. It's nearly 6:30 before the session breaks up.

As little Rosebud starts to leave she pulls me into a corner and whispers, excited, "I believe we've started something, Rusty."

"A riot?" says I.

"No," says she. "Didn't you hear what they said? Well, they're going to arrange an exhibit at a private gallery, and then each one will write what he thinks, and that will let me in. You'll see."

I didn't quite get her. All I gathered was that something big was doing next week, for Stella was huggin' Ma Gowdy and pattin' her on the back, and that Rosenberg party was rubberin' in the door lookin' green in the eye.

"Isn't it wonderful, Mother Gillan?" Stella is sayin'. "The great Ward Veeder thinks you're a genius."

"And I think he's a great ninny," says she. "Making such a fuss over my daubs! But probably by dinnertime he'll have forgotten all about it."

I thought it was likely myself. But it seems that birds like Veeder and Belder are strong for diggin' up new talent, specially freak artists that nobody else ever heard of before, and then boostin' 'em in their newspaper columns. Gives 'em something to write about, I expect, and proves that they're real critics.

And sure enough, the next day after Ma Gowdy's stuff had all been carted off to some dealer's joint up on Fifth Avenue, both of 'em comes out with long spiels about the new genius that had been found in Greenwich Village and whose works had been put on exhibit at Whosit's galleries. I tried readin' their gush, but mostly it's such a lot of arty bunk that I couldn't make any sense of it—long words I never saw before and some that I'll bet they made up just for the occasion. Even Stella couldn't guess out some of 'em.

"But anyway," says she to Ma Gowdy, "you've arrived."

"Pish, tush!" says the old girl. "I'm just where I was last week. Let's go to Tortoni's for dinner."

Then came the news about the sale of the brickmakers pitcher. That Mrs. Todd Buren had bought it for fifteen hundred. Honest!

That does get a gasp out of Ma Gowdy. "She didn't look very bright," says she, "but I didn't think she was that foolish. I can't take all that money from her. I should feel like a robber."


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Save the surface and you save all" – [illegible]

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"But you must," insists Stella. "She has paid it to the dealer, and he'll want his commission. There'll be more too."

"Oh, all this hubbub will die down in a day or so," says Ma Gowdy.

But it ain't an hour after, that little Rosebud comes pantin' up the stairs with a cameraman at her heels. She wants to take a lot of snaps of Ma Gowdy and of the studio, and she wants her to promise not to let any other photographers in until after next Sunday. So the old girl poses good-natured in front of her easel, and sits for several close-ups, and some more with Stella standin' by.

"What can you find to write that them other guys ain't said?" I asks Rosebud.

"Huh!" says she. "They didn't even scratch the story. Just technical art patter. Besides, who reads their departments? I have an assignment to do a whole page for the Sunday edition, with half-tones. You wait until I've told New York about your lady boss. Then she will be famous."

She's such a cute little thing, and them serious big eyes seemed so innocent that I didn't dream she could ever cook up such a yarn as she did, just from what she'd seen of Ma Gowdy and the little that I'd spilled to her confidential. But say, I hadn't more'n glanced at her article than I went pop-eyed. Cute she may be, but she sure swings a wicked typewriter, and she don't care much what she writes so long as it reads well. The headin' was what caught me first off. It's spread all across the top of the page in big print:

"MYSTERY GENIUS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE
"Who is Mother Gillan, Who Came to Rescue a Runaway Granddaughter and Remained to Paint Her Way to Fame?"

"Oh, gosh!" I groans. "That spills the succotash all over the kitchen floor! What a poor prune I was to let that out to her! Now Stella's bound to find out."

Well, it was some yarn. Parts of it was so, of course, but there was a lot that was just romancin', specially that about how Ma Gowdy had painted away with an achin' heart, longin' to go back to the dear old farm next to the brickyard, but not darin' to leave her wayward granddaughter alone in the wicked Village; and without knowin' it she'd put her very soul on the canvas and had woke up one mornin' to find herself famous. Then there was pitchers of her, with her bobbed hair and wearin' her smock; and another of her and Stella, and even one of the window with the flower boxes.

"All Macdougal Alley," the story winds up, "is paying tribute today to the sweet-faced old lady who is known as Mother Gillan, but whose real identity has not yet been revealed. For the village has not only a new genius but a genuine mystery, and the studios are agog with excitement."

My guess was that they hadn't been more'n mildly interested up to then, but after they'd read how stirred up they were they begun to believe it. Anyway, Ma Gowdy soon found out what it was to be in range of the spotlight. Reporters and special writers fairly mobbed the studio. The camera artists waylaid her at all hours and shot off their flash lights all over the place. They even took snapshots of me. Tourists swarmed around, askin' fool questions. Gay bunches that had been dinin' at The Purple Pup and other joints adjourned to the Alley and demanded to be shown where Mother Gillan lived. The mail box was full of letters from art dealers askin' for consignments of paintin's. For three or four days there Ma Gowdy was so busy that I hardly had a chance to have a word with her. At last she simply breaks loose, makes a dash for the coupé and tells me to take her for a long drive so she can get her breath.

It ain't until we're comin' back that I has the nerve to ask her what about she and Stella.

"Why, Rusty?" says she.

"'Cause," says I, "it was me that did the leak act. I let it out to little Rosebud."

"I had guessed that much," says she. "I can't blame you."

"Then you ain't sore on me?" says I.

"I could hug you for doing it," says she. "Stella had to know sooner or later, and she was just lovely about it when she found out. I'm a real grandmother now, Rusty. I've qualified. And we're just as good chums as ever, even better. But I don't like being called a genius when I know I'm nothing of the kind. Besides, it's rather wearing."

If she'd only known it, she'd just started. And when a thing like that gets goin' it rolls up like a snowball. Swells begun pesterin' her to paint their pitchers, art-supply houses sent agents, her landlord doubled the rent, magazine editors wanted her to write the story of her life, newcomers in the village begged her to give 'em lessons, seventeen assorted Gillans from different states wrote in claimin' to be cousins or somethin' and asked her to send checks to stave off the mortgage or help send little Walter to the hospital so he could have his spine straightened.

Also her own fam'ly, who'd traced her out, begun to protest. Why was she masqueradin' under another name and getting all this publicity? Son-in-law Trimble—Flashy Phil—was especially indignant in the two night letters he sent, collect; and it wasn't until Daughter Mamie herself came down from Capooset and had a long session with Ma Gowdy that this was straightened out.

I don't know how it was fixed, but Mamie went back and Stella stayed.

Then there was the dinners. More'n half a dozen art societies in the village had planned parties with Ma Gowdy as the guest of honor, and were squabblin' as to which one should have her first. She stood for three such affairs, one night after another, and from all accounts they was all wet and noisy. The pink in Ma Gowdy's cheeks begun to fade out and she complained about not being able to sleep. And Stella, who was always included in the parties, was lookin' sort of drawn and dragged.

So I wasn't much surprised, here the other day, to find 'em both busy packin' up.

"You ain't goin' back to the dear old farm, are you?" I asks.

"No, Rusty," says Ma Gowdy. "We are sailing Thursday for Paris, and we intend to stay there for a year or more."

"Which means," says I, "that I've worked myself out of another job, eh?"

"I wish I could take you along, Rusty," says she, "but I don't think it would be best. We are to take a studio over there and live very simply and work quite hard."

"'Sall right," says I. "You gonna go on gettin' more famous, I expect."

"Rubbish!" says she. "I am going to be a silly old woman, as usual. It's Stella who will work for fame—if that's what she wants. Haul that trunk over by the window, will you?"

Well, I've sold the coupé for her, and helped close up the studio, and I'm still some choky in the throat over sayin' good-by to Ma Gowdy and tryin' to thank her for what she slipped me as a goin'-away present. Say, now I know how John D. feels when he gets up in the mornin'. Yeauh! No more shufferin' for me for one little while. Not while my left hip pocket has such a bulge in it. I'm gonna take in every girl show on Broadway, and I'm gonna watch the ponies run some, and see the big fight, and in a couple of weeks or so I may be ready to let another lady boss tell me how to wear my uniform cap; but if I do she's either gotta have wings or a quirky smile.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue.

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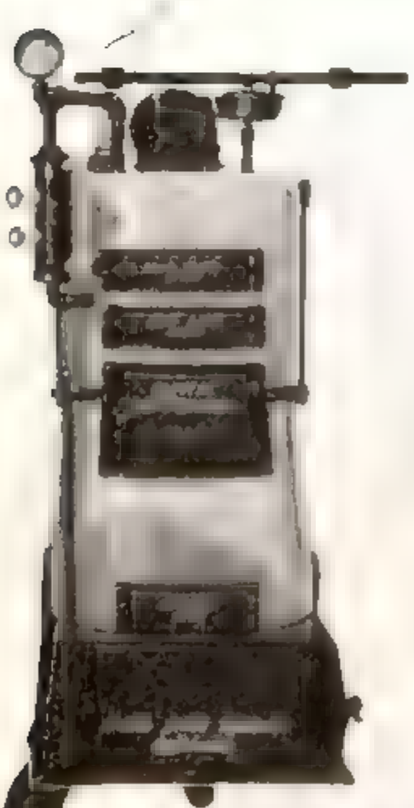

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# Capitol Boilers

# FATHER AND SON

(Continued from Page 11)

he kicked it between the Corvallis posts and Hampton had won the game—and the shining young man was none other than John Norton, Junior, healer of a severe disappointment suffered by John Norton, Senior, twenty-five years ago.

That was the dream John, Senior, dreamed nowadays most clearly and in detail. To its insistent demand John, Junior, continued to be held steadily to the daily secret afternoon work. For the four years of his prep course at Stephens, he met his father every day at five in the strange lot behind the house. As it has been explained, by the age of fourteen John, Junior, had already reached the stage when he propelled the balls the whole length of the yard, backed up against the house. To insure to the daily practice the gradual increase in difficulty which John, Senior, had so far been able to give it, it would now have been necessary to do one of two things: Either move the back fence farther back or move the house forward. But the back fence already was on a street; the back fence could not be moved. As for the house, it would have been possible to move it forward into the front garden, but this would have destroyed the front garden. John, Senior, after serious consideration, thought out another way. His son, coming to practice a few days later, found the landscape subtly changed. The uprights of the goal at which he so assiduously kicked had been moved a little nearer together. Where before they had been eighteen feet six inches apart, they were now only about eighteen feet.

This process was to continue for the whole of John, Junior's, course at the academy. Every month he found the uprights a little closer together. He would give one lazy look out of his long-lashed eyes at the shrunken target, then proceed without show of surprise; and between the close high posts the balls went sailing one by one, gracefully, indolently.

Then the four prep years were over and John, Junior, matriculated into Hampton, just two weeks before the beginning of the football season, and a great day came. Pop Joyce, head coach of football at Hampton, the real emperor at Hampton, was mysteriously accosted one afternoon.

"If you will come to my house at five today I will show you something," said the stranger in a tone which, though low, carried such a richness of mysterious promise and compelling hypnotism that Pop Joyce somehow fell in with the suggestion—or command—without debate.

"Corner Linden and Myrtle, at five you'll see something."

"I'll be there," said Pop Joyce.

Although, once away from the stranger, the compulsion weakened, yet his curiosity had been piqued. So he was there at Linden and Myrtle at the appointed time. John, Senior—for it was he—took him mysteriously into the back yard.

It was a strange back yard; one smooth firm lawn, towering vine-covered fences. Down there at the end a strange structure which you might have called goal posts had not the space between the uprights been reduced to a mere crevice, a mere slit. At hand, leaning against the house, a good-looking young fellow—a very good-looking young fellow—just leaning there, muscles relaxed. A little way from him, on the ground, a big basket full of footballs. Then the man who had invited him here. Pop now recalled him vaguely. He was one of those old grads who keep up their interest in the old college. Pop had seen him around, at games, at practices. He had some vague reputation of having done some vague thing in his day.

"Go ahead," said John, Senior.

John, Junior, stepped to the basket of balls and, with that easy half-indolent manner of his, began what was simply to him his daily practice. The thing was, of course, marvelous. Ball after ball, in swift succession, with a thump, went up in the air, sailed across the yard and vanished between the two uprights over there like nickels dropped in a slot. Joyce watched, his pale-blue eyes popping, his upturned nose still further upturned, with paralyzed amazement.

"That," said John, Senior, holding his voice down to a false modesty, "is what I have been getting ready for old Hampton. He is a freshman. What do you think of it?"

Pop Joyce answered by beginning to give an imitation of a man tearing his hair. Also he stamped as if on a red-hot iron griddle.

"And that's the time they choose," he almost shrieked, "to clap that freshman rule on me!"

"Who—they?"

"The faculty! The flat-headed, fossilized faculty!"

"What freshman rule?"

"They've passed a rule that no freshman can play on the varsity! We've got to wait a year!"

John, Senior, was, as we have seen, a man of courage and of patience. After a moment he mastered that ridiculous gulping in his throat.

"Well, after all," he said, "it simply means another year. After all the years I've waited, I suppose I can wait another year."

"Pop," he went on with rising enthusiasm, "he'll be still better next year."

"I don't see how much better you can want him," said Pop, who, with his blue china eyes was now sizing up John, Junior, all relaxed like a sleepy cat against the fence again.

"I'll move the house forward in front of the garden to give more room," John, Senior, cried, already more than consoled. "And I'll have him kick always at an angle; never straight on, but always from some difficult angle."

Pop Joyce, his eyes on the young man, was murmuring. "He looks as though he might be fast, too, you know. Good legs, good shoulders——"

The heart of John, Senior, began to beat the hint of some extravagant hope.

"You don't think," he halted, "that he might do something else than——"

"Not much!" Pop Joyce abruptly exploded. "I say, not much! In cotton—that's where you want to keep him. Do you hear me?—in cotton! Just think, even a stubbed toe—why, even a stubbed toe—— No, in cotton we keep him. Do you understand? In cotton! In cotton! In cotton!"

"I'll see to that," said John, Senior.

So for the term of his freshman year at Hampton, John, Junior, continued to live a sheltered life devoted to the back-yard kicking mysteries. Every now and then Pop Joyce came rushing with the air of a miser who, having buried his pot of gold, has dreamed that villains have got at it. Reassured and gloating, he watched the practice. And John, Senior, dreamed—dreamed his postponed dream. It was the big game between Hampton and Corvallis. There were but five minutes more and Hampton was behind. A shining young man came running on the field, kicked a field goal, won the game. And the shining young man was John, Junior!

The solicitude of the coach had grown even beyond the paternal one. Pop Joyce was suffering with an anxiety neurosis. He came running full of a new worry one day.

"Say, I've been thinking. He isn't studying too hard, is he? He isn't reading too much, is he?"

"Why, I don't know. Why?"

"His eyes, man! Suppose he got astigmatism or something like that! We've got to look out for his eyes!"

So John, Senior, asked John, Junior, "Say, by the way, John, you are not studying too hard, are you?"

To which, after a moment's careful consideration, John, Junior, modestly answered, "I don't think so, father."

"Well, don't. Save your eyes. Don't give yourself astigmatism or anything like that."

John, Junior, didn't. But this problem of bringing up one's child is a delicate one. It is to be feared that John, Senior, dominating his son so utterly in the sphere of his dream, had crushed him to a docility perilously exaggerated. Anyway, when, at the beginning of the next scholastic year—John, Junior's, second year—there was posted on the bulletin board of old North Hall a list of students placed under condition for insufficient classroom zeal, the name of John Norton, Junior, if it didn't lead all the rest, was still sufficiently evident about halfway down the list. Pop Joyce—he scanned anxiously the list every year as soon as it was posted—came running.

"He's on the faculty's conditioned list!" he cried as soon as he had reached the Norton front door.


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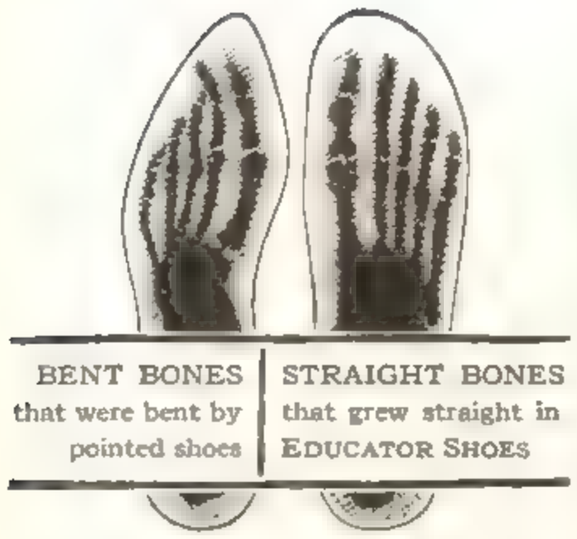

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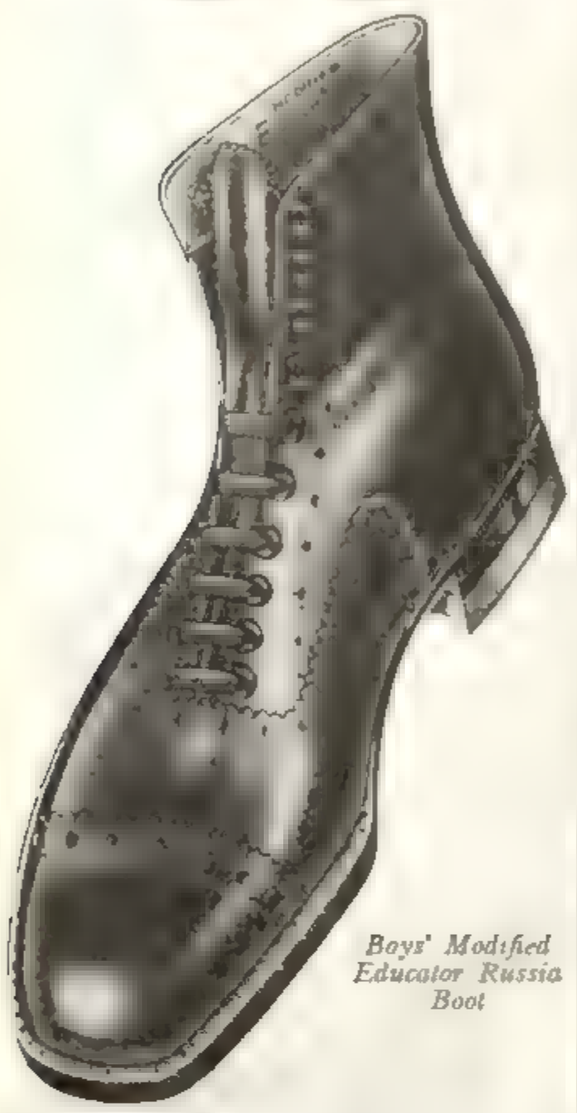

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John, Senior, failed at first to catch this announcement's full import. He was merely a little annoyed in his parental pride.

"How did this happen, John?" he asked, turning to his son.

"I flunked in Polecon and Mathematics Two," said the boy frankly. "You see, father, you asked me to let up on my reading, and at the time I was a little behind already."

For a flicker of a second the father studied his son curiously. But the unworthy suspicion dropped from him.

"Well, I suppose you can make up the conditions," he said kindly.

But Pop Joyce, who had been restraining himself with difficulty, now broke into a roar.

"Make up! Make up! Make up!" he roared derisively. "Make up—for springtime! In time to play baseball or golf or marbles or chess, parcheesi or tiddledywinks! But he can't make them up for this term. There's a rule for that. He's out—clean out—for the football season. For the football season, do you understand?"

John, Senior's, patience, as well as his persistence, was inexhaustible.

After a moment he said, resigned, "Well, we'll have to wait another year."

Another year for the fulfillment of his dream! Hampton there, beaten, at bay, desperate. And coming across the turf the miraculous young man, his son, predestined to shining victory by him, John Norton himself, acting in this particular affair the rôle of a god. The kick—victory—triumph!

Nothing of that for a year. Well, a year—a year is, after all, something that passes.

This one passed. The house had been moved forward and planted firmly upon the front lawn, and roses and fuchsias to give the young man more range. He now kicked with either foot, and could keep three balls on the way to the slit he kicked at, in the air at one time. He had worked off his conditions, and now it was the start of his third year in college and everything was all right, and John, Senior, and Pop Joyce, feeling a bit like old sailors who have brought a leaking scurvy-scourged bark through a hurricane into port, were quietly celebrating the final clearing of the prospect over a bottle of old sherry, prewar, brought up from the cellar by the host himself, when the telephone rang.

It was John, Junior, telephoning from his fraternity house. He thought maybe he would not be over this afternoon, and maybe he'd stay at the frat house for the night. But why?

A sort of mumbling followed, then ceased as a fresh, strong voice broke in. It was one of John, Junior's, fraternity brothers now speaking.

"I tell you, Mr. Norton, John is not very well. Some kind of high fever or something. We've sent for the doctor and he is on the way."

Pop Joyce and John, Senior, got there at the same time as the doctor.

"A deuce of a temperature," was the latter's observation after using his clinical thermometer. He remained silent for a moment. "It might be typhoid," he said. "There's a deal of it in town."

It was. And John, Junior, was ill for a long time, while for the time John, Senior, forgot all about a dream which had become altogether childish in the shadow of the new black nightmare. But the dream was stubborn; with the lad's convalescence and the nightmare's flight, it returned. Of a late spring afternoon, having coaxed the lad into the long-neglected back yard, with tears in his eyes John, Senior, saw him, still a bit wabbly, boot languidly several balls fair between the posts.

"He's just as good as ever," he said fiercely to Pop Joyce a little later. "The eye, the muscular coördination all there. But we must build up his strength—build up his strength against next fall."

The two worthies concerted with the family physician, and John, Junior, was sent up into the Canadian woods, from which he returned in the fall, just in time for the football season, lean-limbed, bronzed and fit as a wildcat. He reported for football, was given his suit; and his father now knew that the long jinx was over and the fulfillment of his dream at hand.

Then followed one of the strangest football seasons ever known at Hampton. The football squad became a superloyal band, lip-sealed with a secret. But as even through the tightest of sealed lips something will slip, in a little while all Hampton College took the attitude of a federation bound by oath. Hampton went around smiling with the smile of a man who, among roughs, knows he is carrying brass knuckles in his pocket. Corvallis was being very strong and boastful this year.

And never had there been so much secret practice. The high gates of the football field were being closed all the time. When the practice was an open one, it was ordinary enough. The team itself was ordinary. The wildest of its supporters could find in it little promise of driving strength, though on the defense it fought desperately enough, and whenever backed up against its last white line seemed able to find within itself new prodigies of rage and wrath. Pop Joyce seemed already to have recognized its limitations and to have seen that there was no extending of them. But he was making the most of that peculiar quality which already it possessed. He would line them up about one yard from their own last line and then sick the scrubs at them in attack after attack, tempering that varsity to the amiable disposition of a bulldog being worried to release a bone.

But at the secret practices—and they came often—something else was to be seen—though the only civilian to see it was John Norton, Senior, huddled there all alone, small in the center of the great empty stands. The varsity, given the ball and starting from their own goal, would pound slowly the scrubs back to their forty-yard line; to their forty-yard line—no farther. Then, trotting out upon the field in his unsullied armor, with hair parted, strangely ordered in the midst of his hirsute, disheveled companions of the moment, cool, handsome, debonair, almost a little disdainful, John, Junior, would neatly kick the field goal. Upon which, still unruffled, a little aristocratic without knowing it, he would trot back to the sidelines, to vanish immediately within the purple-and-gold blanket held out for him by the solicitous trainers.

Ten minutes later perhaps, the varsity would be once more on the scrubs' forty-yard line. Out of his blankets John, Junior, would emerge, kick the field goal and within the blankets redisappear.

A final special drill would end the afternoon's work. John, Junior, would kick now behind the scrub line, with the varsity seeking to break through. The varsity men broke through frequently. Frequently John, with that amiable air of his, executed his kick while, above him, men spread-eagled against the sky seemed to have the way utterly barred. Little recked John. He could kick with the right foot or the left; he could step to one side or the other and still kick; he could aim so that a ball passed by just a fraction of an inch a wildly intercepting body; and the ball always found the goal. The goal! Compared to that at which John had been kicking most of his life, it seemed to him about a mile wide and utterly unmissable.

All this happening in secret and silence, behind closed gates, with one, just one, civilian spectator—John Norton, huddled there in the center of the stands, nursing his dream; his dream, now almost here.

He did not know that John, Junior, had met Gloria Havens. But John, Junior, had met Gloria Havens. It was at a reception given the football squad two weeks before the big game, following the suggestion of Pop Joyce, who was detecting signs of overworry and staleness. Gloria swept young John with those violet eyes of hers, darkened by her long lashes as a clear blue sea sometimes is darkened by a squall.

"Oh," she said, "I know all about you. You're the prima donna of the football squad, are you not?"

"Prima donna?" said John, a little dazed. "She's a beauty!" he was thinking.

But with her violet eyes still disturbingly upon him, she was running easily along a thread of changing figures.

"Why, yes, a sort of lyric tenor, aren't you? Or one of those jewels one keeps in a box to look at once in a while. They take you out of the case now and then, they wind you up, they watch your feet go. 'What a cute little toy!' they say."

The confusion in metaphors seemed to be the result of some obscure emotion very strong within her. John was looking at her wide-eyed, and beginning to understand.

"I dare say," he smiled, then frowned a little at the same time. "I dare say that is somewhat of a description of me."

She was thinking, "What a charming boy—a sweet, modest boy! And I thought he was conceited! I've been a fool." But meanwhile, with a sort of subdued fury, was going on with what she had to say. "Don't you get a little tired of it at times? Here are the other boys, toiling, crashing their whole beings into the fight, and you there on the sidelines, nice and cool and clean, never giving anything except cool skill. Don't you get tired of it? Don't you feel sometimes you simply must join them—get into the effort, the sweat, the heat, the toil?"

"No," said John frankly after a moment's careful consideration. "I can't say I have felt that; not so far."

That is what had taken place between John, Junior, and that violet-eyed Juno, Miss Gloria Havens, about all of which John, Senior, knew exactly nothing. There was something else about which he also was to know nothing; something happening on the very night before the big game.

That evening, as the young man was arising from dinner at training quarters, a telephone message from his fraternity house apprised him of the arrival there of a package for him. This bit of news created in him a singular excitement. Forthwith he rushed over to the fraternity house, up to his room there, and locked himself in with the package which had been left on his desk. Hastily he cut string, tore wrapping, and four little books, all exactly the same size, all jacketed alike, all smelling the new smell of new books, stood disclosed in a neat pile.

For a long time John stood looking at the pile. Then for a long time, having taken

(Continued on Page 89)

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(Continued from Page 86)

up one of the books, he looked at that. He looked through the pages; his cheeks were flushed and his lips parted. Now and then, without knowing it, he caressed the book.

A little later a sudden inspiration came to him. He sat down and on the first page of the book wrote, "To Gloria Havens, from John Norton, Junior."

He wrapped the book, tied it, addressed it, and on his way back to training quarters left it on top of a mail box, making sure first that the carrier would be around in just five minutes. From behind an elm he peered for the five minutes, saw the package dropped into the carrier's big pouch, then continued to the training quarters and to bed.

Of this also John, Senior, as we have pointed out, knew nothing. He knew nothing, did John Norton, except that tomorrow was the big game; that tomorrow, if ever, his long-dreamed dream would come true.

Now it is hardly necessary platitudinously to state that in this world it is very seldom dreams do come true. Yet John Norton, sitting in the grand stand next day, fixed and thoughtful in the midst of wild noise and tumult, saw the bitter struggle beneath his eyes gradually shape itself toward the fulfillment of this dream, all the details of which he had settled in his mind years ago.

Hampton, this year, had no driving power, and from the first, attacked heavily by Corvallis, was placed on the defensive. The ball was continuously in their territory; they could not free themselves; it was a sort of nightmare. But on the other hand, red-shirted Corvallis, attacking over and over again with a growing sullen fury, could not drive through to a score. They would take the ball from somewhere near the center of the field, and with an immense persistence and obstinacy pound it toward the Hampton goal. But as they approached, Hampton's resistance increased, the going became harder and harder, each gain shorter and more painful—till finally, with its last white line just at its back, with its last white line searing its back, Hampton suddenly went berserk, tore the Corvallis forwards apart, stamped upon its back field, wrested the ball, and immediately, relieving with a punt, sent it back through the air in a long flight, back in one swoop the whole way Corvallis so bitterly had come.

Upon which, beginning all over again, with a sort of furious patience, Corvallis took the ball and pounded it back painfully toward the Hampton goal; only, at the last moment, with the breath of victory already in their nostrils, to meet once more this sudden explosion of a new, a reexasperated resistance, and to see, over their heads, the ball go sailing back all the way they had so hard won.

So it was through the first quarter and the second and the third and the greater part of the fourth; and John Norton, Senior, silent in the tumultuous roar of the stands, watched with hands clenched between his knees, and felt somehow a certitude that this was all a shaping toward the fulfillment of his dream. It took faith, too, to feel this; for the fourth quarter was passing and the struggle seemed bogged down in Hampton territory. Then, as there remained only about five minutes' more play, abruptly came the break.

Hampton, having once more halted a Corvallis drive, kicked from beneath the shadow of its own goal posts to the center of the field. And there in the center of the field the Corvallis fullback dropped the ball, and a Hampton end, shooting along the ground like a comet, covered its third bound with his body. It was now Hampton's ball on the forty-yard line, and John Norton, Senior, knew that there was now nothing possible that could keep his dream from coming true. In a minute John, Junior, would come out, kick a goal from the field, win the game and be a hero—just because he, John, Senior, twenty years ago had had the foresight and for twenty years the patience to prepare for exactly this moment.

It was rapidly approaching—the moment. From the huddle made by the two waiting teams, the spent Hampton quarterback detached himself, came toward the sidelines; from the sidelines, magnificently on the run, John, Junior, burst out upon the field to the tremendous ovation of the Hampton rooters. The teams reformed; John, Junior, dropped well back behind his own. He stood easily, left foot foremost, hands extended before him to receive the ball. And now it came back to him in a long floating toss. Now was the moment! John, Senior, in the great sudden silence, almost swooned.

Then John, Junior, letting the ball fall, kicking carefully, aiming carefully, slammed it full into the face of a Corvallis guard who had broken through and who, spread-eagled, was just then up in the air.

If this were a mere story we would with great satisfaction cruelly end it right here, with John, Junior, slapping the ball into the charging guard's face. Unfortunately this is no invented tale, and events did not cease right here, but kept on happening.

The ball, for instance. The ball, having struck the guard's astonished face, rebounded from that face. Swiftly it retraversed the short way it had come, from John's toe to the face and then, continuing, went leaping and rolling joyfully at great speed down the field toward the Hampton goal, a behavior, after all, strictly according to Nature's law. Less natural, however, was the fact that the ball, thus skipping and rolling toward the Hampton goal, was not alone, but closely accompanied by the one who had furnished it with its original impetus. Usually, when a man kicking from behind the line has his kick blocked, in the momentary dismay and paralysis following the disaster, he is caught in swirls of action which put him out of the play for good. Not so with John, Junior, however. In some way he had extricated himself out of the resulting confusion cleanly and adroitly as a cat; in some way he had done it almost instantaneously; in some way, there he was, loping after the ball, following it as closely almost as if it had been a hoop and he a small boy driving it. For a time it went faster than he; then he began to go faster than it; with three long leaps he was upon one of its bounds, whisked it up and tucked it under his arm.

He was speeding full tilt for the Hampton goal—not at all the proper direction for a Hampton back. A sudden swerve to the right now, however, set him with full sails toward the sideline, while at the same time it slipped him away from the nearest Corvallis pursuer as a hare doubles a hound. Now his course became a long curve which, taking him toward the sideline, at the same time gradually was setting his face toward the Corvallis goal. Thrice on that curving tack, with a slight slowing up, followed by an abrupt burst of new speed, he evaded just by the length of a finger nail headlong furious Corvallis tackles. He was at the sideline now; he swerved again and ran parallel to it, just inside.

This maneuver, following the long circling run, had set most of the men of both teams to a wild dash across field—the Corvallis men in an effort to head him, the Hampton men in the hope of forming an interfering shield for him. But now he proceeded to do without the one or the other. With a third abrupt bursting change of direction he streaked into a diagonal, taking him into that part of the field left empty by friend and by foe.

Not by all foes, however. The Corvallis big guard who had received the kick in the face was still in that vicinity, and just recovering his jarred wits. He was a big fellow, and strong; his catapultic tackle struck John fair in the ribs; to the shock he went a-flying some twenty feet sideways, landing beam-ended. The burly assailant, however, had failed to hold with his arms. John was up to his feet before him and streaking it once more for the goal. But the slight delay had given another one a chance. A red shirt went through the air, clutching hands wrapped around his ankles, again he went down. But he was down in a ball, like a porcupine; two rolls had him on his feet once more, staggering, but still facing the goal.

A small bunch of men was there between him and that goal. Abandoning strategy, he dived into them, was caught, went through in a succession of mad wrenchings, broke loose, and headlong stumbled across the last line to the touchdown.

That is one of the things that happened after the ball hit the guard in the face, and a large part of that was not seen by John, Senior. For at the sound of the wretched thump made by the blocked ball he had shut his eyes and dropped his head into his hands in reflex to the utterly cold and sickly feeling which had taken hold of his stomach, a position which the tremendous roar and surge of the mob about him forced him to abandon in time to see his son's final lunge across the line, but which even then, and for some time after, represented well the actual state of his soul.

It was a good half hour after the end of the game before, dazed and lost, the kernel of him one insistent question, he managed to fight his way to the training quarters through the mob of cheering Hampton celebrators. He found his son in the massage room. Seated upon the table, very joyous, surrounded by trainers, rubbers, admirers, his torso, stripped, being bound with adhesive tape by the doctor, while he idly swung an ankle already bandaged.

"John, however did you come to miss it?" said John, Senior.

"I didn't," said John, Junior. "I hit it square between the eyes."

"I mean," said the father, "the goal!"

"Oh," said John, Junior, negligently. "Say, father, I wasn't going to kick that goal! Jehoshaphat, I've been kicking them all my life! Have a heart, father! You didn't want me to kick that goal, did you?"

From the stupor into which this answer had placed him, John, Senior, found himself almost immediately cast into another one. There had been for a moment a commotion out in the hall leading to the massage room and, throwing his eyes out through the open door, John, Senior, was astounded to see, first, that a young woman was out there, and, secondly, that the young woman was none other than the very splendid Gloria Havens, a somewhat flustered if still splendid Gloria.

It is easy enough, carried on a wave of emotion, to force your way through a throng to a young man's house; it is still not a matter of extreme difficulty to force yourself through the disorder into the house, and even up the stairs. But when in a hall full of people you come to the room where you have been told the young man can be found, you are apt to hesitate. Gloria, the unhesitant Gloria, was hesitating. The tense, half-whispered and regal "Let me pass," which had made a lane for her up to that moment, somehow now became altogether voiceless. She halted, she poised, on the needle point of indecision.

But John, Junior, had now espied her and he did not hesitate. Evidently, clad as he was by this time in a cuirass of plaster of Paris, he felt the proprieties satisfied.

"Gloria!" he shouted, thus before everyone. "Gloria—oh, come here!"

Her hesitant pose broke charmingly into a smooth flow toward him, but he could not wait, and hurled what he had to say through the open door, as she was still far from him.

"Say, Gloria," he shouted, exultation in his throat, "I've got three broken ribs and a sprained ankle! Three broken ribs and a sprained ankle! Am I all right now?"

But as she came in and toward him, there was that in her eyes which seemed in expression to transcend even the idolatry due three broken ribs and a sprained ankle on gridiron won. If one could place two Venus planets in one night sky—which cannot be done—one would have had some faint imitation of the eyes of the lady at that instant.

"Oh," she said very low, "that was wonderful, John; but it is this, this, this, this which is wonderful!"

She held between her hands a little book, a bit as one holds a missal, and each time she said "this, this, this," she pressed it between her two hands as a missal is seldom pressed. "Oh, John, I received it this morning! I went early to the game and took it along, thinking I would glance through it to pass the time. I did glance; and, John, I saw nothing of the first quarter and hardly anything of the rest of the game—and hardly that beautiful run of yours. Oh, John, why didn't you tell me you owned so marvelous a gift! And the idea of wasting you at football, of getting your ribs broken! Why, John, I'll never let you play another game!"

"What is that book?" said John, Senior, and seized the book.

"It's just out," said John, Junior, embarrassed. "It's my first one, father; I've never done it before."

To seize the book, John, Senior, had risen. Now, having looked into it, he sank back weakly to the massage table.

"Poetry!" he whispered, looking quite gone. "Sonnets! He's a poet!"

When you have long waited to have something happen in one way, and it happens in another, you are apt to forget that it happened at all. It was a full week before, emerging out of his daze, John, Senior, abruptly realized that, after all, his son had made the Hampton football team and won a game; by himself won the big Hampton-Corvallis game of 1921, and placed his name on the graven tablet of Hampton's immortal heroes.


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# JANE GETS OFF THE FAIRWAY

(Continued from Page 7)

situation from the first. While Jane sat enthroned on her cushion, exchanging gay badinage with rising young poets and laughing that silvery laugh of hers, William would have to stand squashed in a corner, trying to hold off some bobbed-haired female who wanted his opinion of Augustus John.

The strain was frightful, and, apart from the sheer discomfort of it, he found to his consternation that it was beginning to affect his golf. Whenever he struggled out from the artistic zone now to one of the suburban courses, his jangled nerves unfitted him for decent play. Bit by bit his game left him. First he found that he could not express himself with the putter. Then he began to fail to be himself with the mashie niblick. And when at length he discovered that he was only fulfilling himself about every fifth shot off the tee he felt that this thing must stop.

The conscientious historian will always distinguish carefully between the events leading up to a war and the actual occurrence resulting in the outbreak of hostilities. The latter may be, and generally is, some almost trivial matter whose only importance is that it fulfills the function of the last straw. In the case of Jane and William what caused the definite rift was Jane's refusal to tie a can to Rodney Spelvin.

The author of The Purple Fan had been from the first a leading figure in Jane's salon. Most of those who attended these functions were friends of his, introduced by him, and he had assumed almost from the beginning the demeanor of a master of the revels. William, squashed into his corner, had long gazed at the man with sullen dislike, yearning to gather him up by the slack of his trousers and heave him into outer darkness; but it is improbable that he would have overcome his native amiability sufficiently to make any active move had it not been for the black mood caused by his rotten golf. But one evening when, coming home after doing the Mossy Heath course in five strokes over the hundred, he found the studio congested with Rodney Spelvin and his friends, many of them playing ukuleles, he decided that flesh and blood could bear the strain no longer. As soon as the last guest had gone he delivered his ultimatum.

"Listen, Jane," he said. "Touching on this Spelvin bloke ——"

"Well?" said Jane coldly. She scented battle from afar.

"He gives me a pain in the neck."

"Really?" said Jane, and laughed a silvery laugh.

"Don't do it, old girl," pleaded William, wincing.

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'old girl.'"

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like it."

"You used to like it."

"Well, I don't now."

"Oh!" said William, and ruminated a while. "Well, be that as it may," he went on, "I want to tell you just one thing: Either you throw the bloke Spelvin out on his left ear and send for the police if he tries to get in again, or I push off. I mean it! I absolutely push off!"

There was a tense silence.

"Indeed?" said Jane at last.

"Positively push off," repeated William firmly. "I can stand a lot, but pie-faced Spelvin tries human endurance too high."

"He is not pie-faced," said Jane warmly.

"He is pie-faced," insisted William. "Come round to the Vienna Bon-Ton Bakery tomorrow and I will show you an individual custard pie that might be his brother."

"Well, I am certainly not going to be bullied into giving up an old friend just because ——"

William stared.

"You mean you won't hand him the mitten?"

"I will not."

"Think what you are saying, Jane. You positively decline to give this false alarm the bum's rush?"

"I do."

"Then," said William, "all is over. I pop off."

Jane stalked without a word into her bedroom. With a mist before his eyes, William began to pack. After a few moments he tapped at her door.

"Jane!"

"Well?"

"I'm packing."

"Indeed!"

"But I can't find my spare mashie."

"I don't care."

William returned to his packing. When it was finished he stole to her door again. Already a faint stab of remorse was becoming blended with his just indignation.

"Jane!"

"Well?"

"I've packed."

"Really?"

"And now I'm popping." There was silence behind the door. "I'm popping, Jane," said William; and in his voice, though he tried to make it cold and crisp, there was a note of wistfulness.

Through the door there came a sound. It was the sound of a silvery laugh, and, as he heard it William's face hardened. Without another word he picked up his suitcase and golf bag, and with set jaw strode out into the night.

One of the things that tend to keep the home together in these days of modern unrest is the fact that exalted moods of indignation do not last. William, released from the uncongenial atmosphere of the studio, proceeded at once to plunge into an orgy of golf that for a while precluded regret. Each day he indulged his starved soul with fifty-four holes, and each night he sat smoking in bed, pleasantly fatigued, reviewing the events of the past twelve hours with complete satisfaction. It seemed to him that he had done the good and sensible thing.

And then, slowly at first, but day by day more rapidly, his mood began to change. That delightful feeling of jolly freedom ebbed away.

It was on the morning of the tenth day that he first became definitely aware that all was not well. He had strolled out on the links after breakfast with a brassy and a dozen balls for a bit of practice; and, putting every ounce of weight and muscle into the stroke, brought off a snifter with his very first shot. Straight and true the ball sped for the distant green, and William, forgetting everything in the ecstasy of the moment, uttered a gladsome cry.

"How about that one, old girl?" he exclaimed.

And then, with a sudden sinking of the heart, he realized that he was alone.

An acute spasm of regret shot through William's massive bosom. In that instant of clear thinking he understood that golf is not all. What shall it profit a man that he do the long hole in four if there is no loving wife at his elbow to squeak congratulations? A dull sensation of forlorn emptiness afflicted William Bates. It passed, but it had been; and he knew it would come again.

It did. It came that same afternoon. It came next morning. Gradually it settled like a cloud on his happiness. He did his best to fight it down. He increased his day's output to sixty-three holes, but found no relief. When he reflected that he had had the stupendous luck to be married to a girl like Jane and had chucked the thing up, he could have kicked himself round the house. He was in exactly the position of the hero of the movie when the subtitle is flashed on the screen, Came a Day When Remorse Bit Like an Adder Into Roland Spenlow's Soul! Of all the chumps who had ever tripped over themselves and lost a good thing, from Adam downward, he, he told himself, was the woolen-headedest.

On the fifteenth morning it began to rain.

Now William Bates was not one of your fair-weather golfers. It took more than a shower to discourage him. But this was real rain, with which not even the stoutest enthusiast could cope. It poured down all day in a solid sheet and set the seal on his melancholy. He pottered about the house, sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of despond, and was trying to derive a little distraction practicing putts into a tooth glass when the afternoon post arrived.

There was only one letter. He opened it listlessly. It was from Jukes, Enderby & Muller, Florists, and what the firm wished to ascertain was whether, his deposit on white violets to be dispatched annually to Mrs. William Bates being now exhausted, he desired to renew his esteemed order. If so, on receipt of the money, they would spring to the task of sending same.

(Continued on Page 92)

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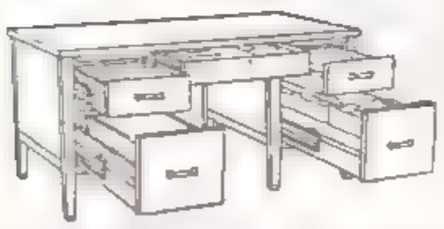

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NAME


(Continued from Page 90)

William stared at the letter dully. His first impression was that Jukes, Enderby & Miller were talking through their collective hats. White violets? What was all this drivel about white violets? Jukes was an ass. He knew nothing about white violets. Enderby was a fool. What had he got to do with white violets? Miller was a pinhead. He had never deposited any money to have white violets dispatched ——

William gasped. Yes, by George, he had, though, he remembered with a sudden start. So he had, by golly! Good gosh, it all came back to him! He recalled the whole thing, by Jove! Crikey, yes!

The letter swam before William's eyes. A wave of tenderness engulfed him. All that had passed recently between Jane and himself was forgotten—her weirdness, her wish to live in the metropolis, her silvery laugh, everything. With one long, loving gulp, William Bates dashed a not unmanly tear from his eye, and grabbing a hat and raincoat, rushed out of the house and sprinted for the station.

At about the hour when William flung himself into the train, Jane was sitting in her studio apartment pensively watching little Braid Vardon as he sported on the floor. An odd melancholy had gripped her. At first she had supposed that this was due to the rain, but now she was beginning to realize that the thing went much deeper than that. Reluctant though she was to confess it, she had to admit that what she was suffering from was a genuine soul sadness due entirely to the fact that she wanted William.

It was strange what a difference his going had made. William was the sort of fellow you shoved into a corner and forgot about, but when he was not there the whole scheme of things seemed to go blooey. Little by little, since his departure, she had found the fascination of her surroundings tending to wane; and the glamour of her new friends had dwindled noticeably. Unless you were in the right vein for them, Jane felt, they could be an irritating crowd. They smoked too many cigarettes and talked too much. And not far from being the worst of them, she decided, was Rodney Spelvin. It was with a sudden feeling of despair that she remembered she had invited him to tea this afternoon and had got in a special seedcake for the occasion. The last thing in the world that she wanted to do was to watch Rodney Spelvin eating cake.

It is a curious thing about men of the Spelvin type, how seldom they really last. They get off to a flashy start and for a while convince impressionable girls that the search for a soul mate may be considered formally over; but in a very short while reaction always sets in. There had been a time when Jane could have sat and listened to Rodney Spelvin for hours on end. Then she began to feel that from fifteen to twenty minutes was about sufficient. And now the mere thought of having to listen to him at all was crushing her like a heavy burden.

She had got thus far in her meditations when her attention was attracted to little Braid Vardon, who was playing energetically in a corner with some object which Jane could not distinguish in the dim light.

"What have you got there, dear?" she asked.

"Wah," said little Braid, a child of few words, proceeding with his activities.

Jane rose and walked across the room. A sudden feeling had come to her, the remorseful feeling that for some time now she had been neglecting the child. How seldom nowadays did she trouble to join in his pastimes.

"Let mother play, too," she said gently. "What are you playing? Trains?"

"Golf."

Jane uttered a sharp exclamation. With a sharp pang she saw that what the child had got hold of was William's spare mashie. So he had left it behind after all! Since the night of his departure it must have been lying unnoticed behind some chair or sofa.

For a moment the only sensation Jane felt was an accentuation of that desolate feeling which had been with her all day. How many a time had she stood by William and watched him fooz.e with this club! Inextricably associated with him it was, and her eyes filled with sudden tears. And then she was abruptly conscious of a new, a more violent emotion, something akin to panic fear. She blinked, hoping against hope that she had been mistaken. But no; when she opened her eyes and looked again she saw what she had seen before.

The child was holding the mashie all wrong!

"Braid!" gasped Jane in an agony.

All the mother love in her was shrieking at her, reproaching her. She realized now how paltry, how greedily self-centered she had been. Thinking only of her own pleasures, how sorely she had neglected her duty as a mother. Long ere this, had she been worthy of that sacred relation, she would have been brooding over her child, teaching him at her knee the correct Vardon grip, shielding him from bad habits, seeing to it that he did not get his hands in front of the ball, putting him on the right path as regarded the slow backswing. But, absorbed in herself, she had sacrificed him to her shallow ambitions. And now there he was, grasping the club as if it had been a spade and scooping with it like one of those thirty-five-handicap men whom the hot weather brings out on seaside links.

She shuddered to the very depths of her soul. Before her eyes there rose a vision of her son, grown to manhood, reproaching her.

"If you had but taught me the facts of life when I was a child, mother," she seemed to hear him say, "I would not now be going round in a hundred and twenty, rising to a hundred and forty in anything like a high wind."

She snatched the club from his hands with a passionate cry. And at this precise moment in came Rodney Spelvin, all ready for tea.

"Ah, little one!" said Rodney Spelvin gayly.

Something in her appearance must have startled him, for he stopped and looked at her with concern.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

Jane pulled herself together with an effort.

"No, quite well, ha-ha," she replied hysterically.

She stared at him wildly, as she might have stared at a caterpillar in her salad. If it had not been for this man, she felt, she would have been with William in their snug little cottage, a happy wife. If it had not been for this man her only child would have been laying the foundations of a correct swing under the eyes of a conscientious pro. If it had not been for this man —— She waved him distractedly to the door.

"Good-by," she said. "Thank you so much for calling."

Rodney Spelvin gaped. This had been the quickest and most tealess tea party he had ever assisted at.

"You want me to go?" he said incredulously.

"Yes, go, go!"

Rodney Spelvin cast a wistful glance at the gate-leg table. He had had a light lunch and the sight of the seedcake affected him deeply. But there seemed nothing to be done. He moved reluctantly to the door.

"Well, good-by," he said. "Thanks for a very pleasant afternoon."

"So glad to have seen you," said Jane mechanically.

The door closed. Jane returned to her thoughts. But she was not alone for long. A few moments later there entered the female cubist painter from downstairs, a manly young woman with whom she had become fairly intimate.

"Oh, Bates, old chap," said the cubist painter.

Jane looked up.

"Yes, Osbaldistone?"

"Just came in to borrow a cigarette. Used up all mine."

"So have I, I'm afraid."

"Too bad. Oh, well," said Miss Osbaldistone resignedly, "I suppose I'll have to go out and get wet. I wish I had had the sense to stop Rodney Spelvin and send him. I met him on the stairs."

"Yes, he was in here just now," said Jane.

Miss Osbaldistone laughed in her hearty, manly way.

"Good boy, Rodney," she said, "but too smooth for my taste. A little too ready with the salve."

"Yes?" said Jane absently.

"Has he pulled that one on you yet about your being the original of the heroine of The Purple Fan?"

"Why, yes," said Jane, surprised. "He did tell me that he had drawn Eulalie from me."

Her visitor emitted another laugh that shook the samovars.

"He tells every girl he meets the same thing."

"What?"

"Oh, yes; it's his first move. He actually had the nerve to try to spring it on me. Mind you, I'm not saying it's a bad stunt. Most girls like it. . . . You're sure you've no cigarettes? No? Well, how about a shot of cocaine? Out of that too? Oh, well, I'll be going then. Pip-pip, Bates."

"Toodle-oo, Osbaldistone," said Jane dizzily. Her brain was reeling. She groped her way to the table and in a sort of trance cut herself a slice of cake.

"Wah!" said little Braid Vardon.

Jane gave him some cake. Having ruined his life, it was, she felt, the least she could do. In a spasm of belated maternal love she also slipped him a jam sandwich. But how trivial and useless these things seemed now.

"Braid!" she cried suddenly. "Let mother show you how to hold that mashie."

"What's a mashie?"

A new gash opened in Jane's heart. Four years old, and he didn't know what a mashie was! And at only a slightly more advanced age Bobby Jones had been playing in the Open Championship.

"This is a mashie," she said, controlling her voice with difficulty.

"Why?"

"It is called a mashie."

"What is?"

"This club."

"Why?"

The conversation was becoming too metaphysical for Jane. She took the club from him and closed her hands over it.

"Now look, dear," she said tenderly. "Watch how mother does it. She ——"

A voice spoke, a voice that had been absent all too long from Jane's life.

"You'll pardon me, old girl, but you've got the right hand much too far over. You'll hook for a certainty."

In the doorway, large and dripping, stood William. Jane stared at him dumbly.

"William!" she gasped at length.

"Hullo, Jane," said William. "Hullo, Braid. Thought I'd look in."

There was a long silence.

"Beastly weather," said William.

"Yes," said Jane.

"Wet and all that," said William.

"Yes," said Jane.

There was another silence.

"Oh, by the way, Jane," said William, "knew there was something I wanted to say. You know those violets?"

"Violets?"

"White violets. You remember those white violets I've been sending you every year on our wedding anniversary? Well, what I mean to say, our lives are parted and all that sort of thing, but you won't mind if I go on sending them, what? Won't hurt you, what I'm driving at, and 'll please me, see what I mean? So—well, to put the thing in a nutshell, if you haven't any objection, that's that."

Jane reeled against the gate-leg table.

"William! Was it you who sent those violets?"

"Absolutely! Who did you think it was?"

"William!" cried Jane, and flung herself into his arms.

William scooped her up gratefully. This was the sort of thing he had been wanting for weeks past. He could do with a lot of this. He wouldn't have suggested it himself, but, seeing that she felt that way, he was all for it. "William," said Jane, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, rather," said William. "Like a shot. Though, I mean to say, nothing to forgive and all that sort of thing."

"We'll go back right away to our dear little cottage."

"Fine!"

"We'll never leave it again."

"Topping!"

"I love you," said Jane, "more than life itself."

"Good egg!" said William.

Jane turned to little Braid Vardon. "Braid, we're going home with daddy!"

"Where?"

"Home—to our little cottage."

"What's a cottage?"

"The house where we used to be before we came here."

"What's here?"

"This is."

"Which?"

"Where we are now."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you what, old girl," said William. "Just shove a green baize cloth over that kid, and then start in and brew me about five pints of tea as strong and hot as you can jolly well make it. Otherwise I'm going to get the cold of a lifetime."

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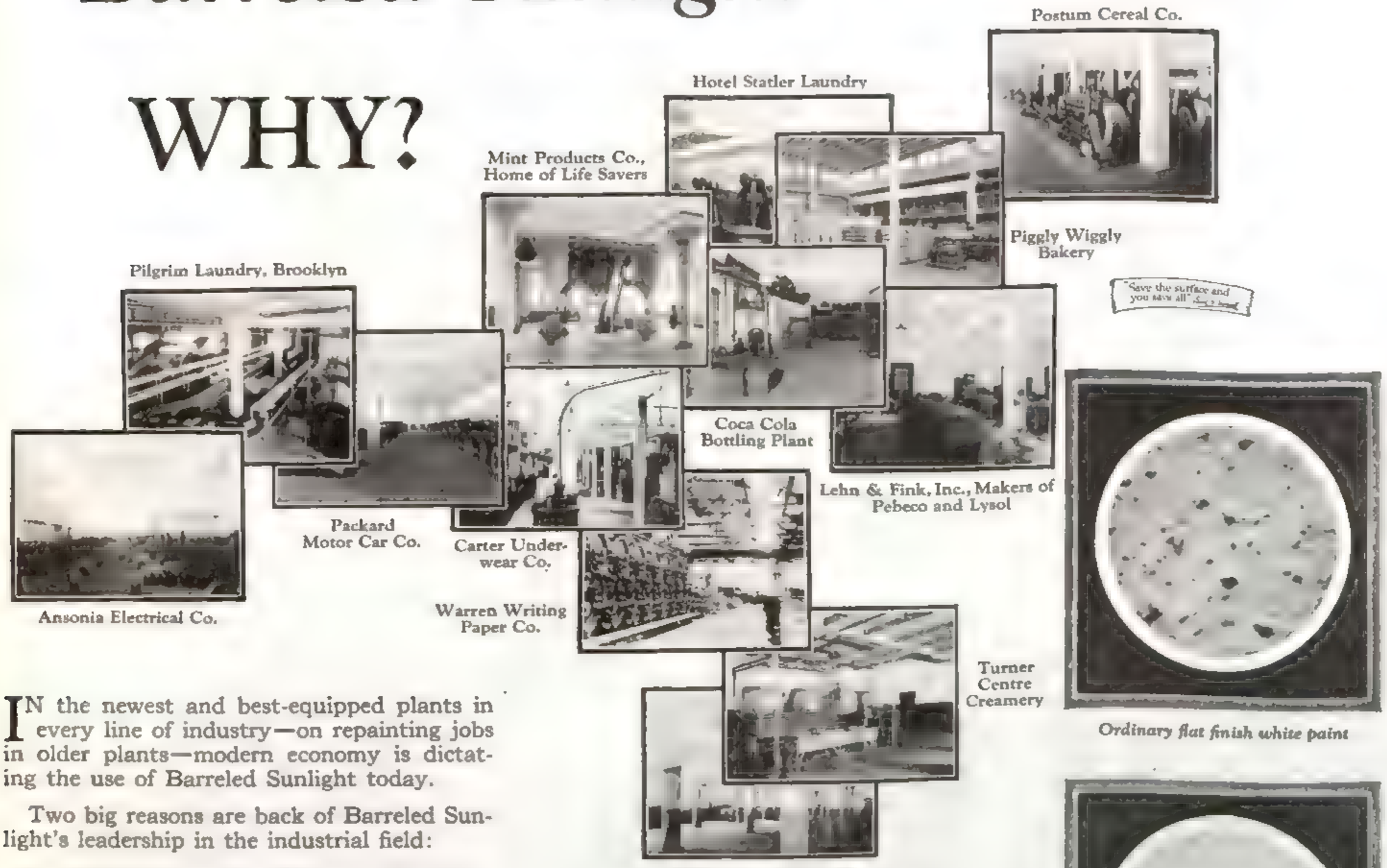
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# Barreled Sunlight

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

# THE BLACK CARGO

Continued from Page 25

though his eyes were wide with sleeplessness, he was staring at me confusedly, like someone suddenly awakened. We stood there with half the room between us, and everything seemed to stop while he looked at me with his half-awakened glance.

"So it's you," he said. "It's only you. I thought ——"

His eyes grew brighter, and his words trailed off to nothing. He must have seen. He must have known at once. My hand was deep in my pocket. I saw him glance at it, but he never moved a finger.

"Don't you know better than to disturb me tonight?" he demanded suddenly. "Why are you here? Why ——"

My own voice sounded like a voice in a dream.

"You know why," I said.

He knew. He started and his head went up, and a sort of understanding passed between us that was more than words. He knew, but he gave no other sign.

"So they've told you," he said. "I knew you'd find out sometime."

And there we stood with half the room between us, and I knew it could not end so, and he knew it.

"Is that all you have to say?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment, and then he answered me with a curious dignity.

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer, "if you know what I think you know, is there any good of saying more? Is there any use of saying I am sorry? You know there's no use. You would never believe me, and there's nothing else to say."

"No," I answered, "there's no use saying that."

There was always something in him I could never understand. Just as I finished speaking his whole expression altered.

"Then leave me!" he cried out so loudly that I started. "Get out of my sight! Haven't I enough to bear without your standing here looking at me with his face? How can I help what I've done now? It's a stone around my neck. It's sending me to hell. Isn't that enough?"

He must have seen it was not enough, for his glance darted down toward my hand, and he was like himself right to the end. He only stopped to catch his breath. The world was still clinging to his coat tails.

"So that's the way the wind lies!" he cried. "Do you think I'll stand and let you shoot me like a dog because your father was fool enough to shoot himself—because he was such a fool that I am in the house you ought to own? I'll kill you first. Stop—will you stop? You can't match your hand with mine!"

As he moved I also moved by instinct. As he thrust his hand inside his coat my pistol was half out of my pocket. There was a noise in my ears like the sea. My whole life was in that instant.

"I'll try," I said.

I could see his face. It was reddened and contorted as I knew it in my dreams.

"Stop!" he was shouting. "Will you stop before I sin again?"

All my life was in my eyes. I was quicker, much quicker. My weapon was at his breast as his hand flashed out of his coat. I knew I had him, and he must have known, for I saw his face change. My hand had just gone steady. My eyes were on the barrel. My whole life ran out on that straight line of metal and shut the room out of my sight.

I never saw, I only felt what happened. It came so quickly that I hardly felt it. A blow fell on my wrist that sent my arm dropping downward and made my grasp relax, and then all feeling went out of my arm and hand and my weapon clattered on the floor.

It threw me off my balance. It made me step forward to save myself from falling, and my motion brought my head around. Richard Parton was standing a pace away with Eliphalet's cane in his hand.

### XXII

NO ONE spoke. Eliphalet Greer must have stopped dead just after the blow had fallen; he was as motionless as the carved columns that stood on either side of the fireplace. That blow was like some stroke of magic, for it cast the madness out of me. It cast the devils out. Something, some force of spirit outside of me or in me, something which held me up and urged me on, was broken and was gone. Without it I felt very weak. My knees seemed giving way beneath me. And I was not the only one that blow served or the only one who staggered beneath its impact.

Richard Parton was speaking, and his voice was quite weary and slow.

"Eliphalet," he said, "you're getting old. Who'd have thought anyone could come over you like that?"

Then there was another pause. There they stood, face to face, though each seemed only half conscious of the other. Each of them seemed lost within himself in thoughts which no one else could share, and both their faces were set with a sort of wonder, vague and almost stupid. They had forgotten me. They had forgotten everything but each other. Some bond of their own making had shut them out from every other living thing.

Eliphalet Greer still held his pistol half drawn from his coat, but he had forgotten he was holding it. I think I could have taken it out of his hand, and he would never have known. His lips moved, and though no sound came from them at first, I know they were framing Richard Parton's name.

"Richard," he said at length—"Richard."

He spoke the name mechanically, but its sound seemed to give life to the surprise which had held him silent.

"Whatever made you?"

At first I thought that Richard Parton did not hear, he paused so long before replying. Then I saw him shake his head. That simple question seemed too much to answer. A dull weariness had settled over him, something more than bodily fatigue.

"God knows—I don't know why," he said; "unless ——" He stopped and bit his lip. "—— unless I've thought too long," he ended.

But Eliphalet Greer still looked at him with blank incomprehension.

"Richard," he said, "I still don't understand."

And Richard Parton made a strange response, as strange as any I have ever heard. It seemed to come from somewhere deep within him, without his own volition. It seemed torn from him, though his will rebelled against it, and it choked his voice.

"You've done too much," he said; "I've hated you too long to see you die."

His words sank into the silence of the room, but they are with me still, just as he spoke then, slurred and shaking with an emotion that was something more than hate. Sometimes they seem as bombastic and crude as the speech of a villain in an ill-starred play. I can nearly laugh at them sometimes, for I know they are like a part of a story to tell when the decanter is on the table. It is very near to the ridiculous. Indeed it is so near that the line is hardly there which draws ridicule from pain. I say I can almost laugh, but it would be hollow laughter.

For a while they both were silent, yet I think there was a tacit understanding. Perhaps they even recognized the humor that had drawn them together. Wearily, dispassionately Eliphalet Greer stared before him, like a man who has been moved too much and whom the world can move no more.

"Yes," he said very gently, "I know what you mean."

It stands now as I saw it. I can only guess what it was he knew, and what it was that happened in that bare lamp-lit room, and sometimes I think its walls know as much of it as I. For are we not all like walls, reared and balanced by hands beyond ourselves, and standing in our own selfishness for some purpose that is more than self, and limited and blinded by the frame of our own dimensions? I often think we are, even in our most enlightened and exalted moments. Even then we still trip and run, the humble little servants of our passions, jumping and jigging like ingenious toys until our passions leave us for a time.

Was that what Eliphalet Greer knew? When he spoke, was he thinking of the long, dead years, and the shadows that were preying on his mind, and the island and the sky and the figure walking, walking on the sand? There are such things as thoughts that become part of us and as vital as our lives? Was it a thought that held them there, I wonder, staring half bemused each at the other? It is strange what I am going to say, for there is nothing stranger and less tangible than the freaks and twists of mind that make us move. It is only there the powers outside ourselves can touch us, if there are such powers. I wonder if it could be that each of those restless, pain-swept men, who had sinned together so long ago, who had clashed together in their hate, I wonder if it could be that each had held the other in his mind so long that each had somehow grown dependent on the other, and their hate had become a part of themselves and changed to more than hate.

I know I'm not clear, for I can hardly make it clear even to myself. Yet, when I think of that meeting and what came afterward, it seems the answer to many things.

Eliphalet Greer's surprise had left him, and a sort of hopeless lassitude had come to take its place, a weariness that accepted what there was and what there would be.

"Yes," he said again, but he hardly seemed conscious that he spoke at all, "I know what you mean."

Then I felt his eyes upon me. They were dark and very tired. A veil had come across them like the first trace of ashes on the coals of a dying fire. He had not finished speaking.

"Charles," he said, "it's better as it is. I know what you're feeling, Charles, but it's nothing to what lies in me, to all the burned dead things. You'll know. You'll know. Shall we part in peace, Charles? It's almost better so. It's what your father would tell you, if he were standing here."

I said that something had gone from me, some hysteria or folly or sense which had held me up. I could not look at him. He had placed his hand gently on my shoulder, and I could not bear its touch.

"Don't," I said hoarsely. "Don't you see I'd rather be dead?"

My voice broke from my humiliation at my weakness. I could not go on, and Richard Parton saved me from it.

"You old hypocrite!" he snapped. "Will you be still and leave him be, or do you want him at you again? You know it's not the father. It's the girl—the girl! Haven't you any decency? Don't you see he loves her?"

Eliphalet Greer stepped away from me, and looked toward Richard Parton with a curious dignity. I could almost believe he had never known.

"The girl?" he said. "What girl?"

"Can you never tell the truth?" cried Richard Parton. "Where's the good in lying now, when everyone will know everything—yes, everything—when the sun goes up? What girl? Have you got a half a dozen of 'em? The girl you've made Murdock call his daughter. You can't always be skulking in the dark. The shadowy slender girl with the white hands and the half-gold hair that you set after Charles Jervaile. Your mistress, you sly-faced lying sinner -that's the girl I mean. Who else do you think would have brought him here tonight?"

Surely it was not acting that made him catch his breath and made him wince again.

"You mustn't," Eliphalet Greer cried out as though he was in pain—"you mustn't think that, Richard! I swear it isn't so!"

Richard Parton had been holding Eliphalet's cane. Now he sent it slamming to the floor.

"Mustn't I?" he sneered. "Now why mustn't I? Since when have you joined the Holy Choir? It only makes it truer if you say it isn't so. What about the white girl at Rio, and the brown girl at Singapore, and the yellow one ——"

"Don't!" Eliphalet Greer interrupted him. "I say you mustn't think a thing like that. I've done my best for her. I swear I have. I ——"

"I'll lay ten to one you have," said Richard Parton bitingly.

"Don't!" cried Eliphalet Greer. "Don't! I've always given her shelter. I was going to do more. She would have had a place in the world when everything was ready. Don't you see? You would have if you'd only looked. She's got your eyes. She ——"

Richard Parton's face must have made him pause. There was no reason for him to finish, but he did in a hushed and breathless way.

"She's your daughter, Richard," said Eliphalet Greer.

I must apologize again. I know I've told it badly. Again there is that farcical ring of humor that has slain so many hundred

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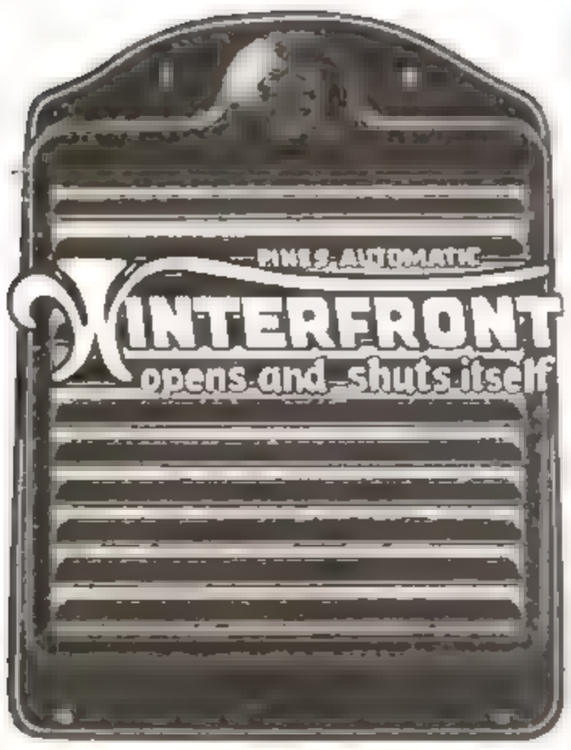


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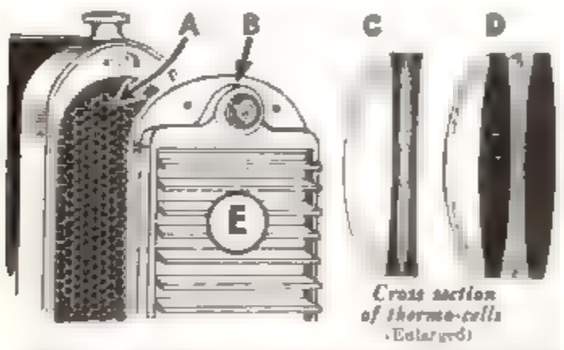


*Cross section of thermo-cells* (Enlarged)

*This sketch illustrates automatic action of thermo-cells*

1—At starting, and until the engine is at highest efficiency, the shutters "E" remain closed, killing circulation, excluding all cold air and holding the heat under the hood.

2—The controlling thermo-cells are located in "B", in contact with radiator "A" and actuated by the changing temperature of motor.

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dramas and set them laughing in the pit, that inartistic heaping of effects which has its place only in life, and never on white paper. Yet I know there was no humor then.

For a little time Richard Parton stood without replying, staring at Eliphalet with that same vacant stare. Eliphalet was silent also, but I think they understood each other, although I cannot tell what was passing in their minds. They both were back somewhere along the paths of years, and their faces were blank and weary. When Richard Parton finally spoke, it was in such a toneless way that I knew he had rehearsed his answer, and had curbed his tongue against any sudden stumble.

"I believe you," he said. "You're fool enough for that. You never had the strength to keep on as you started."

He paused and drew his hand across his eyes, but his voice was steady when he continued.

"You may as well tell me the rest," he said. "It's hurt me enough when I've thought of it. My wife, man—what became of her? Did you let her starve? There was no money but what I left her when we sailed. Her family cut her off when we married. They knew me well enough for that. What happened? You couldn't have hurt her."

"No." Eliphalet cleared his throat. "There are things I've never done. I swear it, Richard. I went to her as soon as I landed. It was the hardest thing of all."

"Why?" Richard Parton raised his eyebrows.

"Because she believed me," answered Eliphalet harshly. "She believed every lie I told her. I told her you were lost at sea. I did my best, Richard—don't think I didn't. I gave her money. I told her it was yours. She wilted like a flower. She never cared for life after you were gone. I ——"

"You fool!" Richard Parton's voice broke. "I knew you loved her all the time, though I'll bet you never told her so. Why don't you say you loved her?"

"Richard," said Eliphalet steadily, "it is more than you ever did."

He stopped and that was all I ever learned.

"Go on," said Richard Parton, "I'm waiting."

"She died," Eliphalet did not shift his glance, "and I took your daughter. She had nowhere else to go. I would have taken her to my own house, but don't you understand? I could not bear to look at her. It was too much. It was too hard."

Richard Parton laughed.

"Do you think," demanded Richard Parton, "you can end it by telling me that? Do you think I'm grateful for it? I'd rather see her dead."

Eliphalet Greer moistened his lips.

"I know," he said, in a curiously mechanical way, "I know."

Somehow I had it in me to be sorry for him then, for his spirit had gone out of him and he was wearily abject.

"Does she know?" asked Richard Parton. "Have you told her?"

And Eliphalet Greer said no.

"Then what made you tell me?" Richard Parton asked.

Eliphalet's voice was very low.

"How should I know?" he said. "Oh, Lord, how should I know!"

I think that he intended to speak further. I wish he had. I wish I had heard either of them speak so again. If they had only spoken, there would be so much I might explain. I might know what it was that had dulled and tamed them both, and what it was that brought them haltingly together; but I shall never know. I only had a glimpse of them when their time was near the ending. Their story would not stop for curiosity such as mine. It was moving then. All the while it had been moving. I had been in the vortex of it, and now I was cast aside, but their story was moving still

It was a noise that made Eliphalet Greer stop, a noise of the rattling of the latch on the front door. The metal gave a sharp incisive sound that made him look up. It made me turn hastily about, and I saw Richard Parton turn also. Then there was a sound of running feet in the hall. The parlor door was open, a rectangle of black. We all must have seen at once when the black changed. We all must have started at the suddenness of it. But it was as though what we all were thinking of had become an embodied fact. There in the lamplight, with her face flushed and her breath coming fast, was Prudence Murdock.

Sometimes I think it's strange that I never knew. There was no doubting the resemblance. It was clear as day as she stood there struggling to quiet her breath. Her forehead was the same as his. The arch of her brow was the same, and the way she held her head, and the airiness of the way she stood. Her head was fair. She had on her same gray cloak. She was clutching it across her breast with her right hand. As she saw us she snatched at the folds convulsively, and gave a low frightened cry.

"You're not ——" she gasped. "You're not "

It was Richard Parton who answered her. He was standing at my left and in front of me, so that I could see him clearly. His shoulders gave a slight shrug. I saw him draw a deep breath and clench his hands, but he gave no other sign that anything had stirred him.

"No, indeed," he said very courteously, "we're not. We were. We may, but we're not."

Then I heard Eliphalet Greer's voice from somewhere behind me.

"Has something happened to you, Prudence?" he asked. "Tell me if it has; don't be afraid."

"No," said Richard Parton, "you mustn't be afraid. It all seems—under the circumstances—to be quite in the family. You mustn't be afraid."

Perhaps she understood through some intuition of her own, for she looked at him as he spoke, and continued looking. Did she know, I wonder. If she did, she never asked. She never spoke of him again. And though I might have told her, I never did, because I knew it was as he wished it. It was for him to speak, and he did not. Was it pride that kept him silent, or shame, or kindness, I wonder. Perhaps it was all three. I only know he never spoke. He stood with his fingers biting at his palms, and I heard him catch his breath again, but that was all. Yet I knew he was hurt, for at last he turned away.

"Don't be afraid," he said again, and his raillery had left him. "There's nothing—nothing will hurt you here."

And that was all he said. He never addressed her another word.

"Prudence," said Eliphalet Greer, "has something happened?"

I think she had half forgotten why she came, for she looked toward him in quick confusion. "Yes," she said; "there's a ship just outside the harbor, drifting. He sent me here to tell you. It's light enough to see. He said it's your ship—and it's drifting—drifting in."

She stopped and looked about her, pulling aimlessly at her cloak.

"Won't you look?" she cried suddenly. "I can't tell any more—not here."

I knew there was something wrong. It must have been the silence of the room that told me, for there are varying sorts of silences. Her voice had pulled us taut. I saw Eliphalet Greer grow rigid and glance hastily at Richard Parton; and Richard Parton looked at him, not dully, but with the concentration of a student faced with a rarity of knowledge. I knew there was something wrong. The world outside was coming to us again through the open door. We had been halted for a little while, but now we were moving again in our courses.

"Eliphalet," said Richard Parton, "I'd look if I were you."

And he nodded toward the closed shutters of a window that faced out to sea. "Didn't you hear her tell you? Your ship is coming in."

Though Eliphalet did not answer, I saw his eyes light up and his lips draw tight together.

"Yes, Eliphalet," said Richard Parton, and the tension in his voice relaxed. As he continued I could almost believe it was a friend who spoke. "Your ship is coming in. It's out of our hands now."

"Out of our hands?"

Perhaps Eliphalet guessed what was coming upon him. He moved his own hand to the chimneypiece and closed it tight over the white wood.

"Yes," said Richard Parton, "you'll see what I mean."

Eliphalet Greer drew his hand from the chimneypiece and stood very straight. We were near him, but he seemed solitary and drawn away from us, very far. In some strange way he had become inanimate, as motionless as a tree beside the marshes

"Won't you look?" cried Prudence. "You can't wait! You mustn't stand like this."

Eliphalet moved forward uncertainly, and halted and looked toward the hall.

"Where's Murdock?" he asked suddenly. "Why didn't he come himself?"

"He's down on the wharf," said Prudence. "He's waiting for you there."

Eliphalet threw back his head. I remember how his hair waved back as he did so.

"He's not," he said. "He's coming now."

He had been listening all the while, and I heard the sound, a scuffling on the stone steps, a slamming of the door.

"Greer!" a voice was shouting. "Greer!"

There was no mistaking: it was Captain Murdock. As he stamped into the room he seemed to fill it with his presence, and his voice hurried from him like the stamping of his feet

"One of the slave ships—she's off the bar and drifting in! Her crew is gone. The watch on the Felicity saw 'em put off in the boats. I tell you she's drifting in!"

Eliphalet took a step toward him. Something in him that had glowed fitfully, that I half suspected but only guessed at, gave him an unnatural vitality.

"You've been drinking," he said. "Drinking all night. I smell it on your breath. You've got the horrors. What should a slaver be doing in here? Take care how you lie to me."

"Look out the window," said Richard Parton; "he's not lying."

But I was the only one who heard him.

"Didn't I see her with my two eyes?" cried Captain Murdock. "Ask the girl. She saw her; and we ain't the only ones. She's the Seal—the one you sent out orders to three months back—the one you've been waiting to hear from since she cleared off Guinea. Mebbe I'm drunk, but there she is—drifting in with her cargo right aboard. I could hear the noise they make. She's yours, I tell you, and we're not the only ones who know it. There's not a man in town who won't remember Morrill built her. What'll you do if the papers are aboard? What are you standing still for? Didn't I say she's coming in? The customs boat will be going out to her. They'll be alongside her any time."

Captain Murdock was afraid, and his fear lent him an unnatural excitement. He was shifting from one foot to the other, and making futile little motions with his hands. I knew if such a ship was there, it was the end or very near the end. Eliphalet Greer could never live it down, if a ship of his was there, bearing his sins to land. There was an unreality about the news, and that unreality was terrible, for it made it like a dream and gave it the doubt of dreams.

Had they really seen a ship out in the morning mist, or was it the mist itself that made a ship, a ghostly shape of retribution bearing down on that old man's head? Was there a ship outside, stamped and sullied with an unmentionable trade, foul as every ship was foul that bore the cargo, fouled so that every man of the sea could tell her? Was there such a ship outside, lost to her harbor, lost from her seas, a piece of filth and refuse, drifting in unworldly currents to the land, or was it a shape of the night that had outlived the dark and stayed into the dawn? It was too strange to be true. I saw his incredulity rise over him as he listened.

But it was not all I saw. Eliphalet Greer was changing again as I had seen him change before. I could almost fancy invisible hands were changing him. Again he was looking younger, unhealthy, unnaturally young. Again his mouth was a mouth of violence. A new light had sprung into his eyes, unregenerate and wild. I wish some man of God could have seen him then, for he was a curious sight. If there was latent evil, if there was original sin, it had risen up within him. He raised his right arm. It was gaunt. His hand was old, but it still seemed very strong.

"Open the shutters," he said to Captain Murdock. "Open them up and let me see!"

Captain Murdock's fingers were fumbling clumsily with the bolts. I remember the yellow glare of the lamps on Eliphalet's face, and then he was beside Murdock at the window, and we were behind him as though we had been drawn there by wires.

"You clumsy swab!" cried Eliphalet Greer. "Take your hands away."

And he flung back the shutters himself, and the whole room changed, and we all changed with it. The yellow light was gone with its softness and its warmth, and the gray light of early morning took its place. It seemed to turn us all to gray, shadowy and cold. It made Eliphalet Greer's face gray and old again, and only his eyes seemed unchanged as he stared into the dawn.

(Continued on Page 100

# What the retail merchant means to you

*Did you ever stop to think how important is the work of the retailer? He is an extremely essential factor in our economic structure.*

To serve you best, the retailer is a diligent student of world-wide market affairs. He knows where to go to get the best. He has a keen sense of values that enables him to protect his customers' interests.

Deeply conscious of the fact that his success is determined by his ability to satisfy human wants and desires, the merchant is constant in his effort to have in his store what you want when you want it.

Nearby is a merchant who sells stoves, refrigerators, table tops, washing machines, and many other products made of sheet metal. On these articles is a blue and gold Armco label—the assurance that the product is made of ARMCO Ingot Iron.

Many years of service have proved ARMCO Ingot Iron a durable, long-lasting iron—the best money can buy.

Whenever you buy anything made wholly or partly of sheet metal, ask: "Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?"

If the merchant answers "Yes" and points to the blue Armco label, you may buy with absolute confidence. He has bought only the best—that he may sell only the best.

**REFRIGERATORS**

Because ARMCO Ingot Iron is commercially pure, dense, and possesses a velvety surface to which enamel adheres closely, manufacturers of the best enameled products use it as a base for enameled refrigerators, table tops and kitchen sinks.

**STOVES**

Alternating heating and cooling put severe service tests on sheet metal used in stoves. ARMCO Ingot Iron has been found to have unusually long life and is used in ovens and other sheet metal parts of the better grades of stoves.

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(Continued from Page 98)

The whole world was gray outside, dreary and harsh from its struggle with the dark, and silent with the reality of early light. His wharf, his warehouses were standing out from the thin mist of the river. The water itself was hidden, but the ships were there, strange airy shapes, riding in the clouds of mist, as they always rode at dawn. Yes, it all comes back to me, the damp planking of the wharf, and the white piles and the dripping roofs and the trees by the street on the water front. At the head of the wharf was a group of men looking out to sea, but it is all only a part of a memory formed from a hasty glance, for I was looking, we all were looking, out beyond the sand spits that guard the river mouth.

Perhaps a mile out toward the dawn where the sky was growing bright was a ship stark against the sky. She was a brig, but her masts were raked far back, and her bow was like a sea bird's beak, sharp and trim. Her hull was black, and her sails, even her topsails were set, but not a sail was drawing. Yet as we watched they drew. For an instant she bent under the cloud of canvas, delicate and beautiful. Every rope of her went taut, but almost as soon as she went in motion her head moved to the wind. She trembled like a wounded bird, stopped, and her sails began to shake again. I could almost fancy I could hear the noise they made.

"There!" cried Captain Murdock. "Do you believe me now? And look at her water line. She's filled clear full."

"Yes," said Eliphalet. "I believe you now."

But he did not move from the window, he continued to look at the ship. The tide was taking her in and she seemed to struggle against it, catching at the wind and losing it again. There she was, a fast ship such as Eliphalet liked to buy, but I knew what she was. Her speed betrayed her, and the rake of her masts that gave her speed. If I had not known I might have thought she was a pretty sight, but now the thought of her turned me sick, for I seemed to hear the sound that was coming from her hatches and to smell the stench that filled her deck.

She was coming ashore. She would be beached in half an hour. If there was ever retribution, it was there. Everything Eliphalet Greer had striven to hide was coming ashore. All the talk and whispers about him were coming true. His sin itself was coming to meet him under those untrimmed sails. And Eliphalet was at the window, watching.

"There's no one at the helm," he said.

"Didn't I say her crew has left her?" cried Captain Murdock impatiently. "They all went out in boats. But what does that all matter? There's the ship you ordered built. There she's coming home. What'll we do if her papers are aboard? What'll we do anyway? Won't you say something? Won't you do something but look?"

Eliphalet still stared out at the ship that was drifting in, leaning his head forward, drawing his brows together the better to see, and I knew that everything around him was going. His money would mean nothing, once that ship came in. His name would mean nothing, or his reputation at the banks. I knew he could never escape the evidence she brought, and he must have known it too. Then he asked a question, though I think he knew the answer.

"It's MacDonald's ship," he said. "He knew his orders. What brought him in like this? Why should he want to ruin me? He was paid enough."

In the silence that followed Eliphalet turned from the window toward Richard Parton.

"You ought to know, Eliphalet," Parton said. "Why have I been here waiting?"

I expected anything to happen then from the look on Eliphalet's face, but though his lips moved he did not speak

"Did you think I came back here for nothing?" demanded Richard Parton. "I said I'd see you done for. Do you remember the money you left, when you left me behind? It took half of it to turn the trick. What made you keep on men I used to know? MacDonald cared for me as much as you, and he'd do anything for money."

Richard Parton's voice grew louder.

"They'll know your writing, Eliphalet. He's left every scrap of it right on the cabin table. It cost five thousand extra dollars to make him do that, every letter you told him to burn, every order. Everyone will know why you sent Murdock to Africa twice a year. Everyone will know what your drafts are for on London. Oh, yes, we're even now! How does it feel to be high and dry? How does it feel to see your world break down? How does it feel to hear it going the way you smashed down mine?"

I only understood half of what he said. Though many have thought differently, I never knew the devious ways Eliphalet once trod. I was only there to see the climax of something that had been growing through the years. The rest of it lay between them both, and neither of them told.

But Eliphalet knew. It was all spread before him. The walls were written with it. He knew he was ruined then. I saw him change with the knowledge. Yet I never expected he would take it as he did. It has always seemed to me that somewhere, mixed with all his roguery and his wickedness, there was a certain greatness that surmounted all the rest, and a greatness that belonged with a better man.

"Richard," he said, "we're even now. You couldn't have done less."

There was no anger in him when he said it. Rather he spoke with a sort of sympathy, which Richard Parton seemed to understand.

"Yes," he said, "we're even now."

There was a pause and Eliphalet turned to the window again and looked out at the sea—and that was all there was of Richard Parton's strange revenge. Perhaps they had both of them seen too much to have it move them. Perhaps it had the irony of all accomplishment. They both seemed to accept it without triumph and without rancor.

It was Prudence who broke the silence. She had stood looking on with Murdock and with me. Somehow something in those two made us all loath to speak, for the time seemed only theirs, to be disturbed by no one else. But Prudence stepped beside Eliphalet and took his hand in hers.

"I'm sorry," she said; "you know I'm sorry."

Eliphalet cleared his throat. "There's nothing to be sorry for," he said.

"What's sorrow got to do with it?" Captain Murdock blurted out suddenly. "To hell with sorrow. What are we going to do? The revenue man will be aboard her. We can't be staying here."

Captain Murdock's words awoke Eliphalet from his reverie.

"Who are those men on the wharf?" he asked.

"For the Felicity," said Captain Murdock. "Waiting to go aboard."

Eliphalet Greer nodded, and once more glanced quickly out the window.

"Take this key," he said, fingering his gold watch chain; "open the desk in the room across the hall, take the money out of it and bring it here; and you'll find a pair of pistols in the second drawer."

Richard Parton started. Eliphalet was tossing his cloak over his shoulders.

"Charles," said Eliphalet Greer, "you came once to see me go. I'm going now. You came to see me pay. You've seen me pay."

"Eliphalet," said Richard Parton, "what are you going to do?"

And neither seemed to think the question odd or out of place.

"Do you think I'll stay here," replied Eliphalet Greer, "when there's seaway and a ship to get aboard of? There's the Felicity, dropped in midstream. I'll put her crew to rights once I get aboard, and the wind's fair to tack against the tide."

Richard Parton gave a low exclamation. If I had not known, I might have thought they were friends. Every trace of bitterness seemed to fall from them with Eliphalet's answer. Another feeling had taken its place They both were gazing out the window, both their faces were tense, like gamblers' faces, with some new excitement. It was a strange thing, but they did not think it strange. Unconsciously each seemed to accept it.

Captain Murdock's mouth was open. His eyes were round and glassy.

"B'gad!" he muttered softly and with a reverential wonder. "B'gad, you're still a man!"

"Get out the boat and get the men in it," replied Eliphalet Greer. "We haven't time to talk!"

He was going, and I think he was glad to go. He surely showed no sorrow, now that his hour was there. He picked up the ledger from the table and tucked it beneath his arm. He picked up his beaver hat and set it on his head. It was hard to believe that he was going, going forever, for he hardly looked about him. He might as well have been going out to his countinghouse instead of out of our lives. It was hard to remember that he was a ruined man, fleeing like a thief in the night. For always, always as I think of him then, he has a strange sort of magnificence and something of the greatness of a greater man. At least he took his fortune quietly, without a word and without a struggle, and I know of no harder thing to do.

He was playing, and he knew how it would end. He was going down a road that had no turning. He was going to meet the end which all men of violence meet, toward the inevitable end which he had often seen, friendless, hated, without a shred of honor.

Did his sorrow come later, I wonder? At some later time on the deck beneath the stars, did his face grow taut with pain? Sometimes I hope it did not, for he had unhappiness enough. Little as I have to thank him for, I like to think of him looking out to sea without remorse and without regret.

Yes, he was going. He had turned toward us.

"Prudence," he said, "there's no cause for you to feel so."

And I saw that she was crying, and then he bent toward her, very tall and gaunt. I had often thought his black clothes had a sinister aspect, but they had not then.

"Good-by, Charles," he said; "you'll forget me sometime."

But he was wrong. I have never forgotten him. He is always behind my thoughts.

He said nothing more. There could not have been a quieter parting. He walked into the hall, and the three of us were staring out. The room had grown very still. We heard him open the front door.

And then a strange thing happened, the last I have to tell, and I cannot explain it any more than the rest. I say we all three stood watching, but it was only for a moment. And then Richard Parton left us, and then I heard him in the hall, and then I heard his voice.

"Eliphalet!" he was calling. "Eliphalet Greer!" His voice was discordant, and Eliphalet did not answer.

And then I remember I was at the window looking out at the wharf, and Prudence was standing beside me, and she still was crying, but I only remembered it afterward. For I was filled with a single desire then. I wanted to see him go. Then I saw him. Both the wharf and the street were playing before me. I saw him as he turned the corner.

"Look!"

It was Prudence. Her hand was on my arm, and she was pointing out at the street. And then I saw why she had cried out. Eliphalet Greer was not alone. Richard Parton was walking at his side.

"They're going out together."

They were. They were walking side by side. I could not believe it at first. They were talking. I wish I knew what they were saying, for they were not speaking in anger. They were walking down the wharf, a tall gaunt figure in black and a slighter one in a faded blue coat.

I could not believe they were going, but they were. They were going together. They were walking together to the ladder where the small boats were tied. I saw Eliphalet go down it, and Richard Parton follow. Yes, they had gone down, one after the other. How can I tell what brought them there? How can anyone tell? They are only shadows in my life. They came like shadows and they went like shadows.

A small boat had slipped out from the wharf, out toward the open sea, and for the last time I saw them. For me, they went out then into something vaster than the sea. But I could see them. Even when they pointed toward the bar I could see them. The oars rose and fell like the beating of a pendulum. They were moving straight to the blunt-nosed brig that was pulling at her anchor chain. Murdock was in the bow, and then there were the men. I never saw them again. The Felicity is back, but no one has ever heard where those two went, or where they finally came to rest.

"Yes." It was her voice again, very clear and quiet, and I felt her hand in mine. "They're going out together."

And that was the last I saw of them. For me, their story was over then. A turn had come in the road, but our road still stretched forward. I had turned from the window, and my shoulders blocked the harbor from her sight, but I think we had both forgotten the harbor then. They were not the only ones who were going out together.

(THE END)

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## DEFY WATER AND WEAR

882

# PUDDLE DUCK

Continued from Page 13

back to her inheritance, and it grew and grew in her imagination into a glittering place indeed. What jolly talk there'd be! What cleverness! These people would know and love the pictures she had known and loved, the treasures of the galleries where she had walked with her father, who had taught her so patiently of all the great artists. They would know the opera, the orchestras, not be dependent on canned music and the minor—very minor—musicians such as come on small-town circuits. They would know the plays, too, and all the great modern people. What a feast it would be! She was hungry for just that sort of talk—starving for it! There had been so much of it among the people her father and mother knew in Paris and London and in Rome. Her conscience reminded her that there had been a little of it in Durbin. Kim knew a good bit about such things, but from reading, not from contact; and that, Genevieve told her conscience severely, was not in the least the same thing.

It was a long day's journey to New York from Durbin, and she arrived in a hot and humid twilight full of dust and dirt and tired, impatient fretted people who bumped her out of the way without a word of apology. Dog days in a big city have a horrible effect on its manners, never too good. But Genevieve finally got a taxicab and crossed from station to station, and achieved the train for the Long Island town near which was the George—and Mabel Anderson estate.

The night fell softly and the air grew cooler after she was through the tunnel and had passed the factories and the shabby fringe of buildings on the east side of the river. Even the cabbagy-onion truck-garden odors were a pleasant change from car smoke, and after a little they, too, were left behind and a strong salt tang of the sea, refreshing as a draught of cold water, came in little fragrant whiffs to tantalize and cheer. Presently these became more frequent, and when at last her station was called she stepped out into a heavenly blue night with the delicious ocean air encircling her. She thought she could hear the beat of the waves, but she had no time to listen for them; a competent, deferential chauffeur was before her.

"Miss Talant, for Mrs. Anderson's?" he asked. "The car is over here, miss."

He had her cape, her little bag, her baggage checks all before she knew it and was ushering her round the station into a limousine.

"Mrs. Anderson told me to say that she was very sorry not to meet you, miss; but there was a dinner party."

He did not say where and Genevieve did not ask. In that car, gilt fitted, lighted, flowers in its vase, cushions that cunningly supported the knees, the elbows, the back in just the right spots, it mattered very little to Genevieve whether Mabel met her or not. She leaned back and closed her eyes as the car eased out through the light station traffic and gathered speed as they passed through the town.

The road was marvelous. The great lights thrown ahead showed it white and smooth before them, and big trees arched over it. All the sweet smells of the dewy, leafy roadside came to Genevieve, and a bank of honeysuckle reminded her involuntarily of Durbin. They seemed to be going inland again, away from the sea.

For some twenty minutes they drove thus, and then wheeled in deftly through high gates of wrought iron hung between massive stone pillars, with a little lodge of stone at one side. More trees, and open spaces of lawn and garden, and at last the house looming huge and dark.

The chauffeur opened the door of the car and went with her up the steps and into the wide hall. There was no one in sight, but after a moment an elderly stout man in dinner clothes appeared from a door at the side.

"This is Mabel's cousin, I am sure," he said, holding out a welcoming hand. "I'm George Anderson, and very happy to see you. Sorry I couldn't go to meet you, but I had a long-distance call just when I ought to have been starting. Mabel had a dinner and bridge on. She'll be late, for she's with a bunch of fiends. Are you very tired? Do you want to go to bed at once?"

As he spoke he rang a bell, and another man, far more elegant, entered the hall. It was the butler.

"Have one of the maids take Miss Talant to her room and make her very comfortable, Pearse," said Mr Anderson. "She'll want a bite to eat, of course. Now will you have a tray upstairs, or do you feel like coming down and talking for a while to a dull old chap?"

"I'll come down," said Genevieve, "unless you are busy with something."

George Anderson gave a hoarse chuckle. "Busy playing solitaire. Go along up and take your hat off. I'll order you some supper down here."

Genevieve decided that she liked George Anderson. She followed Pearse upstairs and was delivered over to a maid of severe impersonal efficiency, whose attentions were almost embarrassing. The room into which she was taken was larger than the largest best parlor in Durbin, beautifully done in old French walnut, with hangings and bed covers of Toile de Jouy. Beyond was a bathroom of pale green marble and silver, with monogrammed towels and bath sheets, and a plate-glass shower inclosure. Genevieve gave up her baggage keys and at once hastened to wash her face and hands and smooth her hair. The maid brushed her—it was all Genevieve would let her do. She was glad to escape downstairs from the girl's sharp eyes and insistent service.

"She'll die when she sees the darns in my stockings," thought Genevieve humorously as she hurried down the wide-curving shallow stairs.

George Anderson was waiting for her.

"I had 'em put it in the breakfast room; the dining room's such a gloomy barn. Never did like this Italian junk Mabel's got in there. My theory is that the Italians got their vendetta habit after sitting on their native chairs and eating off their refectory tables. Don't blame 'em."

He chuckled again as they passed through the dining room, which might have come direct from a doge's palace.

The breakfast room was the last word in smart sophisticated yellow lacquer, with flowers, ferns and fountain to create the illusion of rusticity. Long French windows opened on the garden so that the room seemed part of out-of-doors. Genevieve looked about her with delight that was unfeigned. The princess was at home, and Pearse, coming in with a supper of exquisite deliciousness, might have been the chamberlain of her court, with such supreme dignity did he serve her.

"Gimme some o' that fish mousse, Pearse," commanded George. "It looks rather tasty."

Pearse laid another plate with a proud gesture that lent grace even to the "gimme."

"Have a good trip?" asked George. "Rotten travelin' in weather like this."

"I didn't mind it. And I mind it less now that I'm here." Genevieve smiled at him. "This is a gorgeous house."

"Too big—costs too much to run. Mabel's deviled to death with the servants. My father built it in the old days when servants were servants and not a lot of autocrats. We live here all the year now; keep a little apartment at a hotel in town and go in twice or three times a week for the opera or the theater."

Genevieve was tasting the mousse with rapture. Mrs. Davis was a good cook, but in her flossiest moments she had never dared to try anything like this. At mention of the opera, however, Genevieve forgot the mousse. "Oh, do you go to the opera every week?" she cried longingly.

"Not if I can help it—puts my feet to sleep, specially the German stuff. Makes me numb from the knees down. And all the singers, except one or two, are such Percherons. Best thing about the opera is that you do hear all the scandal. Everybody that comes into the box has something to tell about somebody else, and before they're fairly out of earshot, in pops their last victim with a racy bit on them."

George chuckled his wheezy chuckle twice at the thought.

Somewhat dashed by George's musical tastes, Genevieve resumed her supper. After the mousse came a salad, and then a bit of molded cream with little cakes compounded by genius. George had some of these, too, eating with an emphasis that was just a trifle too pronounced. Perhaps he felt Genevieve's unspoken comment, for he explained:

"I do enjoy my food. Eating's my favorite indoor sport; about the only one left to me, by gad. Well, now I dare say you'd like to go to bed. Mabel won't be back till two or three probably."

The efficient maid was waiting for Genevieve in the upper hall, apparently expecting to put her to bed. As Genevieve declined this attention and dismissed her, she asked, "What time will you have your tray, miss?"

In Durbin, Genevieve rose at seven promptly, sometimes earlier. But now—she reverted joyfully to the old lazy Continental days.

"Half past nine," she ordered with a thrill.

Breakfast in bed, at half past nine! Oh, bliss!

Alone in her room, she examined its appointments one by one. They were, she decided, perfect. There was a noiseless clock with a muffled strike, a desk with crested paper in a tooled-leather case, and a little card that told when the mails went out and arrived, and actually there were pens that would write and a filled inkwell! Also pencils and memo pads and postage stamps!

An old French box on the dresser held every possible sort of pins at one end, powder and rouge in the middle, and a complete sewing kit at the other end. Genevieve noted with pleasure that her own brushes and shoehorn and such like articles did not shame the room. They were relics from the old days, tortoise shell monogrammed in gold. The maid, who had laid them out in order, couldn't sniff at those, even if she did sniff at Genevieve's Durbin clothes, which were all unpacked and neatly put away. The bed had been opened, nightgown and negligee placed across the foot of it, and slippers at the side.

On the bedside table were reading lamp, cigarettes, matches, water bottle and glass, and two or three books. The bed had three pillows, one soft, one hard, and one little tuck-away, all of finest lace-edged monogrammed linen. The linen sheets were monogrammed, and so were the feather-light rosy blankets. Genevieve looked at all these things with doting pleasure. This—this was something like! And when she went into the bathroom to gloat over its charms, she observed crystal bottles of *vinaigre de toilette* and perfumed bath tablets as well as such practical details as tooth paste, soap, cold cream and bath powder, all ready to her hand. Mabel might be a bridge fiend, but she certainly knew how things should be done.

Genevieve sank to sleep and dreamed of sailing in a golden boat over a sea of attar of roses. She enjoyed it very much, except that she had a vague feeling that she had promised Kim to take him along, and that he was standing on shore looking after her reproachfully. But she didn't bother to sail back, even so. It was a splendid dream—except for that vague memory of Kim—and when she woke, rested and refreshed, and gazed sleepily at the rosy light drifting in through the taffeta undercurtains, she could have laughed aloud for sheer irresponsible pleasure.

Again the maid appeared, to open the curtains, run her bath and scent it with vervain. It seemed that she had been assigned by Mabel to personal service on the guest. And then came the breakfast tray. Genevieve recalled hearing one of her mother's friends say that a breakfast tray in a great house was the supreme test of its management.

In that case Mabel's worth as a household executive was proved. Amusingly, the china, the decoration of the tray, repeated the flower in the paneled walls. The cloth and napkin were convent work. The hot dishes were hot—even the toast! The fruit was iced. Each tiny detail had been remembered, and, final touch, there was an airy spray of ruffled rosy sweet peas in a crystal thread of a vase.

Presently came again the ubiquitous maid—by this time Genevieve had discovered that her name was Emma. Emma brought all Genevieve's pressable clothes neatly pressed, all her shoes cleaned and polished within an inch of their lives. And she desired to help Genevieve dress for the morning—and should she do her hair?

There was something about Emma's appraising eyes that irked Genevieve a trifle. It was rather like being a goldfish to have this cool starched creature looking in

(Continued on Page 105)

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# Vote!

**AT the November election, you will vote. You can't avoid it. You will go to the polls and declare your honest opinion on the political issues involved, or you will stay away from the polls and cast a silent vote against continuance of a democratic form of government.**

**The obligation to vote was laid on you by the men whose bleeding feet made red the snows of Valley Forge. Many of them gave their lives to win freedom; can you refuse just one day to preserve it? Is it worth so little to you to live under the Stars and Stripes, to be secure in your home and business, to worship God in your own way, to have full share in governing the land?**

**From the time of King John down, too many men have lightly neglected the vote as if it were merely a right or a privilege. In the main it is neither. The vote is a *duty* of citizenship in a democracy, and unless all of us recognize that duty, and faithfully perform it, we subject ourselves to the danger of control by a selfish and self-seeking few.**

**This should be the year of the biggest vote the United States has ever seen. Help to make it so.**

From 1888 to 1912, the vote for President of the United States increased at the rate of about 600,000 ballots every four years. In 1916 it reached 18,528,743 votes, an increase of 3,497,574 in four years.

In 1920, with women voting in many States, the total vote was 26,705,346; but large as that figure was, it was disappointing, since the men who might have voted numbered 27,661,880, and the women numbered 26,759,952—a total of 54,421,832.

This is the first national election in which complete universal suffrage will be effective in the United States. If the fidelity of women to civic duty equals their devotion to home and family, their vote should equal the vote of the men and the total should exceed 50,000,000.

The task before the people of the United States—men and women—is to make democracy secure and to keep it secure. That will take all our strength, will tax our intelligence to the utmost, and call for our keenest vigilance. Voting is our privilege, our obligation—perhaps even our burden. But it is also our most effective weapon. Short of serious illness, no excuse for failing to vote can pass muster. Whether Election Day brings heat or cold, rain or shine, calm or blizzard, get to the polls and vote!

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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at her every five minutes. But she reminded herself that it was luxury.

"I'll always do my hair and dress myself," she told Emma amiably. "Just keep my things in order for me; that will be all I'll require."

Emma was disappointed but acquiescent. There was no camaraderie about Emma. Genevieve could not picture herself calling down the backstairs gayly to Emma, as she did to Mrs. Davis' hired girl, to find out what time it was and how soon breakfast would be ready. No, Emma was a trained servant, and as such had had all expectation of finding her employers human beings trained out of her. But before leaving she imparted the fact that Mrs. Anderson would be down at half past eleven and would meet Miss Talant on the terrace.

Sauntering down, therefore, a few minutes before eleven, Genevieve found time to look about her. The house was admirably spaced. There was the vaulted hall of the night before, and she now saw that it held treasures of English oak, enlivened by great bowls and jars of fresh flowers. The dining room was not so austere, but quite as impressive, seen by daylight. There was a library, with books to its very top, and a wide airy living room, casement windows, open to the garden, admirably done in Georgian furniture, chintz, family portraits and the usual range of bibelots in bronzes enamel, pottery, ivory, crystal, lacquer.

Genevieve walked about, purring. This was the way to live! Nothing stodgy, nothing dull, nothing unbeautiful. In the mirrors she saw her own slim self, and her slip frock of white crêpe—it was her best in Durbin—fitted admirably into the picture. Ah, she was where she belonged at last! Ease and lovely things to delight the mind and educate the soul! Her long thirst for them was slaked, she felt a spirit released.

A sustained murmuring voice, betokening a telephone conversation somewhere near, recalled Mabel to her mind. She wandered down the hall and out on the terrace, the famous Anderson terrace photographed by every country-home magazine camera in the world. Mabel was there, and, as Genevieve had surmised, telephoning. She nodded and went on:

"If you give him milk, Florrie, he'll get worms. Police-dog puppies simply mustn't have milk. Of course, they lick up castor oil adorably and seem to like it, but it's troublesome. Just the puppy biscuit and cereal and well-cooked vegetables. Heavens, no meat! I don't care what your man says."

Genevieve perched herself on cushioned wicker and enjoyed the view. Low hills, blue-green, misted, gently rounding, stretched away before her, and beyond them she felt, though she could not see, the ocean. But Mabel was putting down the phone. She advanced and kissed Genevieve warmly.

"I'm so glad to see you, dear. Did you have a hard trip? And did Emma take proper care of you?" She did not wait for an answer, but went on, a frown coming on her massaged brow: "I'm so furious with George this morning. It wasn't your fault; of course you didn't know; but George had Pearse wait on you last night, and he was raving. It's the second man's duty, extra meals like that, and Pearse stipulated that when I engaged him. George knew it perfectly, and yet he let me in for all this trouble. I don't know if Pearse will stay or not, and he's so good. My dear, he makes sauterne cup in a way no butler I've ever had. Ever so many people will snap him up, and he knows it. I've had to go on my knees to him."

This explained Pearse's martyred look last night! And his superb restrained dignity! Genevieve grinned to herself as she recalled it.

"The first thing," said Mabel, babbling on, "is to order you something to wear. We'll get at that immediately. I'm having a dinner for you tonight. No use in wasting a minute. Besides, Andy Barton might go off to Europe; he was talking about it. This morning we'll go over to the club for tennis, and we'll pick George up—he's golfing there—for lunch, and I'll just telephone to a woman I know in town about your clothes, a shopper, and I must say one more word to Pearse. I've given the day's orders. Won't you run out and see my garden, dear, while I'm busy? I've had ever so many prizes at the flower show."

Obediently Genevieve went. She felt a trifle out of breath, as if she had been running hard to keep up with Mabel. The garden soothed and cheered her. It had been laid out by a master hand. Vistas of sward, glimpses of silver fountains, three stone steps down to a round lilied pool half shadowed, half in sunshine, roses climbing over high walls, ordered borders of delicately harmonized flowers, a little winding, singing stream, clever accents of dark evergreens—it made a paradise. Four silent overalled slaves were laboring there. There was no doubt that this magic beauty was achieved by wholly material means. Genevieve spoke to the head gardener, a dour Scot with a grievance.

"Aye, it's bonny," he said in response to her compliments. "It should be. Six men I have to keep it going, and I should have eight, what with the cutting garden below, and the vegetables." He sighed. "I've tell't the madam and I've tell't Mr. Anderson they canna expect me to compete with the big estates; but they winna listen, and if there's no blue ribbons at the flower show, vera black they look at me, though they don't know if it's for tulips or larkspura."

Genevieve wandered back to the house, slightly dashed. The modus operandi of beauty spoiled it. The bed of roses wasn't a bed of roses, but a highly trained competitive object, a sort of flower race horse.

Mabel was just ready and a haughty Pearse announced the car. Once on its artful cushions, Genevieve gave herself up to more listening.

"I think it's all right with Pearse," Mabel confided. "I hope so. If you knew what I endure from servants, my dear, you'd wonder that my hair isn't white. We have to have twenty, inside, not counting the gardener's men and the three chauffeurs and the garage man. George leaves them all to me to manage, which is most unfair. They're always complaining, exacting and getting offended with one another. Pearse and the cook, fortunately, are friends. You know, if your cook and butler can't get along, you simply have to let one or the other of them go!" She jumped to another topic. "I've sent Emma up to town with one of your frocks and orders to get you what you need. Ready-made models are so good you won't have to order things especially."

"Mabel, it's awfully sweet of you, but I don't like to accept it. I've some money, you know; I'm not a pauper. I've saved a little out of my salary and there's still a hundred or so left from father."

Mabel dismissed her with a little gleam of affection that Genevieve had not suspected.

"My dear child," she said, "I've no children of my own, and for this visit I want you to be exactly like my own daughter. There's no giving or accepting between us. You're not to think of the clothes again, except to wear and enjoy them. I rebuke myself a thousand times that I ever let you go off into that wretched little town and do that wretched work; but somehow life flies by me, and I forget things, and things get crowded out. I hadn't seen you since you were a very little child, you know, and you weren't at all clear to me, so when your letter came and I was off in Alaska, I—well, I just let one more thing slip by. But I've always had it in mind to hunt you up, and so—you see. Now, don't deny me this pleasure. I want you to dress and dance and have a lovely time, and marry Andy Barton, and live happy ever after."

Something fine and precious flickered across her worn, hard face, and she patted Genevieve's hand.

"You know," she went on, "you're well worth it. How you managed such a complexion and such a figure grubbing away in that terrible little hole ——"

"It isn't a terrible little hole, really," said Genevieve, "though it must have seemed so to you. And, Mabel dear, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I won't be proud and sensitive about the clothes, and I'll try to do everything you expect of me. And I can't tell you how I feel about it. If you'll just imagine yourself in my place, why, you'll know."

So the drive ended on a note of sentiment, and they entered the country club very companionably. It transpired that Mabel was having a tennis lesson from the professional; there was something the matter with her net play that she wished corrected. Would Genevieve play? She'd see if she couldn't get her into a mixed doubles. Genevieve was doubtful of the quality of her tennis in this highly technical atmosphere, so she elected to wait in the shade, where she could see the courts.

Mabel sat her down with an alluring little blue-eyed creature named Mrs. Ollivant. Genevieve grasped that she was the daughter-in-law of the Cyrus Ollivant, Sr., who had given the gallery of Italian primitives to the Metropolitan, and she turned to her eagerly. Now she would learn something about that Fra Angelico first-hand!

But young Mrs. Ollivant had nothing to say about Fra Angelico.

"He gave them away because he was so sick of paying insurance on them," she said, and went on to tell of the thing that was making her life a burden at the moment. "I simply cannot get cigarettes with tips that match my lipstick," she grumbled prettily. "They're either too cerise or too purple or off the tone some way." She drew out a case of black enamel and displayed the offending articles. "Look, isn't that frightful?" She held one of the carmine tips near her lips and demanded Genevieve's sympathy.

Other women and a few men drifted up and were introduced. The conversation ranged on golf, tennis, riding, dogs, and among the mothers of the party, girls' and boys' schools. There was a spirited discussion as to whether the assistant master of the local hunt was or was not a gentleman, and what should be done about him.

Genevieve had time to look at them all critically. The women were massaged and manicured and made up with an art that was really an art. They were dressed with a delusive simplicity. The men were mostly sunburned, though with a tendency to paunchiness among the older ones. But the observer was struck with one thing.

"How restless they all are!" she thought. "They don't seem exactly unhappy; but they're not satisfied. They all want something they haven't got."

After forty minutes or so Mabel came back, and the group began drifting away. Genevieve had an odd sense of their unreality; she had made no mental contact with any one of them. They were just polished and pretty talking automata, their thoughts running in the same groove, their range of interests and their ideas the same.

"See you at the beach this afternoon," was the good-by word of each.

George appeared for luncheon, with a stray man, a gaunt and gray Mr. Haines, who had been with him at golf all morning. They ate delicious food on a breeze-swept high veranda that overlooked the links. Mabel, like many of the other women at the tables round about, had nothing but orange juice, dry toast, spinach.

"You'll be doing it, too, in a few years," she warned Genevieve. "Hips are the bane of every woman's life; hips and that awful thickening of the diaphragm that stamps you middle-aged just as much as the lump at the back of your neck."

George and Mr. Haines talked of the morning's game, played it over stroke by stroke, until Genevieve wondered at their memories. Mabel marshaled them away from the table promptly.

"Will you telephone for one of the other cars, George," she asked, "or shall I drop you at home? We're going to Parhampton to Susie Jessup's fair. I promised her I'd go. And we'll be at the beach for tea."

George declined to be hurried over his after-luncheon cigar and said he would telephone for another car. Whereupon Mabel, picking up young Mrs. Ollivant and a Mrs. Temple, started on the twenty-five miles for the fair.

The three women—Genevieve again was a mere listener—complained bitterly of Susie Jessup's selfishness in making them come to her fair.

"We miss all bridge this afternoon," said Mabel. "We'll be back just in time for a dip, and then rush home for dinner."

"I wouldn't go," said Mrs. Temple, "but she won't do a thing for my own pet charity unless I go to her fair. I offered to send her a check, but she wants the crowd, so that the press photographers will get good pictures and all the papers will say what a mob there was. Susie's clever."

"Well, I'm not going to buy anything," declared Mrs. Ollivant. "I'm a pauper. I'm not going to spend a cent. I'm so horribly in debt now I daren't be anything but pleasant to my husband. Can you imagine!"

The others laughed. "You're always in debt, Evelyn—you're always stony. But you don't stop spending."

"Of course not. I daren't. I have to keep on, specially at the shops where I owe the most. If I didn't they'd all be down on me in a moment."

The talk turned to matters of dress and then to flesh reducing. It seemed that if


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you could only stand on your head you'd never be fat. And there was a woman, oh, such a wonderful creature, who had a new system of massage, absolutely new. Frightfully expensive, of course, but effective. Mrs. Ollivant and Mabel carefully wrote down the name and address of this paragon.

It occurred to Genevieve as they arrived at the fair that for three women of wealth and opportunity they were enormously concerned with trivialities. But she put the thought away from her. The fair was imminent, with ballyhoos, hot dogs, hurdy-gurdies, toy balloons, peanut roasters and insistent saleswomen. It was—Genevieve could not help seeing—very much like the street carnivals of Durbin.

Cameramen snapped at the four as they got out of the car, and Mrs. Ollivant posed separately, showing her pretty teeth in a charming smile. Then they plunged into the *mélange* and made a quick, and so far as Mabel and Mrs. Temple were concerned, a costly tour.

In the car again, Mabel looked ruefully into her purse.

"At least I've done my duty," she said. "But I've not a penny left, actually."

"What's Mrs. Jessup's fair for?" asked Genevieve, roused to curiosity concerning the object of so much stressful effort, so much expense.

"I'm really not sure," said Mabel vaguely. "Do you know, Evelyn?"

Mrs. Ollivant thought it was for a home for babies somewhere, and Mrs. Temple was equally certain that it was for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Anyway it's something very good or Susie wouldn't take it up. She's very practical, Susie, and she knows that the appeal must be sound or she could never make a go of it."

To which philosophy Genevieve could say nothing. It seemed final.

In due course they arrived at the Beach Club, rushed to their bathhouses and got into bathing suits. The scene was charming. The little crescent of golden sand was backed by the low-spreading, gray-shingled clubhouse. The verandas and the terraces and the beach itself all held many tea tables and gay beach umbrellas to shade them. Women and men—women mostly—in sports clothes and in bathing suits, lounged here, and the surf pounded an obbligato for their chatter.

"We'll have our dip and then tea," said Mabel. "And there's Andy Barton out on the float. How lucky!"

They swam out, and for the first time since her arrival Genevieve felt perfectly happy. The cold salt water was a powerful cordial, and she reached the float glowing, intensely alive, ready to laugh with pleasure. No more propitious moment could have been found for meeting Andrew Barton; and he, after appraising her figure and her legs, was pleased to be ever so little impressed. Genevieve saw a youngish man with a slightly undershot jaw, hair thinned over a high forehead and the coldest gray eyes in the world. But Genevieve's rosy piquancy warmed those eyes a trifle.

"Don't rush off," he begged. "Why the hurry?"

"I can't waste time talking when I can swim. I've lived inland for five years," said Genevieve, and dived in again.

She swam on out toward the farther float, but did not land on it, just turned on her back and floated, with her hands under her neck, staring up at the cloudless sky, pale under the rigors of the late afternoon sun. This was bliss! Memories of days at San Sebastian before the King of Spain made it the fashion, of excursions to the Lido and the blue Vesuvian bay crowded in on her, half sweet, half sad. When Mabel waved to her to come out for tea she was sorry to go.

Andrew Barton was on the sand by the tea table, and by the quirk of Mabel's mouth Genevieve knew she was pleased. But there was not time to talk. They hurried through their tea, dressed hastily and sought the motor. It was late. Even so, Andrew Barton was at the door to help them into their car.

"I'll see you at dinner this evening," he said to Genevieve. Then to Mabel, plaintively, "You're going to let me sit by Miss Talant. Don't shove me off among the dowagers as you usually do."

"Aha!" said Mabel as they drove away, alone this time, Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Ollivant having been met by their own cars. "That was very well done, Genevieve—that not stopping to talk to him on the float. He hasn't had anything like that said to him for years. He wants to marry, to have a son to inherit the estate, but girls have run after him until he's gun-shy. He has so much money that it's almost vulgar—and it's not new money. His grandfather made it, and then his father, and Andy himself's an awfully good business man."

"What does he do?" asked Genevieve.

She had not enjoyed the way he had looked her over. It gave her a strange undressed sensation.

"Nothing but look after the estate, investments and all that. Don't be too standoffish with him, but just enough. And now"—she became preoccupied—"you don't mind, do you, if I run through my mail and make memos of things to be done?"

She dragged out a parcel of letters and papers and went feverishly to work as the motor flew along, scribbling notes on the margins and in a tiny book. Genevieve leaned back and forgot her in the delicious languor that comes after a sea bath. Presently she opened her eyes and became aware of the exceeding beauty of the country they were going through. Green hills wooed the eyes, the road curved round about engagingly under trees or along splendid country-house properties.

"It's all so lovely, how can you miss it?" she said to Mabel, and then—"what are you doing anyway?"

Mabel did not look up.

"Every moment counts, you know, my dear. There's such endless detail in running a big place. I had to give up my kennels; they were really too much. Of course I have a secretary—you haven't met her yet—but even so, I have to keep my eye on my engagement book and plan everything, and I'm old-fashioned enough to want to read my own letters. I even write some of them. But it all takes time, and I do most of that sort of thing when I'm in the car."

George was waiting for them when they arrived; George and a quiet, middle-aged woman, who was Miss Sawyer, the secretary. Mabel turned over to her the mass of correspondence and disappeared to the telephone. George looked after them a little wistfully.

"Come walk in the garden for a while," he said. "Mabel will be on the phone till it's time to dress for dinner. Had a good time today?"

"The swimming was wonderful."

"Ha—something else wasn't so good! What was the matter?"

She evaded him.

"Nothing, of course. It's all strange to me yet, and I'm trying to learn everyone's name so I won't make stupid mistakes."

"It doesn't matter if you know their names or not. Just say Mrs. Blah-blah—she'll be too intent on something else to hear you."

"What have you been doing since lunch?" asked Genevieve. "Why didn't you come to the beach?"

"Sort of fed up with the beach. I've been looking over some horses a fella's brought on from the West, and then I watched polo practice a while."

He drooled on amiably about the polo players and their mounts, mentioned with anger the assistant master of the hunt who was no gentleman—and Genevieve walked beside him in the garden twilight, not hearing a word. Somehow she was thinking of Kimberley West—he would adore this garden. Every bit of his spare time he devoted to his sister's garden, and it was a marvel, for Durbin, but it would be nothing at all here. Perhaps it was better Kim shouldn't see this.

The placated Pearse summoned them within.

"Mrs. Anderson wishes to say that it is time to dress for dinner, and she is in Miss Talant's room and desires to see her."

"Our master's voice," said George with a grimace, as they hurried in obediently.

Mabel was indeed in Genevieve's room. So were some twenty boxes and a wild litter of hats and gowns and shoes and lingerie of all varieties and colors. Emma had again proved title to her efficiency. Like Britannia ruling the waves, she now stood in the midst of this froth and unerringly selected such things as Mabel called for.

"Let me see the dinner dresses," was the last command.

Emma brought out three and Mabel stabbed them with her criticism.

"The red one's too garish. The lace on the white one is poor. The peach chiffon will do. Miss Talant will wear that tonight. Take the two others back tomorrow and bring two more—no, three more. Soft colors, better lace, and very, very young."

Emma whisked away the débris and helped Genevieve with the peach chiffon. It was young enough, a wisp of softest color, a blue-and-silver flower on the shoulder. There were peach silk stockings and blue-and-silver slippers. A little coquettish band of silver tissue for the hair, *diamanté*. Genevieve looked sixteen and felt able to deal with a thousand Andy Bartons.

"No rouge," said Mabel. "Think of being able to do without it! And no color on the lips. Powder your nose, that's all, and no more than will take off the shine. Now I must go and get into my own frock."

The dinner, for sixteen, became a kaleidoscope of color and sound to Genevieve's unaccustomed eyes and ears. The only fixed points were the two cold gray eyes of Andrew Barton, which remained near to Genevieve, regarding her intently. For the rest, the women, greatly unclothed, determinedly animated; the men circulating thirstily about the cocktail tray, all seemed to her as unreal as figures in a tapestry. She listened avidly to their talk, and found that again it was of horses and riding, of golf, of tennis, of dogs. The assistant master of the hunt was up again, and the great scheme of extending the local bridle path. The question of reliable bootleggers held the entire table for some time. Also the price of Scotch and Bacardi.

Then she found that Andrew Barton was telling her a story. It was all about his own personal golf. In former years, it seemed, he had been very good, shooting as low as seventy-three, runner-up in various tournaments, and the like. But now, through some unforeseen disaster, his golf had lapsed. He had gone down to one hundred and worse! He had gone to Walter Hagen and he had said, "Walter, don't tell me how to play golf; I know how to do that, but tell me what is the matter with my game." And Walter Hagen had said that it was his right shoulder—that he was letting his right shoulder drop forward, ever so little, mind you, but just enough to spoil his swing. And now, by the most patient and wearisome practice, he was shooting about ninety, but it was doubtful if he would ever get down to his former seventy-three. All this with many ramifications and reports of what his friends had said, and what he had said to them, and about another fellow he knew who had exactly the same experience, and what the club pro had said, and so on and so forth. It seemed to be a great tragedy, and Genevieve listened to it as sympathetically as she could, and made the answers and exclamations that she judged he would find agreeable. And his cold gray eyes softened more and more as she did so. Mabel, looking at them from her end of the table, smiled with satisfaction.

After dinner there was a little interval of coffee and cognac before bridge, and Genevieve sat among the women in the drawing-room and absorbed wisdom. She learned that the ugliest place on a woman's body is where the underarm joins the shoulder in the back, and wondered why it should be displayed with such excessive frankness. She learned that cigarette holders had utterly gone out and were used only by amateur smokers, and that all womankind is divided into those who carry matches and those who don't. She learned that everyone present was working, and working hard, usually with a teacher, to perfect herself at some form of sports, even as Mabel at tennis. She learned that a cook gets a hundred and fifty a month and a butler as much or more, and that the servants' hall requires five meals a day. And finally, as the men appeared and the tables were set out, she learned the face of the typical bridge fiend.

Even in Durbin they played bridge; but as Genevieve saw the way in which the guests closed down on the tables and the professional way they went at it, she prayed to the god of luck that her own skill at cards might suffice. She was frightened. This was not amusement; it was gambling, and gambling with a keen, relentless set of gamblers. She concentrated on the game and the god of luck proved kind. She held good cards and when the scores were counted she had won sixty dollars. The money stung her fingers, but she realized that she couldn't hand it back.

"I'll give it to charity," she thought. "No, I'll put it in the yawning treasury of the Town Players."

And then she realized with a queer pang that she might never direct the Town Players again.

She was so tired that she fairly reeled up to bed. What a day! Andrew Barton, telling her that she was a good little bridger, and was she coming to the beach tomorrow?—that was her last waking recollection. She was asleep before Emma had got the peach dress hung up and the curtains drawn.

The morning brought her an odd sense of strain, almost of fatigue. Even the perfect breakfast tray failed to banish it, and on the tray was a letter from Kim; only a short letter, with clippings from the local column telling the Durbin news. But one sentence in the letter caused Genevieve to smile and to brighten. It was:

"Miss De Lancey may be a very fine woman, but she's not so easy to look at or so nice as our Miss Talant, one of the high-school boys told me today—and having seen the lady, I am forced to agree."

"As soon as I know what clothes you require for the day, miss," said Emma, "I'll lay them out and then go into town to change the dresses Mrs. Anderson didn't like."

It brought her back to the present, Emma's reminder.

"But I don't know what I'll require today, Emma," objected Genevieve.

"No, miss. Then I'll just ask Mrs. Anderson's maid, if you'll excuse me."

She came back in a few minutes.

"Cotton morning dress; crêpe de chine for luncheon and bridge; sports dress for afternoon—I think you're going to the tennis tournament, miss—and dinner dress But I'll be back by then."

More bridge! Genevieve thought of that sixty dollars and sighed. Playing cards for money when you can't afford to lose and don't want to win is a ghastly business. She came downstairs slowly. As on the day before, she found Mabel at the terrace telephone, Miss Sawyer beside her.

"I'm late this morning," said Mabel apologetically. "I haven't given the house orders yet. We've a lovely day before us, dear; you'll enjoy it. Rita Willard has a big luncheon and bridge, and then we'll take a look at the tennis tournament before we go to the beach, and Claire Temple is making up a party—not a big one, just twelve—for the dinner dance at the country club, and she wants you. It's for the younger set, so George and I are out of it, very fortunately, as we had a dinner on with the Bradys. Claire is having Andrew Barton for you—he actually asked to come! You know, I'm clairvoyant about some things, and I knew from the moment I first laid my eyes on you that you were the one girl for Andy. By the way, I've just been arranging for golf lessons for you at the Field Club. You're to go on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at eleven." She glanced at her watch. "It's time you started now, dear. Run along and I'll have the car wait for you. It'll only be an hour at first."

There seemed to be nothing to do but go. On the way to the Field Club Genevieve decided that Mabel had chosen golf because Andrew Barton was such an ardent golfer. She sighed. She didn't want to play golf. Nothing, to quote the immortal Bunker Bean, could have been of less consequence to Genevieve than golf. But she was caught up in the wheel of Mabel's life, the whirling, resistless wheel that seemed to rush them all, Mabel, George, their friends, everyone in all this set, round and round, restlessly and endlessly, and in the same groove, getting nowhere.

When she came back from her hour's drill with the relentless pro, it was time to dress and go to Mrs. Willard's. The hour of bridge was another lesson in concentration and self-control, for she had a flighty partner, and if she had not held exceptionally good cards she would have lost heavily. As it was, she won a little. Mabel filled the car with women who were also going on to the tennis tournament, and Genevieve had no chance to speak to her alone, either then or later at the beach, but on the way home she managed it, after they'd dropped the last guest.

"Do I have to play bridge and golf, Mabel dear?" she asked, in a small appealing voice. "Does everyone?"

Mabel looked at her in amazement.

"Everyone plays bridge, of course. If you didn't you'd be asked nowhere and you'd have nothing to do. Why, how would you fill your time?"

"But I don't want to fill it. I want to loaf and enjoy this heavenly country and your house and look at the people."

(Continued on Page 110)

GOING BEYOND MILEAGE AND AIR-PRESSURE

*Announcing—*

# Today's new big thought in tires

*Reflecting, in tires, what the foremost automobile engineers are accomplishing through motor designing*

Until five years ago, mileage was the only standard by which a tire was judged. Then, in 1919, a new era of thoughtfulness on the part of car owners toward their tire equipment began when General introduced the low-pressure idea with the Jumbo 30x3½ Cord, requiring only 30 pounds air pressure.

The big mileage of the General Cord is still as greatly prized as ever, and users have also come more and more to appreciate the full meaning of personal comfort and car protection obtained by their successful use of low pressure in the General Cord.

Yet this leadership in low pressure, like General's outstanding record of long mileage, represents only a part of today's story of tire achievement.

There is still another advantage in the General Cord that fulfills the highest mission of pneumatic tires. For today the new, big thought in tires is POWER.

## *Power saving means longer motor life—less gasoline*

The difference between running on General Cord equipment and upon the cords of some makes tested represents as great a difference in motor power as though the roller bearings had been taken out of the wheels.

Think of what that would mean in motor power—roller bearing manufacturers say a difference of 30% to 50%—yet that is no greater, in some cases, than the difference in rolling-resistance between General Cords and other makes. It runs as high as 30%.

Car owners who have not had experience with General Cords will be doubtful that the difference in *tires* can make such a tremendous difference in *motor power* and that one tire can stand out so far ahead of others in this respect. Yet, in the General Cord this is something that you can see and *feel*.

## *A greater difference than you ever thought possible*

The big difference in tires, their effect upon motor power, gasoline consumption, the very life of the motor and the lasting of the tires themselves is found on the *inside* of the tires.

You cannot "look" inside of tires. You do not know what to look for. But on the following two pages General gives you a practical way to compare all tires—an "X-Ray" that shows up the inside of them and enables you for the first time to judge for yourself the true value in tires.

Read on the following two pages the results of tests in Akron and in California, also the Government Bureau of Standards tests at Washington—and how these tests clearly demonstrate the biggest economies to be found in car operation as well as in the tires themselves.

*See the following two pages*

# Results of tire tests show remarkable power-saving

These photographs taken June 13, 1924, demonstrate General Cord's amazing advantage in motor power. They show that the General Cord equipment on a car absorbed 18.4% less motor power than was absorbed by the average makes of tires tested. In other Akron road tests, General Cords showed as high as 30% less power-loss than the competitive tires.

## *Details of Tests*

*The coasting tests illustrated here were made in Akron June 13, 1924, with a Big-Six Studebaker equipped first with General Cords and then with two other well-known makes of tires.*

*In each test, car started at top of hill. Distance coasted on level was measured from foot of hill to point where car came to dead stop. Note position of cars in photographs 1, 2 and 3.*

*All tires were of same size, regular 33 x 5 Cords, all were 8-ply tires and all were inflated to 40 pounds air pressure. Tests were made without the use of power, gears being in neutral and start made by simply releasing brakes.*

*In test No. 2 the car stopped at a point 296½ feet short of the mark to which it had coasted when equipped with Generals. In test No. 3 the car lacked 442 feet of coasting up to the mark that was made on Generals.*

*The General Cords outcoasted the other tires an average of 369¼ feet, or 18.4%. This indicates 18.4% less rolling-resistance in the General Cords. In still another test General Cords coasted 618 feet farther than the competitive tires which coasted 2,060 feet, indicating 30% less rolling-resistance with General Cords.*

*Coasted 1,575 Feet*

*Coasted*

# Extended Motor Life

The above tests clearly show how a car rolls more freely on some tires than on others. This rolling-resistance in tires is due to their internal friction. It works just as actively against the progress of the car when power is being used as when coasting. In some tires it amounts to a tremendous drag against the power of the motor.

At first thought you may consider that your car has power to spare. That is true when it is running on level roads. But when heavy road conditions call upon the motor for real pulling or when you are attempting to climb a difficult hill, when your motor must develop its power to the last ounce, it is then that the tires with the least rolling-resistance prove their value.

It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back and similarly it is the last horsepower your motor must develop under special conditions that puts the telling strain upon it. That is why the General Cord with its advantage in motor power—due to less rolling-resistance—adds to the life of your motor and pays dividends in the form of fewer motor repairs and longer motor life.

Still another important result is *fuel saving*. The fact that there is less rolling-resistance and less power loss in the General Cord means *less gasoline*. Tests made by large fleet operators have shown 10% and 12% gasoline savings.

From a California dealer's letter concerning tests between General and other tires made by one of the big stage operating companies:

## *"$6,000 Gasoline Saving"*

*"On the California Transit Company tests we also used a gas measure holding two quarts of gasoline. The results of this test were especially interesting to Mr. Travis, as they show where a saving of at least $6,000 a year can be made on gas alone by his company.*

*"On one hill, in order to maintain a speed of 25 miles per hour, it was necessary to shift gears when equipped with . . . . . while the Generals rolled over the top at 24 miles per hour in high. The driver called attention to this*

*". . . . . , of course, received word of this test and have used all kinds of alibis. One was that new tires were not used. This was quickly disposed of by showing them that the tires were new and had just been received from their factory. Their next alibi consisted of a several-page telegram describing the tread shape and insinuating that Generals lacked in non-skid feature and this was the cause of their rolling qualities.*

*"We matched this by showing Travis the Bureau of Standards tests with various treads and offered to make the tests on the bare carcass, also to beat them in a non-skid test."*

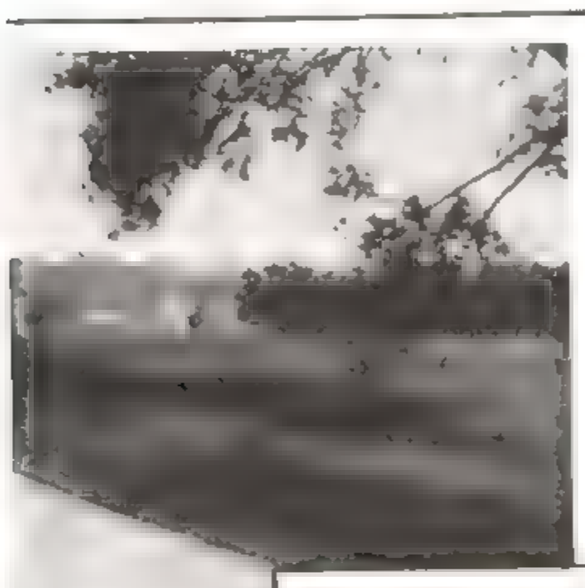
The test cited above is one of many which have been made by some of the largest commercial users of pneumatic tires in the country. Wherever these tests have been made they have clearly demonstrated the tremendous economies the General Cord offers fleet operators.

# Explaining longer tire wear and low-pressure advantages

When you realize to what an extent motor power is affected by internal friction in some tires, and how such tires actually retard the free-rolling of the car, you get some idea of what must be taking place inside of the tires themselves—terrific straining and wrenching, cords rubbing against cords, wearing out!

It is this inside wear that causes in tires the excessive internal friction that eats up motor power.

Thus, the greater motor power, demonstrated with General Cord equipment in the above tests, is due to the fact that they have less internal friction, consequently less internal wear. This explains to users the extended mileage they receive.



1,702½ Feet

It also explains how the General Cord users have for years been able to run successfully with 30% to 40% less air than the standard pressures formerly recommended.

It is the General Cord's greater freedom from internal friction under all conditions of service—and the fact that this advantage is gained without sacrifice of any essential in proper construction—that enables it to stand up and deliver the big mileage.

Without this mileage in the tire itself there would be no true economy in its motor power and gasoline saving advantages. It is the *combination of all three* of these outstanding features in General Cords, all types and sizes, that gives you a practical way to judge and compare the real value in tires.

Coasted 1,998 Feet

## Government Tests

The Government Bureau of Standards at Washington has made exhaustive tests of tires manufactured by 35 companies. Their book, issued September, 1923, fully explains the variations in rolling-resistance demonstrated in General's actual road tests of tires. Read the following extracts from their book:

*"The outstanding feature brought out by these dynamometer tests is the wide variation in the power loss of different makes of tires. . . . . the greater part of the power loss must occur in the carcass of the tire—the loss in the tread represents only a small part of the total loss in the tire."*

*"There is no question but that the uniformity of cord construction . . . . . in tires E and F is a factor which makes them stand out far below the average in power loss."*

Any distributor of the General Cord will gladly show you the photographs in the Bureau of Standards book. He will also show you cut-down sections of the General tire, which you will readily recognize from the examples shown in the Bureau of Standards book representing the tires that made the best records in their test. This will show you just why there is less internal friction in the General Cord and therefore less rolling-resistance—more power and less gasoline consumption—longer wear in the tire itself and better ability to run with low pressure. Upon request an official copy of this book will be sent free of charge by The General Tire and Rubber Company.

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

*The* GENERAL CORD

*—goes a long way to make friends*

# Get 'er Hot *and* Keep 'er Hot

with the

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Control of radiation is absolutely essential—you have it with the Allen Shutter Front. The full opening and perfect mechanical construction give perfect control from the dash at all times.

ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

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*Ford Special $12*

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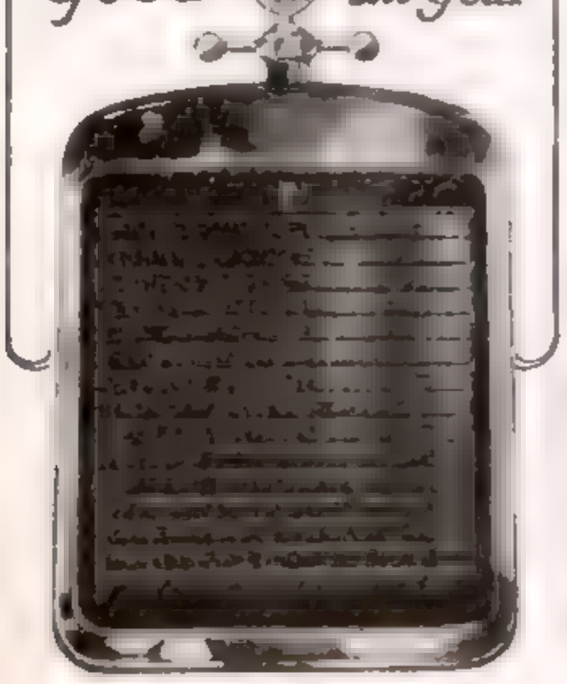
The ALLEN *SHUTTER* FRONT

*Good all year*




*(Continued from Page 106)*

"But you can't do that; it's the mark of the outsider. You must do as everyone does. Of course, if you don't enjoy golf, there's tennis. And—oh, yes, you must have some riding lessons. I forgot to mention that this morning."

"But why, Mabel, why? Why do you all rush around so, and work so hard, and make a point of going everywhere and doing everything? Everyone looks so worn and so restless. And when you've everything to make life pleasant with, why toil at it so?"

"It's simply because you're unaccustomed to it that you feel that way. We don't toil at it, my dear child. But no one wants to be out of things, and if you begin to decline invitations and not go about—why, good heavens, you might as well be dead!"

It was hopeless to explain to Mabel, that was certain. And perhaps Mabel was right. Perhaps she, Genevieve, had lived in dull little Durbin so long that she was completely out of touch with the way people—the people to whom she belonged—actually lived. Genevieve tried to convince herself of this. But these hurried, cluttered days that held nothing but sports and cards and the slightest of personal contacts—well, they weren't at all what she had expected.

There was an entirely new lot of people at dinner. Mrs. Temple had a sleek young man in attendance, and the bobbed and boisterous girl in emerald green who sat one from Genevieve said to the man between them, "Well, Claire's parading the little cake eater again. I'm going to step on him hard if he comes near me."

Andrew Barton sat at Genevieve's other side. Their table was on the veranda with many others. Within were a dimly lighted ballroom and excellent music. Genevieve rushed off to dance to it after the first course—with Andrew, who had asked her somewhat perfunctorily.

"You're very keen on dancing, aren't you?" he asked as they came back to the jellied soup.

"I adore it. What music! And what a floor! Now this—this is something like. Don't you enjoy it?"

"More with you than I have for a long time," he replied. "Nice to find someone who's enthusiastic about something," he went on.

"Oh, but think how enthusiastic you are over golf," said Genevieve.

It was an unfortunate remark. Andrew mistook her humor for interest. He at once began to detail to her the condition of his shoulder and how he had gone around that day in eighty-nine, and if it hadn't been for the state of the seventh and eleventh greens—and so on.

Genevieve listened, but when the man on the other side asked her to dance she went gladly. On their return he evidently circulated to the other men present that it was not all duty to dance with the new girl, so presently a man across the table asked her, and then another. She did not hear the end of Andrew's misadventure on the eleventh green until dessert. All these men, she discovered, talked exactly alike, allowing for some slight variation in taste. It was safe to begin with: "Were you at the tennis yesterday?" If yes—very well, they were off. If no, she changed the line: "Were you on the bridle path this morning?" These led naturally to other sports, to dogs, to horses, and almost invariably to the fact that the assistant master of the hunt was not a gentleman.

"If I had read those veterinary books down in the last alcove of the library," thought Genevieve wickedly, "what a brilliant person they would have thought me."

She tried one or two of them on books, on politics, on music, but drew a blank each time. These things were not, evidently, prominent in their world. Where they did offer an opinion it was curiously cut and dried, conservative.

"There isn t a man in Durbin, from the preachers to the bootblack, who wouldn't have had something to say about politics that would have been more interested and interesting," she thought with a grain of contempt. "Their money's done something queer to them, atrophied them. They don't respond, their minds aren't acquisitive, even if their hands are. Oh, heavens, the waste! And what they miss!"

"I'm thinking," said Andrew Barton in her ear, "of having a dinner very soon—if I can count on your coming. I do very little entertaining, but I'd like you to see my place."

"My engagements are entirely in Mabel's hands," said Genevieve, rather shortly. There was a cautious condescension in his tone that she didn't like. He was, she observed, trying her out, looking her over, but doing nothing precipitate, so that a retreat—should he decide she wouldn't do—would not be undignified or difficult. She had a reprehensible wish to pinch him on the arm and stick her tongue out at him.

At midnight she whirled away home—Emma had come for her in the car—too tired even to be resentful of Andrew Barton's assurance. But in the morning she told Mabel of his proposed party.

"My dear," explained her cousin, actually taking her hand off the telephone, "that's the first party Andy's given at his house in ages! He always uses the clubs—makes it more impersonal. And he said he wants you to see his place! Simply marvelous!" She gazed at Genevieve with real respect.

Genevieve refrained from saying that she saw nothing marvelous in winning a man who only required a listening ear to be perfectly happy.

Miss Sawyer approached, engagement book in hand.

Genevieve sighed and composed herself to listen. It was the former round with variations. Polo this afternoon, a good match they mustn't miss. A riding lesson for Genevieve while Mabel took hers at tennis. A luncheon, another charity affair to be sandwiched in somehow—"I curse the day when they were invented," said Mabel darkly. "They do break in so on bridge. I always make my charity parties into bridges, and I wish everyone would do the same." Tea at the beach, a dinner. Someone was giving a barn dance. They might look in on that late, depending on who wanted to go on from the dinner.

"A peaceful, restful summer day," said Genevieve as Mabel paused for breath.

She was rewarded by a glance from Miss Sawyer that expressed comprehension and sympathy. Miss Sawyer was human.

"Emma has riding clothes for you, dear," said Mabel, turning again to the telephone.

It was exactly two weeks to a day after Emma got her riding clothes for her that Genevieve descended from the train at Durbin. Kimberley West met her, and crowding around were a self-elected reception committee of members of the Town Players, the Reading Club and their various parents and friends. They were all enormously pleased to see her, and they confided that Miss De Lancey was all right, oh, and awfully nice, and she tried awfully hard, but it wasn't at all the same! No, not at all! And all the feminine members of the party remarked on what a lovely dress and hat and cape Miss Talant had on, but hadn't she got thinner? And didn't she look tired?

She rode to her boarding house in Kim's little snorting rattletrap. He had not said much, but his eyes spoke for him. They were not cold eyes, but warm and incautious. They betrayed him as Andrew Barton's eyes never could.

"It's heaven to have you back," he told her. "But I thought you were going to stay a month. I was afraid that you'd never come back at all."

Genevieve broke into long-pent-up speech.

"I told Mabel that Miss De Lancey had smallpox. She'll never forgive me for coming, never, and it was hideously ungrateful after all she'd done for me, but I—couldn't—stand—it—another—minute! Kim, they're so dull! They're hardly adult, they're so preoccupied with all the things that children ought to care for, horses and dogs and games! And they've loaded themselves down with so many things they get no real enjoyment from any of them. And they rush around like mad trying to amuse themselves, and they can't because everything's settled for them! Their money has settled it! They work like galley slaves to keep up the life their money requires of them. And they know what they believe, they know what they think, they know what they're going to do, with minor variations, for the rest of their lives! Their servants have a better time. They are really servants of their servants."

"They don't have to struggle," said Kim understandingly, "and it's struggle that makes life worthwhile."

"Oh, that's it, that's it! And their leisure is such hard labor. And they make such a fuss over piffling details. One woman told me she'd put in two weeks picking out the slates for her terrace so that she'd get just the right soft tan gray. Two weeks of her only mortal life picking out slates to walk on, in this interesting, amusing vital world where there's so much to see, to do, to feel, to know! I could have cried for her, she seemed to me so pitiful!"

"What about the men?" asked Kim. "They were worrying me. Nearly gave me gray hair. This fellow who gave the big dinner for you in the medieval palace ——"

"Oh, him! He's all right! He—well, he liked me, I think ——"

"I know too darned well he did!"

"But medieval palaces aren't in my line. And besides, I shall never be a golfer, and I cannot get all wrought up over the fact that a certain old man in Scotland makes the best golf clubs in the world, but only does about six a year, and if you've got one it doesn't seem to me exactly like a Stradivarius violin—no, not exactly."

Kim laughed.

"Did your medieval-palace lad say that?"

"Yes, he did."

"And what did you say?"

"I didn't say anything. I did what you did—I laughed."

Kimberley West turned and looked at her closely.

"And he didn't like it"

"And I didn't care."

"Thank God for that. I've got you back, my dear, my dear. I'm never going to let you go away again."

"No," said Genevieve. "No, you couldn't drive me away again. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* I have discovered that I am, essentially, a puddle duck. And happiest in my puddle."

And that was why Mrs. Davis, joyfully waiting for the return of her boarder, was amazed to see Kimberley West lift her out of his rattletrap and kiss her right there, brazenly, on the street!

Later in the evening he asked her one question:

"Are you sure you won't regret it, Genevieve? Isn't there anything you regret?"

She thought a moment, then laughed.

"Yes, there is. I regret terribly that I didn't meet the assistant master of the hunt. I believe he might have been a kindred soul."

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# Grover Cleveland—Estimate of His Character and Work

## By GEORGE F. PARKER

IT HAS become evident that among modern peoples events move with such rapidity; the panorama shifts so constantly; the clangor made by small men so reverberates; the confused discussions which once claimed to mark the existence of problems have so often become, upon examination, only echoes, idle questions requiring neither discussion nor settlement; the effort of neighborhoods to push their localisms into notice and to keep them there has been so persistent; the hopeless human geese of a county, district, state or even of a nation are so accepted as veritable swans of high degree—that the large issues are obscured and tend to hide the commanding minds upon whom, in the end, the world must depend for the conduct of its affairs.

In addition to these elements, the comprehension of current history is seriously obstructed by that idol worship which has lately become so common. Formerly the weakness of the party, school or college; the cheap career of the founder or leader of a new sect or cult; the glib declaimer of the day or the moment; or the latest faker of any class, afforded illustrations of this tendency. Whatever it might be, the movement was small and went on, in the main, within its own water-tight compartments. It was contemptible from any human point of view, weakening to the mind, hurtful to the growth of discretion or character, and productive of an indurated provincialism powerless to break through the affinities that had created it.

The balance of history thus becomes inconstant, and there is brought into existence a brood of adventurers insistent upon the rewriting of our annals. Now some of the adherents of a particular form of religion seek to suppress a great drama; again, creeds or nationalities, unknown either in the struggle for political independence or in economic development, claim exclusive proprietorship of something wholly foreign to their abilities and impossible because they were not even represented here during the formative period.

Thus, taken as a whole, current history or biography, if it seeks to tell the real truth, finds it hard to get a hearing. It must dig itself out of a most discouraging mass of débris, to find, in many cases, that the claims of some ignoramus or posing declaimer, to whom the echoing noise of the day is as welcome as the acclaim of the years once was, make it difficult to overtake the falsehood, or the assumption that lives next door to it. This renders difficult the building of a foundation for an understanding of the characters who, behind and above everything, create or maintain the large conditions that enter into our life.

### A Political Phenomenon

THE difficulties thus enumerated have made me hesitate in the attempt to measure, in reasonable space, the character and services of Grover Cleveland, a man whose whole life and career lay so far outside the conventional. His was a rise that even the dullest could not ignore or neglect. Only a twelvemonth from the day that he emerged from obscurity, he was governor-elect of one of our greatest states and President-elect in another twenty-four months. It is no surprise that he soon became one of the wonders of the modern world. Nor is the surprise the greater that eyes, minds and study were focused upon him, or that he should have been the victim of a misunderstanding which he himself refused to dispel except so far as his acts gradually revealed his character.

He was a political phenomenon not only in the life of his time and country but in that of the world. He did not approach the courts of history along any road which such a figure might be expected to travel. Hitherto, our people had been accustomed to seek great characters in the places they had always haunted. Presidents, governors, even senators, members of Congress and other officials down the line had almost invariably started on the lowest rung of the shortest ladder and had never ceased to climb by one after another to higher reaches. Without exception, they proclaimed their desire and determination to rise, and in order to carry out their purpose used the arts of which they were capable. Other than Washington, exceptional in this as in everything, no man had become President or achieved a nomination or been considered for this high office without thinking about it, avowing an ambition for it or intriguing and organizing for it. They thus began when young, knew and announced their intentions, mobilized friends or acquired opponents or enemies.

The men who have risen to high office are dull in story, mainly because it has become necessary to follow them through the political bib-and-porringer period. Our people have had to content themselves with innumerable utterances made during callow days by youths who ought still to have been seeking under tutors how they might learn instead of presuming to teach. So when a man, devoid of ambition or even the thought of it, came along, one who had not served or sought to serve in a city council or a state legislature, or as judge over a minor court; had never become a delegate to a convention of any kind; had refused to go outside his own judicial district to practice law; and had never made a speech in any kind of meeting or canvass—we were naturally inclined to insist that there could be no such person. And yet there he was; and, quite naturally, we knew nothing whatever about him. When he showed no more desire to talk about himself than to acquire an ambition, or to aspire to something which he had never thought of or hardly imagined as having a personal interest for him, with one accord everybody wondered what was to be done with such a man.

### The Dark Horse of American Politics

AND yet when he appeared he insisted upon doing, and also assumed to know. It was then found that, with all these peculiarities, he had not fallen from another planet, but was interested actually and intelligently in large human affairs. After all, we had not put ourselves and our fortunes into the hands of some ignorant and presumptuous amateur. To our surprise, and perhaps to his own, it was found that he was determined to know something about everything coming within his new scope; that if he did not know he would only act when he had learned; that he really believed in the achievements fundamental to the white race; insisted that the Constitution was something more than a little thing between friends; felt that the Christian religion was the highest development in the history of mankind; and that these great conceptions had gradually become possible because society, escaping from the nomadic, was based upon the idea of private property.

In dealing with this man it is impossible to overemphasize the fact that, until within a few weeks of the end of his forty-fifth year, he was not only unknown as a personality but there was nothing to represent him even in opinion. There was no address on religion, politics, social life, professional, business or other question to indicate that he had an idea. There was no known letter to family, association or newspaper to show that he had given thought to anything outside his own concerns. There was no expression of opinion on slavery, currency, the conduct of the Civil War, or anything else, to indicate that he had even associated or corresponded with men who did know these things or were interested in them.

These features combined to make Grover Cleveland the distinctive dark horse of American politics. He did not discuss the present, judge the past or forecast the future. We only know now, from character as revealed later, not from profession or utterance, that he was always moved by a high devotion to duty in his relations to society, family and profession. When he finally appeared, the great world only knew or could know that he had been dumb and unresponsive. So far as history makes record, no other case is known where a man destined to bear such a large relation to the events of his time or to its foundations has, at a like mature age, started out only to emerge into a really great recognition which, with all limitations, carried him, almost at a single bound, to the highest point of power. He overcame his abnormal handicaps, maintained himself for a quarter of a century, conquered the prejudices of opponents, commanded the general approval and left upon the history of his time an ineffaceable mark.

The explanation is, of course, simple. It all comes from the unseen and inexplicable foundations of character. These must have been inherent and settled. They were little affected by the thing called education—so often confused with schooling—and as environment only modified and strengthened his qualities, it was a long time before, working together, they found an outlet. In the annals of human progress, the spectacle is often seen of large ability, or the power to render service, jumping one generation or more only to reappear; so, in unusual cases, like that in point, it comes out like the stream which has long run underground.

It may be that if it were possible to analyze the lives having in them the potency of greatness, the thing known as high success has often had to await that mysterious quantity known as opportunity. It is clear, from the result achieved, that the more than two score and four years of honest, unremitting effort in the quiet of life, with little outward activity to show for it, were, after all, only the reward of good blood, excellent parts, honest intentions, hard work and good will to his fellows, without display of aspiration or ambition, so far as the world knew or cared. These years were the natural and necessary accompaniments of a genius of which even its possessor had no knowledge or suspicion. His gifts merely enabled him to fill to overflowing the reservoirs from which power was to be drawn in time of need.

And yet, in the final result, here was this man who seemed to be caught up as by a whirlwind and thrown into a most complicated mass of work and duties, knowing nothing, so far as he or anybody else could divine, either in theory or practice, about the organization of government, without experience in matters dealing with domestic civil service, with diplomacy, with Indians, or with armies and navies, taking up not one or two of these and other interests, but each in its turn, and dealing with them as if they had always fallen into the ordinary routine of his daily life.

From the earliest day that this responsibility was cast upon him he never seemed to be troubled about the making or filling of vacancies in the public service—a task which had to take account of the multiplied features incident to party patronage in nearly fifty states and territories, divided into hundreds of congressional districts. In these matters he could have no friends and was constantly surrounded by possible enemies. He had somehow to reconcile a motley mass of senators and representatives and a mob of committeemen, representing together an almost hopeless mixture of motives and demands. Whatever assistance he had, wherever he might turn, he had to deal with strangers, bearing in mind that every act done, every appointment made, every opinion expressed, was still his and not that of another. It is no wonder that he had to work eighteen hours a day, and the only surprise is that he was able sufficiently to master these infinite details as to permit government to go on at all.

### His Courage in Making Decisions

I DO not believe that any consideration personal to himself, to friend or group, to party or interest, however close they may have been, however strong or insistent, ever had the remotest influence upon his action when the responsibility was laid upon him. If an action was right and necessary, if it accorded with approved principles and sound policies, he would do it if an executive act or sign it if presented in the form of a bill; but if it did not square with this conception, he would veto it, even if loud party clamor or the individual nearest him was known to favor it.

There are great numbers of men, for the most part well-meaning as things go, who ask first how a thing can possibly be done, and then whether it is politic, or will be profitable, or will help a person, a group or a party without hurting themselves. After these questions have been asked, discussed and answered, they may perhaps inquire, feebly or timidly, whether it ought to be done. With Cleveland, the first question and the last, both directly and in his own mind, in a business or political conference, was "Is it right?" Let this be once determined affirmatively and that was the end.

Illustrating this attitude, when the tariff policy was to be formulated in the annual message of 1887, he called in conference a half dozen or so of the leaders of his party. As they were men who had a right to be heard, they discussed the matter in all its bearings. He insisted that, in obedience to the principles entering into party doctrine and personal promises, the course proposed was inevitable and right. But one after another emphasized the obvious argument:

"You and your party are now in power and another election is approaching. You personally, and we, your followers and friends, have been invested with authority; by waiting, by merely going slow, we may be able to turn our principles into policies; the conditions are all in our favor. Why, therefore, should we raise any unnecessary complications? We may not only imperil the presidency but further weaken ourselves in the Senate and lose the House. So why take chances?"

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 112)

All the stock arguments that, leading from these, could enter into account were presented, the participants eagerly awaiting his answer. It came in the form of both an affirmation and a question:

"I have listened carefully to everything you have said, and, in my own mind, have anticipated, as keenly as my powers will permit, the course proper under all the conditions. I have only again to ask, Is it proper?"

The reply from every adviser was, "It is."

He ended the discussion by the declaration, "Then if it is right, come what may, I will do it."

The same idea and method were employed in his decision about the silver declaration of February, 1891. No interest, party or public, was pushing for a decision just then; but he recognized in a dim way that the country was asking him to become a candidate for renomination and reelection to a place that he did not want; in order that there should not be the remotest excuse for misunderstanding, he wrote the twenty-line letter which, with the average man, would have meant political suicide. The silver advocates were maddened, while close friends went away sulking and discouraged, convinced that it was the beginning of the end.

This method was repeated time after time—in the five-cent-fare veto; in the Kelly letter; on the bond issues; in the Pullman strike; in the Venezuela message; in the pension vetoes; in the extension, with what was deemed unseemly rapidity, of the civil-service regulations; in his advocacy of the Australian ballot; in his decision to attend the funeral of Rutherford B. Hayes; in practically every movement during his ten years of outstanding responsibility where a difference upon a policy could arise within a party. This obstinate devotion to principle applied distinctively to things to be done. In a dispute about men he was far less assertive, always confident that, outside judicial places, he could control appointees by his own will and the power lodged in him, only insisting that, whoever was chosen, he should be kept in subjection to sound policies.

With him, duty was not a dull routine to be performed by running in a rut. He believed in conserving what was good; but a precedent, to make effective appeal, must be right. Each act must stand by itself. His sense of responsibility was live and real; it came into play every day and hour. One pardon case did not have any bearing upon a decision to be reached in another, however close the resemblance might seem. Each application dealt with a different man; it related to a separate crime, offense or provocation, unlike any other that could arise. He did not give this extra time in order to pose or make believe that he was doing something; that and every other act demanded his attention because it was his duty to attend to it and nobody else could.

### Independence of Action

With all attachment to details, he had a positive hatred for the exercise of the little powers of appointment and the attentions that absorb the time and energy of so many men in office. He absolutely loathed patronage, in spite of the fact that probably no man in our history has had to use it so relentlessly. Whatever authority was conferred upon him by law, he viewed it as meant for his exercise as a public duty, never as a perquisite or at the bidding of somebody else.

If something needed to be done, he did not wait to find or make a sentiment in its favor; he proceeded to do it and let public opinion take its cue from him. In this way he created a new Navy; repealed the Silver-Purchase Act; made merit the standard for appointments whether his own party liked it or not; resisted to the last—and successfully, so far as he was concerned—the effort to drive the country into war with Spain; sent Federal troops to Illinois and Colorado against the protest of their governors; and, indeed, did practically every other positive act of his career.

People sometimes talk about Roosevelt taking Panama, when Cleveland, acting under general laws, had set the fashion of doing practically everything without mandates, though not without the most careful attention to both law and morals. Though he was not a deep student of political philosophy—what he had learned he knew well—one of his favorite admirations was Burke's letter to the sheriffs of Bristol, in which, in that noble protest against instructions and popular dictation, he asserted his liberty and independence, at the expense of defeat and misunderstanding and with the reward of enduring fame.

For these reasons, and because he was governed by a conscience firm to rigidity, he had no sympathy with popular cries. Quack remedies never misled him for a moment, nor did their authors get a sympathetic hearing or any share of the power that inured in his office. He paid still less attention to the clamor of the sensational newspaper, feeling sure that, based upon the idle rumor of the morning, the truth of the afternoon or tomorrow would kill it. He had a rooted suspicion of the men whose life and opinions reflected the last word they heard or read, always comparing them with the juryman or country squire whose law was taken from the last and noisest plea made by a frothy lawyer. Thus he did not contemplate any surrender to crazes; movements, however formidable outwardly, were powerless to carry him off his feet; and no hysteria could lay hold of him.

### Faith in the People

This does not mean that he had no enthusiasms. They existed in plenty, strong and persistent. His religion, his high standard of honor, his devotion to the family, to free institutions, to law and order and to friends, were all deep feelings. He was sometimes sentimental almost to weakness, but, in general, it found its outlet in the safe, the useful, the real. His imagination was keen; but it was reined by the practical, where the field for its operation had much wider scope than in the fantastic or the impossible. He was never radical, but always liberal; his devotion to the thing called progress did not carry him into any attachment for change for its own sake or create a conservatism represented only by the brake or obstruction. Without even the smallest desire to draw temporary applause from the public, he would only act when convinced that it was for the general good.

Nothing could convince him that he had been chosen to be governor or president of a party. He could not imagine a Democratic tariff, or a Republican standard of value, or anything that was fractional or representative of a part. As an effect of this consistent, unvarying attitude upon great questions, he was able to rebuke demagogy and ignorance more consistently and efficiently than any President since Washington; and while the mountebanks and clowns of politics, and those vulgar ringmasters known by the modern name of boss, had their little day and ceased to be, he had the high merit of refusing to surrender to them or their methods.

If by any chance he had now and then to give way, if he seemed to temporize upon some man distasteful to him, he made it a rule so to exercise this power as to strengthen principles and honest policies.

He was little inclined to take what the speculator would call a flyer in destiny. He had a strong, overmastering faith in the will and capacity of the American people, when informed, to meet and accept whatever responsibility might honestly be thrown upon them. He accepted the eagle as the national bird, but was little impressed with the common idea that its only function, its sole duty, was to scream. As he had not been brought up in the atmosphere of talk, he could not get away from the old-fashioned notion that work was the first duty of man. Distrustful of agitation, by both nature and training, he always believed that the American people had a license to protect themselves even from themselves; and because of this feeling he did not think it necessary, every time an emergency arose, to go off and enact a new and special assortment of laws.

Perhaps no man in all our varied life has had a stronger devotion to the common law, which, to his mind, was rather a natural than an artificial structure, something easily expansible in accordance with its name and history.

In 1885 the time had come when, if old-time ideals and traditions were to be saved and preserved, a comprehensive change in men and methods was imperative. Four years of unrelenting Civil War had been followed by twenty years of partisanship, distrust, misunderstanding and hatred, combined with the use of reconstruction and all the powers of government for questionable, often bad purposes. At times considerably more than half the white population had been excluded from opportunity for training or for pride or responsibility in the larger affairs of their country. Mediocrity, always fatal to large action or impulse, had pushed itself into high places, while new and strange conditions relating to labor, capital and general material development had arisen, revealing age-old perils from which our people had thought themselves exempt. The change could not long be delayed, and, inevitable as it was, could not have arrived in a more fortunate or promising way, at a more favorable time, or under better men and auspices.

Probably few persons, even the more intelligent or thoughtful, have stopped to consider what it must have meant in the way of organization, to say nothing of thought and worry, for a man—without political experience or knowledge of what his task really was—to take the great and complicated machine that the Federal Government had become, turn it upside down, put out placemen, many of whom had been holding office without disturbance or protest during six quadrennial presidential terms, and, beginning with cabinet officials and passing down the line to crossroads postmasters, displace or threaten all that lay between these classes or grades. Let such men try to realize its effect upon the responsible man himself. This throws out of account the multifarious affairs of life as affected by these changes, and hints at what must have been the feelings of the unsuspecting man upon whom such an unsought responsibility had been cast.

The routine of official work had been performed by men, each supposed to have certain ideas about the policies that underlie government. To them and the mass of people it was then unthinkable that a Democrat should collect or expend money levied for taxes, handle letters or perform any of the manifold functions incident to everyday government. As the great public, aggregating more than fifty millions of people, had adjusted itself to these conditions, how could it be expected to accept anything else? But this was a simple process compared with the suggestion that a Democrat could make a tariff, or even comprehend the policies necessary to keep every great department of government going, and then gain sufficient confidence to induce popular acceptance of the changed conditions.

### Bitter Opposition

And yet these were the things forced upon Grover Cleveland when he went to Washington in March, 1885. He had to show that he knew how to outline a policy for his country, his party and himself, and then to select and install, without delay, efficient men to carry it out. In other words, he was the chosen leader of a peaceful revolution and must prove that he had not been attacked by that awful disease, vulgarly called the big head—he always insisted that in choosing his vast army of helpers this was the most threatening danger he had to meet—but had to prove to a great country, day by day, that not only was he himself immune to its ravages but that he could control his own people if it should become either epidemic or sporadic among them. He knew how hard it would be to keep men long deprived of power and responsibility from developing an undue amount of conceit, and that many would be charged with it, however modest they might be, and at the same time he had to get rid of a vast army whose pride was to be humbled by removal.

In performing these various functions he was confronted at once with an opposition bitter, full of petty revenges and carried out with a degree of ingenuity never before thought possible. Political abuse had seldom descended to such depths, while never had so large a proportion of men been cast out or put into jeopardy in the places which to them had long represented a vested right. It had been calculated that there was another President in the bloody shirt, and that gory banner had been waved in vain. This failing, perfect confidence was still felt in the cry of high protection, and it, too, had failed. The most scandalous of personal charges had been made and the people were no longer moved by them; specie payment was to be suspended, the Confederate debt paid and government credit ruined by universal repudiation; it would be impossible to find men to collect the revenues, and even the fragments that might be gathered would be stolen or squandered. Day by day, the most reckless assertions were made—assertions that

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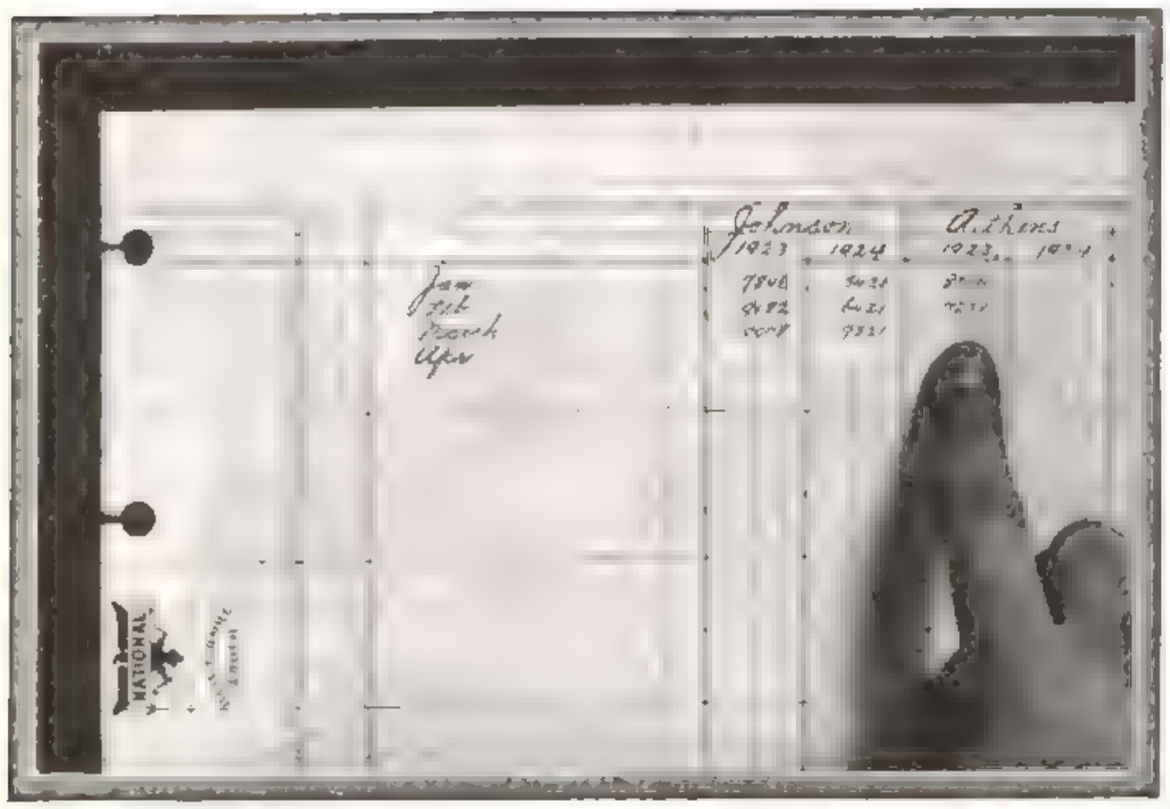


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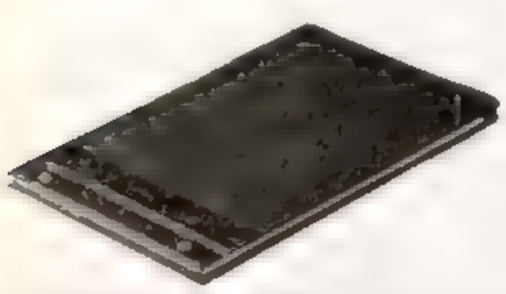

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He had no art by which he could court a popularity which he never wanted. His only desire here or elsewhere was to do his best. Fortunately, strength and inclination enabled him to labor almost without ceasing. If he had been lazy, weak or indifferent, he would have been lost, and would have been no more than a logical successor to these kings known to the Merovingians as fainéants, or do-nothings—the type to which too many public men have belonged—but the more he was abused, the harder it was to do his alloted work and to get a hearing, the more devoted he became to the large duty thus imposed upon him.

The existing conditions showed him serious abuses to correct and great things to be done—more serious and greater even than he had suspected—and he proceeded with both of them. When he turned upon a narrow, partisan Senate, with no more of sense or wariness than to walk into a trap, the country saw that it had to deal with a real man, and his struggle was over. The whole campaign of slander and misunderstanding went down like a house of cards, and it was never again possible to build up such a weak structure around either him or any successor. A change of party now comes and goes like other natural sequences, and only a President himself has power to ruin his own prestige.

### *Selection of Colleagues*

In the end, his work was done by means of a quality perhaps unsuspected even by himself—his ability to use other men to a high measure and with a seriousness that was little appreciated by the world. Everywhere he accepted, almost instinctively, the aid that lay at his hand. Whether it was Bayard and Olney; Manning, Fairchild and Carlisle; Vilas and Lamont; Whitney and Herbert, or the heads of the other departments, he trusted them to the utmost. He was incapable of petty jealousies; and as these men and their associates and helpers took up their routine duties in good faith, as they followed their chief, believed in him and were devoted to the same principles and policies, this teamwork soon told in the making of public sentiment and the consequent creation of confidence. There was nowhere any pretense that the Government had fallen into the hands of supermen, or that there was some mysterious individual or series of them, with concealed vision, or out-of-the-way aspirations, hopes, plans or novel schemes. The thing to do was to show that high average abilities, if devoted to fixed duties, must win in the end.

It was fortunate for him that his party had been out of power for a quarter of a century. This compelled him to choose the men of ability and character who had been artificially excluded from power and authority. When called they were free and ready to show their mettle. He sought them out so sedulously that at the end of his first four years the business of the United States was probably lodged in the hands of a greater proportion of able men than at any other stage of its history before or since; but finding and getting them had involved a power of selection, backed by industry, that makes them the hardest things to understand in all the mysteries of this man's character and career. Though his was not a mind given to double-quick action, his insight was still so keen that no man, not even a type of men, who once challenged his distrust could overcome it. He made mistakes, but was as immovable from an unfavorable impression or judgment as he was when he had given his confidence aright. In saying that his most persistent quality was obstinacy, he was his own best critic. Even when this seemed stupid, as it must often have been in his case as in others, it generally saved him from blunder or disaster so serious that he could not meet and overcome it.

In order to show his care in selection, it is not necessary here and now to analyze anew the twenty-one men associated with him as cabinet advisers; but he went further. One of the most serious of the risks assumed by a President lies in the wives and families that go along with cabinet members, foreign representatives, judges and other outstanding figures to whom his commissions give a personal and social standing that is often new and strange. Charles Lamb insisted that he was squeamish about his women and children. In this respect, of all the Presidents upon whom heavy responsibilities have been cast, perhaps Cleveland was the most particular, there being no place in his scheme for either the foolish or the political woman.

### *Attention to Social Duties*

He had been under the influence of his mother and the aunt with whom he had lived so many years just as he was passing into maturity, and his obligations to them and other good women were never forgotten. It is not necessary to emphasize or do more than to mention the high standards set by his official households, first presided over by his sisters and then by his wife; but the demands were exacting on the lines of the best women of his own time or any other.

In looking back, historically and from personal association, it is permitted to recall that no silly woman was able to defy social traditions, to promote scandal or to become a nuisance to the Administration or the circle in which her activities were cast. No man, not even a President, can demand social certificates concerning the wives and daughters of his associates; but this one was confident that the men chosen would not impose upon him and his Administration a series of vulgar, intriguing or otherwise disagreeable and impossible women.

It is safe to assert that probably no man or Administration in our history has been less influenced by what is known in England more than with us as the domination of the petticoat. One sign of this was seen when he came into office the second time, in the determination of the Secretary of War, in agreement with his chief, to send at once to their regiments on the plains or elsewhere the army officers suspected of obtaining and keeping assignments to easy places along the Atlantic Coast by family influence or their dancing or other social gifts.

No President since Jackson and Van Buren was more exacting than he in carrying out to the utmost the social duties incident to his office. Stories are still told of his patient expenditure of time and even of temper to make sure that the precedence of the oldest and most experienced diplomat at a state dinner should be respected, while the same care was exercised to insure that the youngest and newest should be assured of consideration. This came out when dealing with home officials, with distinguished citizens, with modest scholars, or, from wherever they might come, with the humblest friends of members of Congress, or others—indeed, to all who came under his influence.

Few sights were more impressive than to watch him, twice or oftener each week, at the old-fashioned receptions, which everybody was free to attend. I took occasion often to watch him as he shook hands with the three or four hundred persons thus brought together. It must be said that in those days the ordinary American citizen of any age always manifested a kind of awe when he came into actual contact with a President, with the result that probably no more than one in ten ventured to say even a word. But to all those who did, Cleveland would address something different. He did not have a stock greeting to which his lips were set like a phonograph, but he would make distinctive utterance befitting the auditor and the occasion.

It was the surprise of the attendants and friends that, in a ceremony occupying only fifteen or twenty minutes, he could thus develop an ingenuity and originality seldom found even in the most experienced and highly trained social figures. The gift that permitted this was innate, and probably he himself did not know of its existence until from necessity he had to use it. For one,

(Continued on Page 121)

# NORRIS

## Variety Box

OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

*For Hallowe'en this Norris Variety Box is wrapped in a specially designed Hallowe'en wrapper. It adds a seasonable appropriateness to your gift.*

# *And your first duty is a Hallowe'en gift—*

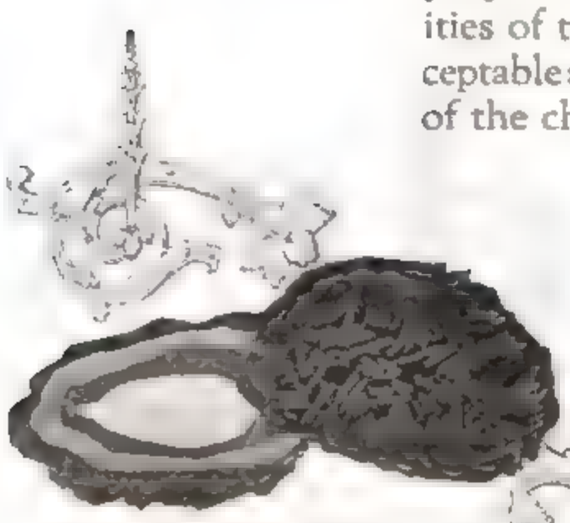
Take with you to the Hallowe'en party a frolicsome spirit, an intriguing masque, a gay costume, and—happy thought!—a Hallowe'en box of Norris Candies!

Norris Candies are particularly fitted for gift giving—they can never be mistaken for other than the best. Take for example the Norris Variety Box in its whimsical Hallowe'en wrapping. The very package itself, exquisitely designed in richness of purple and gold, bespeaks the unique qualities of the candies within. And how acceptable are the smooth, delighting qualities of the chocolate coatings, the nutted, the fruited, the cream centers—and the unexpected and skillfully contrasted flavors, too!

On any gift day, there can be no better gift selection than a box of the best possible candies—such as discerning people now know to be packed in the Variety package. In 1, 2, 3 and 5 lb. boxes.

If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies send us $1.50 for each full pound Variety Box desired, prepaid to any part of the U.S. and shipped the same day order is received.

Correspondence regarding local representation is invited from high-class retailers.

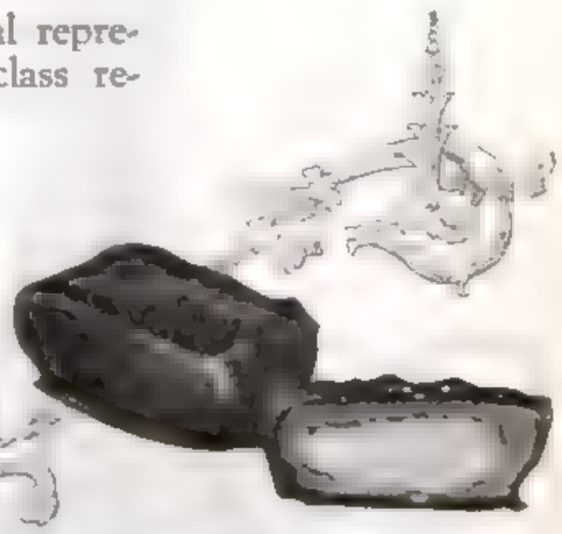


ALMOND TRUFFLE
*(From the Variety Box)*

The center a whole sweet almond, covered first with milk chocolate, then with vanilla caramel, again dipped in chocolate, and finally rolled in chocolate flakes.

**NORRIS, INC.**
*Atlanta, Ga.*

© 1921 Norris Inc



CHOCOLATE SIRRON
*(From the Variety Box)*

An original Norris creation. The center is cocoanut, freshly hulled and grated. This is given a jacket of caramel, then dipped in chocolate containing finely chopped pecans.

# Table-Talker

## Keep in Touch with National Events

The final desperate spurt as the Presidential campaign draws to a close! The returns as they pile up on election night. Great speeches and vital messages—the inaugural address, the later congressional messages—hard, slow reading, but easy to listen to—with a *Table-Talker*.

And, too, there's everything from football to recipes, from grand opera to market reports, from prize fights to bedtime tales. All brought to your home—shared with your family and your friends by the *real* reproduction of the *Table-Talker*.

PRICE $10

# Brandes

*The name to know in Radio*

Superior Matched Tone Headset $6 $7 in Canada

Table-Talker $10. (50¢ extra west of the Rockies. In Canada $12.50)

Navy Type Matched Tone $8 $9 in Canada

© Brandes Inc. 1924

(Continued from Page 118

as his friend, and as an American, I like to think that the distinctive ceremonial that brought out this power was not abolished by him. He believed in it, enjoyed it, thought it right and proper, and never begrudged the time or the exertion necessary to maintain it at its best estate and for what it was—the most dignified recognition of the place held among his own people by the head of a nation.

Much has been said and written about the Cleveland style—something that he always insisted he did not have. If by this was meant mere deftness or lightness of touch, then he was certainly right; but if it signified the gift for making clear his meaning upon any subject he had to treat, then it served its purpose in the best possible way. It is not likely that any man, however dense or unsympathetic he might be, ever had a moment's doubt about the full meaning of the tariff message of 1887; or of a word, phrase, sentence or the whole of the silver letter of February, 1891; or of the veto of the Texas Seed Bill; and innumerable other documents, speeches and letters.

It was seldom necessary, because of obscurity, to subject to a second reading any statement that he might make in private or public utterances in any form. He had learned to clarify his thoughts before he put pen to paper; the severe discipline to which he had subjected himself, as to form, doing the rest. From his brief municipal vetoes, through the shortest pension veto to that pathetic annual message of 1888, he made his opinions clear. His range was not so wide as that of some other Presidents. He was not ready and glib like Garfield, or resonant and rhetorical like Wilson, or a post graduate in the school of omniscience like Roosevelt; but he had the merit of directness and of giving assurance of knowledge and sincerity.

When he came into the presidency he began, wholly without expectation or struggle on his own part, and without previous study, the exercise of that gift for striking statement, that condensation which was soon to credit him with the making of epigrams. He never said that "public office is a public trust"; but, once in the presidency, somehow there arose to his pen piquant statements, often in unexpected and out-of-the-way documents, expressions which never sprout in the mind of dullness, such striking phrases as "offensive partisanship," "innocuous desuetude," "pernicious activity." "though the people support the Government, the Government should not support the people," or "it is a condition that confronts us—not a theory," and an almost infinite number of sayings which came from that unwearied labor seldom suspended until three or four o'clock in the morning. These soon circulated as small change in the verbal currency of a nation. In due course they made their way so liberally that the number found in some collections of familiar quotations surpassed those published therein under the names of all other Presidents of the United States together.

### Relations With the Press

Cleveland's attitude toward the newspaper was clear. He did not believe that it fairly reflected the intelligence, the good will or the morals of our people. He had an unconquerable horror for exclusive news about his movements or opinions, and if he found that someone had obtained access to something of the sort he would go out of his way to make it useless by insisting that it be given to another. He was as incorrigible in this respect with the greatest editors as with the humblest reporters. In few cases would he invite them to official dinners or to important conferences or have any news relations with them; and yet many men, trained in journalism, as was his Secretary, Daniel S. Lamont, but no longer active, were counted among his close friends. When this was the case he dealt with them as individuals, without relation to their former calling.

And yet, despite this relentless attitude, few public men have been under greater obligation to the newspaper. When he came from the presidency the first time, after the bitter partisanship of four years had been broken down by recognition of his ability and character, and by his great executive acts; when it was recognized that the awful opposition which had met him was unjust and that he really represented the feeling of the country; when the high motives of his public career had become apparent the newspapers gradually grew responsive to the new conditions. So strong was this feeling that it was easy to create and direct that great public demand for his third nomination—the most popular and responsive known to our political history. It was so conducted as to be almost unsuspected, even by the newspapers themselves; but from 1889 to 1893 his smallest utterance was echoed from end to end of the country with a success never seen before or since. But even this outward graciousness, whatever its motive or effect, was powerless to change his attitude toward the press as a whole. Nothing could remove the feeling of distrust which had taken such a firm hold upon him.

When, in 1885, Cleveland came into power and responsibility, our foreign policy had been for some years in an upset condition. Grant, with Hamilton Fish as Secretary of State and mentor, had maintained the traditions fixed by Jefferson, Webster, Marcy, Seward and the careful men who, during most of our history, had shown themselves watchful and courageous in everything that related to their country's dignity. The attitude of Hayes had been compromising, at least inwardly; perhaps the necessary effect of the methods by which he had come to power. The course of Blaine had changed our attitude toward the world. It introduced an era of truculence unknown before or since. It was not long before the suspicion was strong that the power of the United States might be used by and for pushing men and corrupt, greedy interests. This was especially true in our relations with the Latin-American countries. It was feared that we were ready to encourage the pushing of large and fraudulent claims destined to be forerunners or entering wedges of aggressive acts on the part of the Government. At the death of Garfield, after less than a year of this policy, there was general dissatisfaction accompanied by a distrust never before known.

This was corrected as rapidly as possible, because, when Arthur succeeded, the country returned quickly to its moorings; but much of the harm had been done, increased, as it was, by Blaine's bitter and systematic opposition to the policy of his successor, Frelinghuysen.

### Foreign Affairs

This return to sane methods was maintained by Cleveland and Bayard when they came into office. It could not be complete, because both the diplomatic and consular services had been loaded to the uttermost limits with convenient servants supposed to be useful to a party. The new authorities soon found that they could not rely upon inside advice as to the details of foreign policy. Thus the abandonment of swagger in South America could not at once make itself felt; Mexico and Central America still presented many difficulties; Cuba, due to proximity, was a constant irritant as it affected our relations with Spain; the fisheries question, neglected for more than two generations and thus never settled, gave scope for an artificial opposition to England, enhanced by the intrusion of the Irish question, which then became the nuisance it has remained since the days of the Fenian invasion of Canada; Chinese immigration was still a problem, with few precedents for dealing with it, while the conditions in Samoa and the Sandwich Islands presented a dim shadow of a colonial policy.

One of the really striking features of this Cleveland régime was that for the first time in nearly forty years it was possible to focus attention upon fiscal and financial questions. Our people had been collecting and paying out money and going along placidly under the carefully nursed delusion that, somehow, they were squeezing it out of the foreigner.

These are obvious conclusions which the biographer or the historian must always keep in mind, and it is due to their loss that there is so much of cheap biography and so large a supply of false and misleading history. To this also must be attributed the tendency in our current life to suspect both these forms of literary expression. It has become common, especially among the young, to think that biography is little more than a honeyed form of false or misleading words, and that history is what it has been so brutally termed, a lie agreed upon.

The man under consideration came upon the stage late in life, with his character fully formed. He was soon to show that


# A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

## "This noontide treat makes me feel better!"

You, too, will be surprised, after a trying morning at your desk, how a bottle of milk with your luncheon will stimulate mind and body for the afternoon's work. It's like starting the day anew.

Drink *more bottled milk*—at mealtime and between meals, too. It makes for healthy complexions, clear brains and strong bodies.

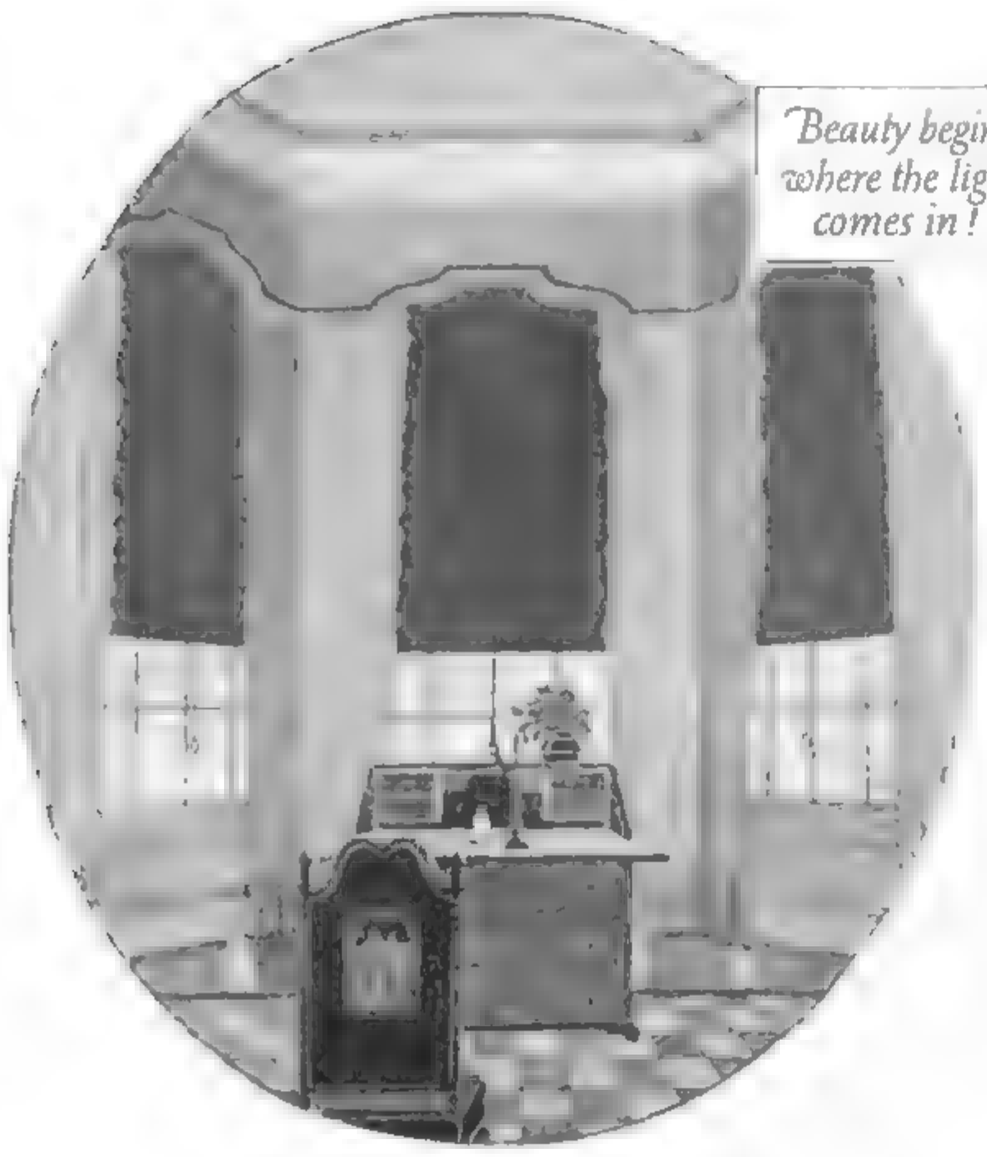
Bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure it's bottled in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles—your guarantee of *full-measure*, and good evidence that your milkman is progressive and gives good service.

THATCHER MFG. COMPANY
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

*Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.*

*Look for the Thatcher imprint on the bottle's lower edge. It's your milkman's guarantee of Honest Measure—always.*

# THATCHER
## Superior Quality Milk Bottles




# Where the light comes in!

## Begin *there* to make the whole room beautiful

*—with window shades of durable Brenlin*

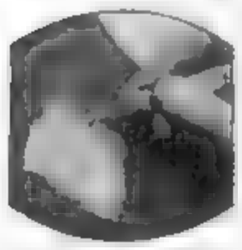
FIRST to attract the attention of the person who enters the room—the windows, where the light comes in.

It is at the windows, therefore, say many decorators, that you must begin to plan your interior scheme. For windows by their brightness strike the dominant note; they set the *motif* for the whole room's beauty.

No care is too great for every detail that affects them. Stained and faded window shades, window shades streaked with ugly pinhole cracks, their defects flaunted by the light, can give an air of shabbiness to the most carefully planned interior.

### *Lasting beauty for a few cents more*

There are years of charm and freshness for your windows in window shades of durable Brenlin. And Brenlin costs but a few cents more than ordinary shade cloth. Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle "filling" to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes to show in glaring relief against the outdoor light.



*Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling. It outwears several ordinary shades*

Strong and flexible, much like finely-woven linen, Brenlin has body enough in itself to keep it always straight and smooth.

It resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it as it discolors shades of inferior quality. And its beautiful hues, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun.

Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade. It may be had in soft, rich colors to harmonize with every interior scheme. Brenlin Duplex, with a different color on each side, will blend with both interior and exterior.

### *Be sure it's Brenlin*

The name Brenlin is embossed or perforated on the edge of every Brenlin shade. If you don't know where to get Brenlin, write us.

And write today for our interesting booklet, "How to Shade and Decorate Your Windows." Sent free with samples of Brenlin in different colors. Address Cincinnati.

THE CHAS. H. BRENEMAN CO.

*"The oldest window shade house in America"*

2045 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio — 6th St. at Chelton Ave., Camden, N. J.

*Dealers may also be supplied by:*

Breneman-Horan Co., Inc. . . New York City
Breneman-Paschall Co., Inc. . Dallas, Texas
Brenlin Window Shade Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
The Breneman-Sommers Co. . Portland, Ore.
S. A. Maxwell & Co., Inc. . Kansas City, Mo.
Roach & Gainor . . . . . Baltimore, Maryland
Renard Linoleum & Rug Co. . St. Louis, Mo.

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
*the long-wearing* WINDOW SHADE *material*


every act and motive was, like his life itself, serious, but never showy or pretentious. He did not look upon any duties, assumed or assigned, as a joke, practical or other. He liked to believe that he had been chosen for a given responsibility because he was needed and was deemed the best man in sight, and not because he had gone out into the market place to cry his own wares. He had no idea that destiny had marked him out for this, that or the other fate, nor did he count his place as a reward for party service or position. It was either a duty or it was nothing.

He had the reticences of normal, balanced men; although he knew much, he did not tell everything. He did not make it a virtue to pronounce in favor of open covenants openly reached and then refuse to do anything in the open. He never strained the law to reach results that might be desirable, by methods that were either abhorrent or might be thought so, and then boast that he had taken all the things in sight.

His use of power, his assertions of authority, were logical accompaniments of the work to be done; and, curiously enough, almost every one of them was opposed to the professions and often to the supposed policy of the party to which he belonged. He was far more prone to conclude that if a proposal seemed to be popular it must be watched the more closely, because it might for that reason, if for no other, be unjust, crude or dangerous. He did not look upon power as personal to himself, as something to promote fortune, popularity or success of any kind, and he was far more likely to hesitate lest its use should subject him to the suspicion that these elements might be behind his action than to use it without the full consideration of every feature that could enter into his action. He had confidence, but was devoid of conceit.

### *Great Achievements*

In dealing with a short and concentrated career like this it is difficult so to sum it up as to bring out its really salient achievements—those without which a great country could not be imagined as existing. No man can hope so to make a list which will command a general agreement. It is always unprofitable to slip into the region of might-have-been with its hopeless speculations and surmises. We can only know, historically, what one man has done or tried to do, not what some critical opponent or rival might have proposed. But the following seem to me his vital contributions to history:

He broke up the dominance of the passions of the Civil War after they had lasted for more than twenty years. He did this by really restoring the Union, removing so far as possible, sectionalism, distrust and hatred.

He took the vague thing known as civil-service reform out of the domain of sham and pretense and brought it into the open in an honest way. This was difficult and would have been impossible until there came a decided change in party domination under the auspices of some man to whom, like this one, patronage was hateful in any of its forms.

He made the Monroe Doctrine a reality instead of a hollow and meaningless name.

He so asserted, once and for all, the power of the United States to protect itself from internal attack in time of peace that, since his settlement of the Pullman strike, it has never been necessary to raise this question.

He had the courage to break up his own party in 1896, when, false to its history, he found that it was committed to the most dangerous doctrines. By means of this, his vision foresaw and his acts promoted the removal of the perils incident to inflation, either in paper or a debased coinage, and finally assured the adoption of the gold standard.

His most important service was his attack upon the fiscal system, then, as now, miscalled protection. Whatever may happen, the laying of taxes with only the smallest regard to revenue but for selfish purposes can never return while free government lasts, because the two ideas are wholly incompatible. History will probably record the verdict that the tariff message of 1887 was the most influential declaration ever made in time of peace by any man in our history, whatever his position or his responsibility.

These policies stand out not only as dominating him and his time but as monuments of wisdom and supreme courage, and are probably more far-reaching in their effects than any like number of executive acts since the Civil War made it possible to get away from the distractions that had so long existed between sections.

### *His Place in History*

Having the ability, the will and the power to do, Grover Cleveland's story becomes absorbing, even if, as a career, it did end when he had passed only fifteen years in the public eye. This left no time, even if it had been possible, for him to be molded into shape as a popular idol. He had not become the beneficiary or the victim of a cult. He did not have time to create favorites among newspaper editors; and, whether he was alive or dead, there was never even a suggestion that some mysterious foundation should be built up around his name.

He had to depend upon his acts and his character without any artificial aids. No scaffolding has been either desired or necessary to support the slowly evolving structure of his fame, although soon after his passing there was erected to his memory, on his favorite scene, the most tasteful and artistic as well as the most useful monument thus far raised to commemorate the life and achievements of a President of the United States; but it was a spontaneous recognition of his character.

With all these considerations, it would be more than idle to speculate upon the place that he will occupy in history. Fame, which never entered his mind, is such a subtle and evasive jade, and has so clever a way of fooling those who think she must accept their judgments and dictates, that thoughtful men may well pause before they anticipate her verdicts.

A man is born into this world, passes his life among his fellows, does or neglects his work according to his nature and the lights that surround him. Sometimes, even often, he sets out to court what is supposed to be immortality. If he is a preacher, an orator, an actor, an educator, a philanthropist, a financier or in any position that keeps him constantly before his public, he soon realizes that he must collect his wages as he goes along. After these are paid, the pension to be awarded by posterity is likely to be both small and doubtful; so that, generally speaking, if in the next generation—often even in a much shorter time—he stands back of the first rank, the world knows him not. So it is with the man who enters public life. If he begins with a conscious desire for fame, she generally runs away and picks some partner less pressing or enthusiastic.

When the question arises about some character who has lived, after doing fairly well, and has finally passed off the scene, it is best, after all, to do as we must and wait in patience for time's verdict. In many cases a temporary noise is mistaken for a permanent or final verdict of approval; but we may be sure that in spite of delays or doubts, in the long course of history, the honest and modest man will do just as he did in life—make the best showing. Boasting and bustle are not much more effective when evoked from the silences of the grave than they are in the hurly-burly of life.

*Lake Tugaloo, at the Junction of the Tallulah, Chattooga and Tugaloo Rivers, Georgia*

BEE-VAC

# From Mansion to Cottage

—from the Royal Palace in Belgrade (where *Bee-Vacs* were installed in 1912) to the unpretentious farm home—from the richest Oriental rugs to the simple Axminster carpet—the efficient *Bee-Vac* is unsurpassed for easy, thorough, effective cleaning, and absolute safety to everything it cleans. With the set of six handy attachments you can also clean bedding, upholstery, walls, shelves, and even clothing. The *Bee-Vac* Electric Cleaner actually places in *any* home, at small cost,

# A Complete Cleaning Plant

Just try it in *your* home! See how the powerful suction extracts deep-seated, germ-laden dust and grit; how the swing-back, self-cleaning, *double* brush dislodges all surface litter; try the non-tiring "ball and socket" handle knob, simple attaching of dust bag, *sanitary* way of emptying, and instant connecting of attachments direct to center of fan casing. Then consider the astonishingly low cost at which you can enjoy all the advantages of the efficient *Bee-Vac.*

*Any Dealer is a Bee-Vac Dealer*

There's a Bee-Vac dealer near you, but your favorite dealer can order a Bee-Vac for you from his wholesaler. You'll get quick delivery, and THREE GUARANTEES protect you against dissatisfaction of any kind.

*Jolly Jingle Book for Children*

"Little Frisky Speck O' Dirt" has a lively time during his short life. The children love to hear you read his amusing adventures in rhyme, and see the comical pictures. This entertaining book sent free for your name and address.

BEE-VAC
Electric Iron

Notice the *tilted handle.* Ask your dealer to let you try the Bee-Vac—see the wonderful difference this new handle makes in ironing.

*$5.75 Complete*

BERGMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY
LAKE AND DESPLAINES STREETS
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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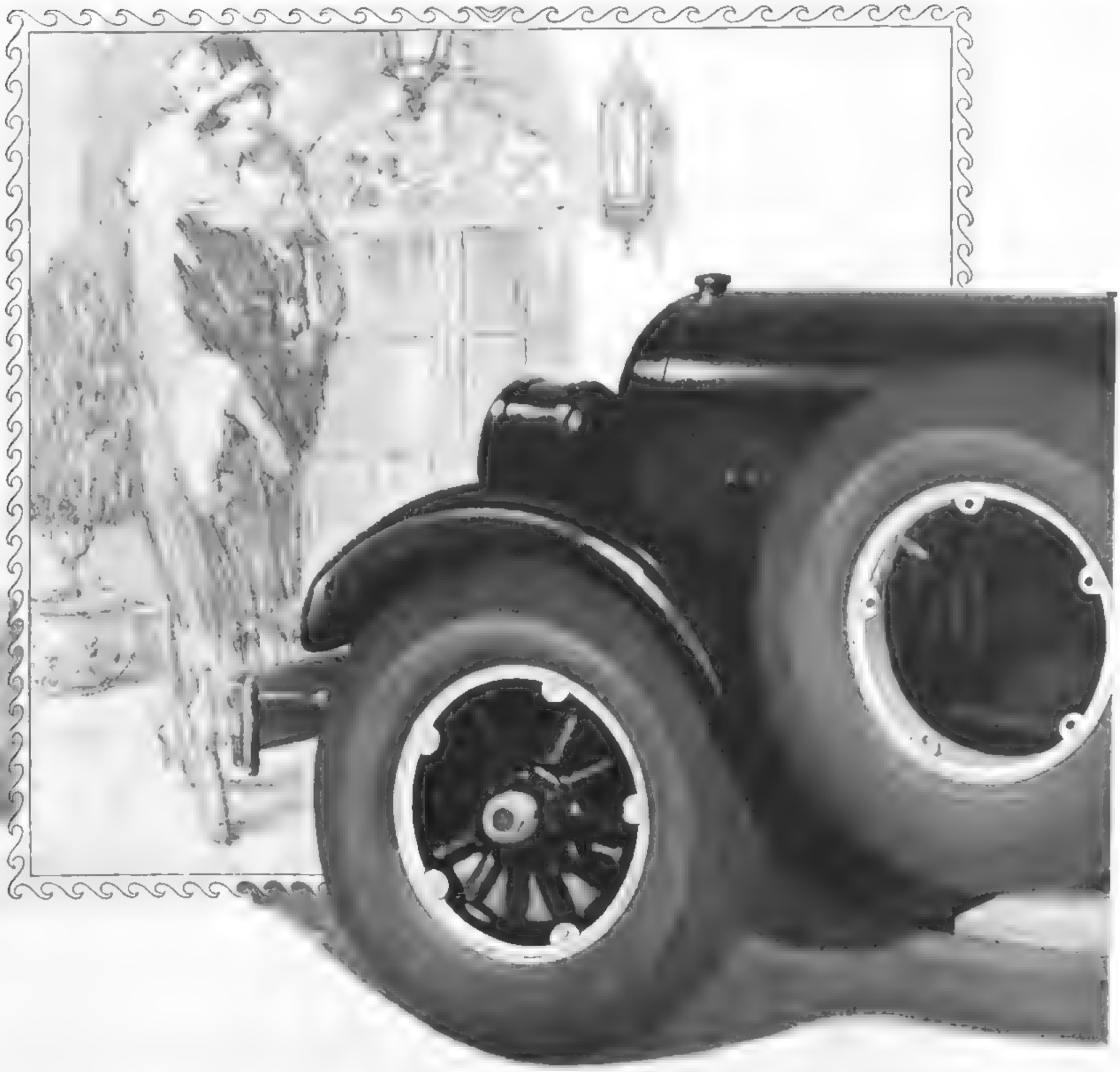
*Why Pay More?*



# Hayes Wheels for Balloon Tires

*Style Note*

Here is a new easy way to bring your car up to 1924 . . . Motorists may now change their present tires to balloon tire equipment with Hayes Wood Wheels, without great bother or expense . . . Due to Hayes foresight in sensing this new style trend, provision has been made so that change-overs may be accomplished quickly and easily *on any make of car* . . . Most good tire dealers are now handling Hayes Wood Wheels for balloon tires and are equipped to take care of this work . . . To the touch of style finality; the appearance of long low set lines; are added the well-known convenience and quality features of Hayes Wheels . . . Hayes Wood Wheels for balloon tires are being specified by the foremost tire manufacturers . . . This is a most certain tribute to the widespread appreciation of Hayes Wheel quality . . . In your next motor car purchase specify balloon tires with Hayes Wood Wheels. For change-overs see your nearest tire dealer or write us direct.

HAYES WHEEL COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, Jackson, Michigan

Factories: Jackson, Albion, Flint, St. Johns, Mich.; Anderson, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn. Canadian Plants: Chatham and Merritton, Ont. Export Office: 30 Water Street, New York City

# HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

# THE CANDIDATE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Banana oil," said the reporter. "Well, Mr. Gentry, call us up when you're ready to break it. So long. There's my friend Jack Frazer waving to you, Mr. Gentry."

II

"YOU must exhibit Mr. Gentry our roses before he leaves, Peggy," said Mrs. McShane, sitting on the porch of Vue de l'Eau, her summer home by the sea. "Are you much addicted to flowers, Mr. Gentry, may I inquire? I do think the rose is the sweetest flower I ever did inhale."

"Roses are nice," said Tom Gentry. "I wouldn't want to express a final opinion without thoroughly considering the subject, but I do think that roses are very nice flowers in some ways. There's something to be said even for geraniums, though one wants to be careful. There's a man in my district who hates geraniums and says they are a menace."

"Is he a nervous person?"

"Only on the subject of geraniums. He was struck by a geranium last Easter week, and lay senseless for forty-eight hours. The pot fell from a fifth-story window. He wants a Federal law against geraniums."

"See how Spot takes to Mr. Gentry," said Miss Peggy McShane. "He made friends with him right away. Don't you love dogs, Mr. Gentry?"

"Yes and no," said Tom, hastily lifting his hand from the spaniel that lay beside his rocker. "There are two sides to the dog question, and I wouldn't want to commit myself definitely at the present time. I will say, though, that in my opinion the dog is man's best friend. Still, they ought to be leashed and muzzled, particularly in the hot weather. A man who has children has a right to demand safeguards; after all, the kiddies come first. The law is that every dog is entitled to his bite; but, as I say, it makes many people nervous to see a dog running unmuzzled and not know if he has had his bite yet or not. There are two sides to that question, Miss McShane."

The conversation lagged while they watched a cold flurry of rain drive by the sheltered porch before the blustery east wind.

"Are you much addicted to bathing, Mr. Gentry, may I inquire?" asked Mrs. McShane, looking at the guest along her nose. "Mr. McShane is a wonderful bather. We seasoned at Southampton two seasons ago, and Mr. McShane —— We had the Beverly-Schuyler house, by the way, a sumptuous residence, really something sumptuous. Appointed, you know. Very tony residence. There was a German count seasoning there, a striking-looking man and a perfect gentleman, and he was tremendously interested in Peggy, but of course she was a mere child. Southampton is a very aristocratic place, very."

She compressed her lips and shook her head in deference to Southampton. Her nose, which had been amiably rosy and bulbous in her early youth, was tilted in air as always. It was now a long and pointed and pale nose, having been pulled and squeezed heroically over the better part of her fifty-four years; it was now a beautiful nose, but it was good for nothing, and Mrs. McShane was a mouth-breather. Her body, not being so ductile or not being so easily laid hold of, had kept its early promise, and Mrs. McShane in her fifty-fourth year was decidedly stout. She wouldn't believe it; she didn't believe it; she could have had three chins for the mere trouble of bowing her head, but her head remained grimly unbowed and she looked at the world always adown her straight nose; and sometimes, when she saw a comparatively sylphlike lady of two hundred pounds' weight or thereabouts, she said to her daughter in a dreadful whisper, "Peggy, am I like that?" She was essentially an excellent woman, but was somewhat blurred and faded in mind and soul through long dwelling on artificialities and cherishing false values.

"I take a plunge in the open sea or river every day in the year," said Tom Gentry sturdily. "I belong to the 365 Club, you know."

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed Peggy. "I just adore swimming. Did you bring your bathing suit with you, Mr. Gentry?"

"I haven't bought a bathing suit this year yet, Miss McShane."

"Then how—where ——"

"Peggy!" said her mother. "Mr. McShane is a passionate bather too. When we were seasoning at Narragansett Pier several seasons ago — Or was it the Pier? Robert, where was that place you used to so enjoy the water?"

Mr. McShane took his pipe from his mouth and spat over the railing; he was sitting at the distant end of the porch and had been quietly pondering some matter of business.

"What's that, Mary? Oh, yes. You mean when we used to dive off the old canal boat. Well do I remember the day I lit head first in the mud."

"No, Robert," said Mrs. McShane coldly. Mr. McShane glanced quickly at her, replaced the celluloid bit of his pipe under his iron-gray mustache and returned to meditating. "Robert has such a wonderful sense of humor," she said to Tom Gentry with a flashing smile.

"But Mr. Gentry must have his swim, mother," said Peggy. "Daddy, are you going in today? Then Mr. Gentry shall have your suit. Come on, Mr. Gentry."

"In such frightful weather?" said her mother.

"What does Mr. Gentry care about the weather? He goes in every day in the year. Come on!"

"You'll find the suit in the bottom drawer in the kitchen. Conduct Mr. Gentry to the dressing room, Peggy, and see that he has a fresh towel. Don't go out too far with her, Mr. Gentry."

Vue de l'Eau was one of a straight row of speculatively built cottages known locally as the bird cages; they faced a shell road and immediately in their rear was the open beach.

Mr. McShane had picked the house up at partition sale for seven thousand dollars. He disliked affectation and pomp and chose to live well within his large means. If people took him for a poor man he was well pleased; when they took him for a simpleton and then went to pulling the wool over his eyes, he hugged himself.

"It fits you very nicely, doesn't it?" said Peggy some minutes later, looking with secret dismay at Tom Gentry in the bathing suit of the lanky Mr. McShane. "Can you stretch your arms? No, don't!"

She was wearing her new bathing suit, and she had looked forward happily to causing old-fashioned ladies to sit up and to wonder what young girls would be wearing next, if anything; but in view of the inadequate garb of her escort, she did not regret that the beach was deserted. She told herself that the words, "Don't they make a handsome couple!" would be wrenched from the same ladies if Tom wore a smart one-piece suit with white belt and with the insignia of some prominent athletic club adorning his broad chest. Perhaps she could maneuver him into letting her buy it for him. She could buy him a much snappier business suit, too, than the one he had just doffed. It must be great fun to have a handsome husband to plan clothes for. This last was a mere general reflection, such a reflection as occurs to young women who have recently tired of dolls. Peggy was attired in blue-and-orange cretonne, with long bodice and a shirred skirt that was not more than a pretense and a concession to old-fashioned ideas; the light-blue bandanna on her short black hair brought out sympathetically the blue of her eyes; her bare legs were as brown as a life-saver's.

"I suppose you are very much interested in politics, Miss McShane," said Tom.

"I just adore politics," said Peggy. "But let's talk about something else. Look out for the nasty bottles."

"Bottles?" said Tom, looking where he placed his feet. "I am a collector of bottles, Miss McShane. Yes, it is a great hobby of mine. I met a man last week who has a collection of eight thousand bottles, and you'd be surprised how tremendously interesting it is. I have collected thirty-five already, but of course I shall not have a collection like that man's for years to come. It's really a life work."

"Mustn't it be perfectly thrilling to have eight thousand bottles!" agreed Peggy gropingly. She added, surveying the heaps of garbage thrown up by the waves, "It doesn't make nice bathing, though, and there can't be anybody that likes so many thousand watermelons and grapefruits and tin cans and —that horrid thing looks like a cat. It's like this at all the beaches. Why don't people do something about it?"

"Oh, but they can't do anything, Miss McShane. You see, there is a three-million-dollar disposal works down on Staten Island, but some people down there organized and made the mayor promise before the last election that he would close the works up and resume dumping at sea. It is like the traffic question in New York: twenty thousand taxicabs are cruising the streets day and night, and you might think it would be simple to refuse licenses to half of them and put them out of business, but an administration has got to think before it does anything radical. That is the American system of government, you know; everybody gets something."

"Like Christmas," said Peggy. "It must be wonderful to understand about politics, and I do hope you will tell me more about it some day. Shall we go in now?"

"It is a bit rough, isn't it?" said Tom, following her down the slanting shore toward the roaring breakers. "Oh, it's cold! Not that a bit of rough water makes any difference to us of the Seven Seas Society; I dare say it is even rougher than this around the Horn, and we have members who have made the passage a dozen times. One of the members went to Spain last year in a catboat, and I am going with him next year to the Azores in a fishing dory. Unless some accident happens, he says, we will be perfectly all right. But pardon me, Miss McShane, don't you think ——"

With growing alarm, he had watched a huge wave sweeping toward them, and it was curving above their heads when he turned to seize Peggy and flee for safety. But all he saw of Peggy was her feet, and they vanished under the breaker an instant before some hurtling tons of water struck Tom and threw him down and whirled him about and rolled him over and over until he brought up, coughing and retching, in shallow water. He struggled to his feet and started doggedly down the slope again, determined to save the girl or die. Then he saw her blue bandanna bobbing up and down outside the line of breakers. She waved to him gayly and was evidently in no danger.

He tottered from the water and sank down on the sand and looked with new respect at the uneasy Atlantic Ocean. He thought of the 365 Club and of the Seven Seas Society; their plans and purposes did not jibe with his practical experience, and he decided to request explanations.

"There's a mistake somewhere, that's sure," he muttered.

"Why did you come in so quickly?" asked Peggy, after riding in to him on the crest of a wave as high as a horse.

"Just a brisk plunge does me," he said. "You see, we're not much accustomed to sea bathing out in Ohio where I come from, and I don't believe in overdoing a thing at first."

"And yet you are such a wonderful swimmer. It's strange how many great swimmers come from these inland places."

"Swimming is just a matter of natural aptitude," he said, squaring his shoulders. "The fine points come with practice; that's my theory, in any event. But what is that black stuff all over you?"

"Oh, pshaw, the water's full of tar," she said, looking down at her piebald limbs. "It comes from the ships. They empty their tanks outside New York Harbor and the tar washes ashore. Oh, you're all covered with it too."

"This is a perfect outrage," he said, rubbing sand on his blotches. "The idea of these foreign ships ruining our beaches like this! We should have a monster mass meeting about it."

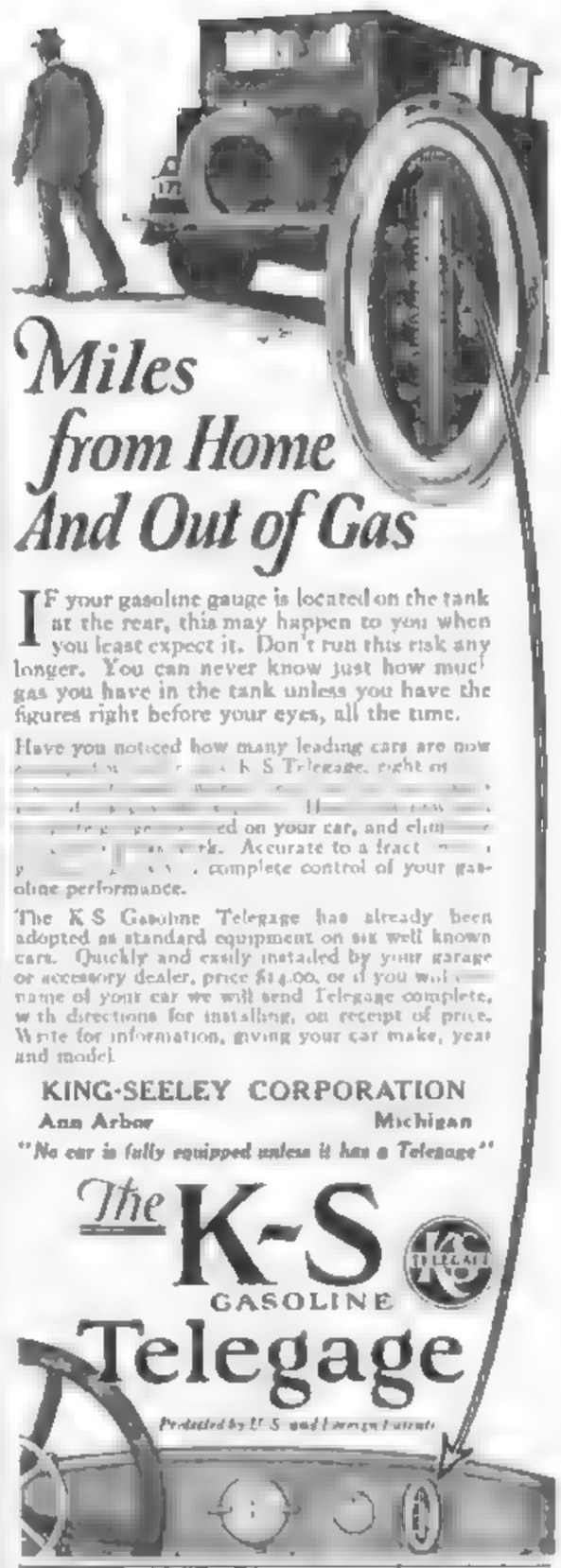
"What can we do to them?"

"Well, we cannot do anything very much to them, because they are foreigners; but we could assert the principle of the thing."

"But why don't we do something to the people who are responsible for spreading all this garbage?"

"That is a domestic concern of the United States, Miss McShane, and we wouldn't permit these foreigners to speak of it. They would not have any standing in court, any more than have the New Jersey shore resorts that protest against New York City dumping its garbage in the ocean. Self-government, Miss McShane, is what our fathers fought and bled for. It's a matter of principle."

(Continued on Page 129)

Miles from Home And Out of Gas

IF your gasoline gauge is located on the tank at the rear, this may happen to you when you least expect it. Don't run this risk any longer. You can never know just how much gas you have in the tank unless you have the figures right before your eyes, all the time.

Have you noticed how many leading cars are now [illegible] K-S Telegage, right on [illegible] ed on your car, and climb [illegible] rk. Accurate to a fract[illegible] complete control of your gasoline performance.

The K-S Gasoline Telegage has already been adopted as standard equipment on six well known cars. Quickly and easily installed by your garage or accessory dealer, price $14.00, or if you will name of your car we will send Telegage complete, with directions for installing, on receipt of price. Write for information, giving your car make, year and model.

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Grained and engraved Bakelite panel harmonizes with the rest of your set. Clear glass top shows the simple patented working parts at all times.

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# Read the Proof

THE FREEPORT WATER CO.
FREEPORT, ILLINOIS
128 S VAN BUREN AVE

February 12, 1924

Wayne Tank & Pump Co.,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Gentlemen:

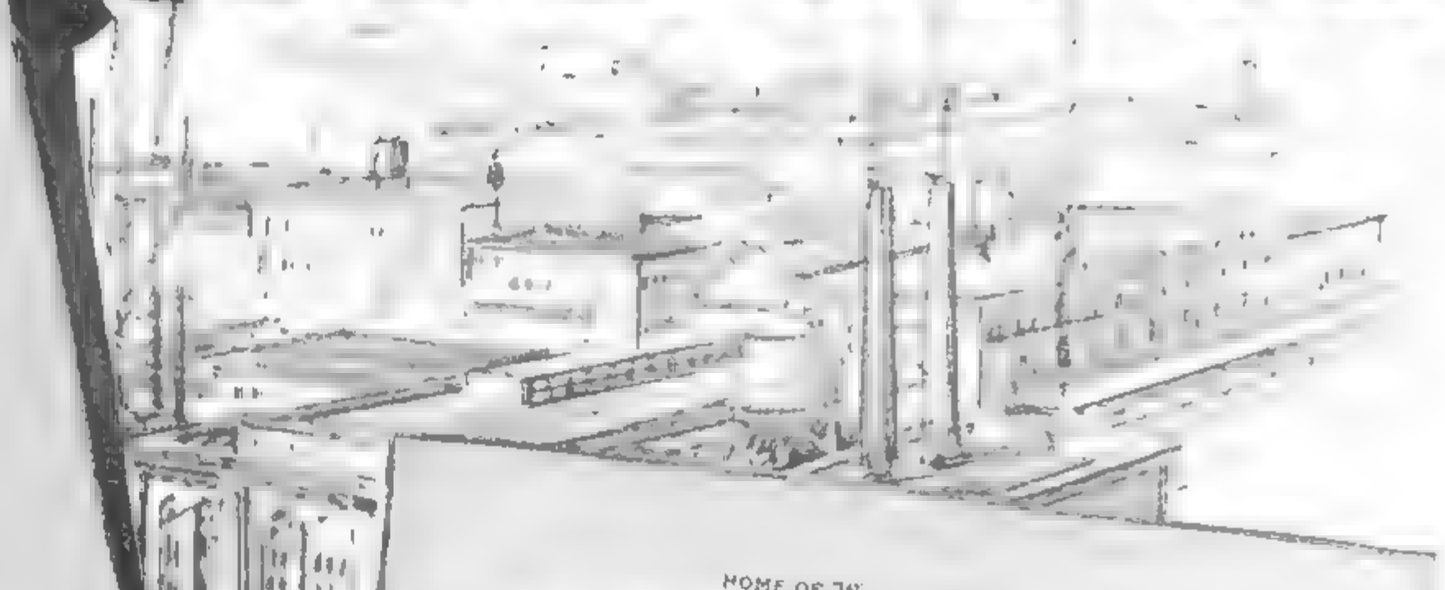
I wish to take this opportunity of telling you how much we appreciate the results that you said we would have and which we have had since installing the Wayne Rapid Rate Water Softener for our boiler plant.

All the scale which was present in the boiler loosened up and has been removed and now the boilers are absolutely without scale. Incidentally we are saving about 8% of the amount of coal which we formerly used. We have no priming but find that it is necessary to blow down about one gauge of water on each 8 hour shift in order to keep the concentration as low as it should be. Taken as a whole, I think the purchase of the softener will pay for itself within a year or less in the saving of coal, boiler flues, cleaning and boiler compound.

Wishing to thank you for the necessary education which you gave us in order to sell us the softener equipment, I am

Very truly yours,
Secretary.

...ATER COMPANY.



HOME OF Wayne Knit HOSIERY

Wayne Knitting Mills
Fort Wayne, Ind.

October 28, 1922.

Wayne Tank & Pump Co
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Gentlemen

We have now completed 60 days' operation of the new Wayne water softening equipment installed by you. The results obtained from this system are better than your promises and in excess of the agreement. This machine has delivered daily for the past four weeks 70,000 gallons of water an ten hours.

In comparing your machine with that of the [redacted] Company which we have had in our mill for six years the results are as follows: the [redacted] outfit costs four times as much as yours; it requires five times the floor space, it requires six hours for regenerating against thirty minutes for your system; the output of the [redacted] system is about 7,000 gallons in twelve hours; it will not run at rated capacity whereas your machine exceeds its rated capacity.

We are so much pleased with your equipment that we are seriously considering replacing the [redacted] outfit with another Wayne equipment at an early date.

We have had thirty years experience in water softening and we believe that your machine is the most economical equipment. We should be very glad to recommend your equipment to anyone using water for domestic or manufacturing purposes.

Yours very truly,

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS

PEERLESS LAUNDRY SERVICE CORP'N

MAIN STREET AND SLAUSON AVENUE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

April 26th 1924

Wayne Tank & Pump Co.,
702 Canal St.,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

As you know, we have been using Wayne Softeners now for about two years, and we are very much pleased with the handling and results obtained with them. They certainly are far superior and far more efficient in every way than any softening plants we have ever operated, - having had experience with three other systems, we like this far the best and really believe you have the best water softener on the market today. No one will make a mistake by putting in the Wayne Softener.

We also wish to thank you at this time for the excellent cooperation we have had from you in all the matters that have come up in relation to this softening plant.

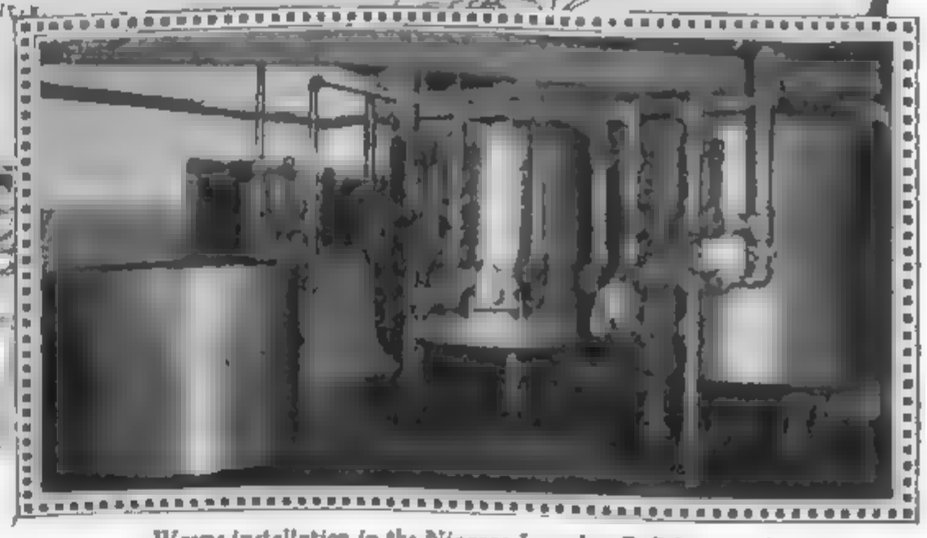
Wishing you all the success that your most excellent plant deserves, we are,

Yours very truly,

PEERLESS LAUNDRY SERVICE CORPORATION.

Manager.

LFC:AS



*Wayne installation in the Niagara Laundry, Buffalo—one of four in the K. E. and A. K. Morgan Company, chain laundries—the others being in St. Louis, Los Angeles and Chicago.*

# Wayne ORIGINAL

© 1924 Wayne Tank & Pump Company, U. S. A.

# that Wayne is Supreme

## These Users' Letters Tell How and Why Wayne Water Softeners are Better ~~~

These letters tell the truth about Wayne Water Softeners—in users' terms and under actual operating conditions and in one instance in direct comparison with other equipment.

They prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Wayne Water Softeners give better service at less cost; that they need less attention; that they are simpler and more compact than any other type of water softening equipment made.

In our files are hundreds of other letters from steam plants, laundries, textile mills, canneries, paper mills, waterworks, hotels, hospitals, schools, apartments and homes —all expressing their satisfaction with Wayne economy, compactness, quick regeneration, unfailing dependability, and with Wayne service.

Wayne is the originator and today the largest producer of rapid-rate water softening equipment. The Wayne rapid-rate principle is thoroughly time-tried and use-tested.

The Wayne factory is the largest devoted to the production of water softening equipment. Wayne sales and service branches extend from coast to coast. Service, when needed, is quick and complete—see the letters.

Every man who is thinking of getting a water softener owes it to himself and to his company to get all the Wayne facts before he buys. Wayne engineers have shown the way to save hundreds and even thousands of dollars in the installation and operation of water softeners; and what is more important, Wayne equipment assures the operating economy and dependability which only the Wayne can give.

As a business man you know that satisfactory and economical service in owners' plants, such as shown by these letters, is the final and conclusive proof that Wayne Water Softeners are supreme.

**To Executives**

Consult with Wayne water engineers on any phase of your use of soft water. Wayne Softeners are made in types and sizes to fit every need.

**Wayne Household Softeners**

Wayne Softeners are also built in smaller sizes for homes. Thousands now in use. Home owners and builders write for new booklet.

**To Dealers**

Get the new Wayne merchandising plan which makes this money making franchise especially attractive. For high grade dealers only. Your territory may be open. Write now for proposition.

*Do not accept less than you can get in a Wayne*

**Wayne Tank & Pump Company, 739 Canal St., Fort Wayne, Ind.**

*Division Offices in* Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and San Francisco

*An International Organization with Sales and Service Offices Everywhere*

RAPID RATE Water Softeners

*The corn witch flies at dead of night*
*Where e'er her broom will waft her—*
*While mortals hear her phantom flight*
*And tune in on her laughter.*

THERE is the charm of witchery in the turn of a Federal dial! A wondrous richness and fidelity of tone made possible by Federal's quarter century of research in electrical communication.

Hear a Federal. Operate its simple tuning control. See how each adjustment brings added tone refinement—essential for your greater pleasure.

FEDERAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

# Federal
## Standard RADIO Products

Federal No. 59 and 61 radio sets are designed and built for individual tube control. Each adjustment is a reserve strength for greater accomplishment—an added essential for your *supreme* pleasure.

Federal sets may now be purchased on easy payments. Ask your dealer.

*Look for this sign*

Boston New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh Chicago San Francisco Bridgeburg, Canada

(Continued from Page 125)

"I don't seem to understand these matters, although I know you explain them ever so clearly. But let's go to the house and wash off this horrid tar."

Outside the kitchen door was a five-gallon tin of kerosene provided for the use and enjoyment of sea bathers. Peggy gave Tom a sponge and a tin cup, and he washed himself from head to foot in accordance with the custom of the country.

Mrs. McShane urged him hospitably to stay to supper, promising him hot biscuits and a real home-cooked meal.

"I should love to," he said embarrassedly, "but I must tell you that I do not eat cooked foods, and I do not wish to put you to trouble."

"Is that one of your clubs too?" asked Peggy.

"It is not exactly a club; it is a group of people interested in dietary reform who have established a restaurant in my district. Calories and osmazome and vitamins and all that sort of thing, you know. I am going to address a gathering in the restaurant next Thursday evening and tell them about my experiences in living for three days on raw carrots."

"Do make him stay, mother," said Peggy, "and I shall eat a raw carrot too; they say they're grand for the complexion."

"It's wonderful what science discovers," said Mrs. McShane. "When I was a girl there was a man called Kneipp, and we all had to take off our shoes and stockings and go wading in the grass in the park. Then there was drinking buttermilk, and looking for eclipses through a piece of smoked glass, and Fletcherizing, and last year it was yeast. So now it is carrots; I do hope they're not stoutening."

Tom smoked his after-dinner cigar at Mr. McShane's end of the porch. Mr. McShane had found a fine Havana for the guest, but he himself smoked cigar clippings in a twenty-five-cent pipe. The pipe was new; he liked a smoke with a kick in it. They talked of political matters in the Fortieth Assembly District and came to discussing campaign funds.

"Speaking of something I know nothing about," said Mr. McShane with just a suspicion of a brogue, "there's three places that the money comes from. There's the boys that hold the jobs, and 2 per cent of their pay they should give up and generally do. And then there's the boys that want jobs, and something like a year's pay isn't too much to ask, since it's the poor public official that has to live on his pay. If the candidate is a reformer, he's not thinking of the pay, but of putting a good man into office; and if he's not a reformer, he's not thinking of the pay either. This is all news to you, I suppose?"

"Not entirely, Mr. McShane."

"And then comes the easy money, the money that comes with a little tag on it saying, From a Friend. Maybe I know more of that kind of money than you do. What does the friend expect to get for his money? Nothing but the right to be the lowest bidder for public work after having had a peek at the bids, or maybe to be allowed to say a word of advice when a department is preparing specifications. I've been doing a bit of thinking this afternoon, Mr. Gentry. What was that I heard you telling the ladies about discovering a fine Colonial mansion full of Republicans one day when you were exploring your district?"

"You mean those colored people in Vosburgh Place? Yes, it was a fine old house indeed."

"When a Republican is also a colored fellow," said Mr. McShane, blowing out a lungful of acrid smoke, "there's nothing the best of men can do for him but take him by the nape of his pants and run him away from the polls. He's what you'd call invincibly erroneous and can never vote enough for Abraham Lincoln. I've been thinking it would be a grand thing if we had a park in that neighborhood to perpetuate the name of some great and good man and give the neighbors a breath of air."

"You mean to make a park out of Vosburgh Place? That would be a nice thing for the Democrats in the Fortieth Assembly District."

"Ignorant as I am of politics," said Mr. McShane, "there's two things I've observed in the course of minding my own business. One is that nothing is ever done unless somebody gets his, and the second is that nothing is done without a fine reason that nobody but a scoundrel and a traitor could argue against. There's nothing wrong in either this or that, mind; if an administration has public work to give out it gives it to its friends, but the public gets the big benefit. Wasn't it Tammany Hall that put through every big improvement that New York ever seen? And who but Tammany's friends should get what was in it? My own company—it's no great secret—got its own start with a two-million-dollar contract to excavate the site for the big railroad terminal, and it was a Tammany Board of Aldermen gave out the franchise. The public got the terminal, and a very fine improvement it was. There would be no terminal today if the public knew we were after the contract, and I can tell you there'll be no park up in the Fortieth Assembly District if the public hears you're planning a benefit for the party."

"Oh, of course not; I was speaking only incidentally, Mr. McShane."

"Allowing a hundred dollars a front foot for the improvement in the neighboring blocks," said Mr. McShane, puffing hard on his pipe, "and allowing for the fact that we can have most of Vosburgh Place almost for the asking, and remembering that the assembly is Democratic and that there are many great men who are in need of having a park named after them"—he took his feet down from the railing and laid his hand on Tom's knee—"I'll tell you what to do. Go down to the Knickerbocker Historical Society and tell some man down there about that fine old historical mansion that used to belong to a Revolutionary hero, and ask him if it is not a sin and a shame it is not preserved for posterity. Get them moving! We'll get behind them where they won't see us. You can get them started. We'll have a mass meeting addressed by the health commissioner and the tenement-house commissioner and we'll send a delegation to Albany that will be a credit to the city. If you're clever about it there'll be bums sleeping on the park benches before the New Year, and you will have done a very fine thing for the public indeed. And you'll be credited with persuading somebody to send a check for ten thousand dollars to the county campaign committee or as interest may appear."

"Who'll send the check?" asked Tom.

"A friend," said Mr. McShane, knocking out his pipe and getting up.

III

MRS. McSHANE and Peggy were staying in town overnight, and Tom had called and suggested a visit to a local theater. The day's shopping in superheated department stores had been too much for Mrs. McShane and the young people had left her at home. They sat now in a stage box of Hurley & Siebert's Harlem Music Hall and marveled at a mind-reading act. A blindfolded seeress on the stage was answering with promptitude and apparent correctness the questions of a male confederate who was passing through the audience.

The confederate entered the rear of the box and the spotlight settled on Tom and Peggy.

"Who's this handsome gentleman sitting here in a full-dress suit?" asked the confederate.

"Ask me a hard one," scoffed the seeress. "Everybody knows that gentleman."

"Well, what's his name?"

"Why, that's Thomas Jefferson Gentry, the big lawyer!"

"Did you ever!" breathed Peggy, while hard and sustained applause came from a strictly limited section of the house.

"Right," said the confederate. He turned to Peggy. "What color dress has his wife got on?"

"Blue dress," said the seeress.

"Right. What color hair's she got?"

"Black hair."

"Right. What's she doing now?"

"She's making noodles and wondering why her husband has got to stay so late at the office."

"Wrong! This young lady ain't making noodles and wondering why her husband has got to stay so late at the office."

"Yeah, but that young lady ain't his wife!"

"Excuse me, Tom," said the confederate, walking on tiptoe from the box while the audience shouted delightedly.

Peggy shrank back.

"Aren't they horrid!" she said. "And now everybody is pointing and staring at us."

"I'm awfully sorry about this," said Tom. "I didn't know about it, really. That blamed director of public relations sent me the tickets and I didn't think. Do you wish to go, Miss McShane?"

"Yes, we'd better," said Peggy.

"We might go over to Mount Morris Park and take in Shakspere," suggested Tom as they left the theater. "You must have read in the newspapers about the popular Shakspere. They're giving free performances for the people, and I helped them out by getting them the use of the park, so I guess we will have no trouble in getting in. Group of educators, you know, and a very worthy cause, so I was glad to do what I could for them through Jimmy Clahan. Here's a cab."

They rode over to Mount Morris Park, where The Taming of the Shrew was being given on the lawn to a packed multitude. They saw in the distance an electrically lighted platform and small figures in costumes. The voices of the performers carried only fitfully to the new arrivals.

"They raised ten thousand dollars to give this popular Shakspere," explained Tom, "but they couldn't seem to get the use of any city property until I heard of them and volunteered to help them out. The actors are regular professionals, and it's a good show, but I guess it's pretty deep stuff. Well, you know Shakspere. Want to try to get in?"

"There's such a crowd," said Peggy, "and I don't want to sit on that damp grass in this dress."

An episode in the play caused some loud laughing near the stage. Tom frowned and leaned over the park wall.

"That you down there, Halloran?" he called. "Go on up there and make those rowdies stop that laughing! They think because they got in for nothing the show is no good. Some people are so ignorant they would laugh at anything."

"I will give them a taste of this stick and they will laugh on the other side of their mouths," said the policeman addressed, rousing from his comfortable snooze against the other side of the wall. "Who done that laughing over there?"

"But The Taming of the Shrew is a comedy," said Peggy. "They are supposed to laugh."

"Is that so?" said Tom. "Now I come to think of it, I shouldn't wonder if you're quite right. Never mind, Halloran; they're supposed to laugh. I never got around to reading this play," he confessed as they walked toward the big illuminated sign at the entrance. "Of course, we had Hamlet in school, and I used to recite pieces out of Shakspere, but I never got around to reading many of his plays."

"What an odd sign," said Peggy, studying it.

"What is odd about it? Has the painter misspelled something?" He scrutinized it, going over its big print and little print:

MAYOR NYLAN'S
The Taming of the Shrew
By W. Shakspere
Under the Auspices of
THOMAS JEFFERSON GENTRY
and Others

"I don't see anything wrong with it," he said humbly. "It looks perfectly all right to me."

They walked to Lenox Avenue and entered a small stationery store to buy a newspaper. Peggy had noticed that Tom was an incessant newspaper reader and could not have his fact and fabrication fresh enough to content him. While they stood at the paper stand, a red-headed young man, trim, smartly dressed and quick spoken, bustled in and slapped a document on the counter top before the sleepy storekeeper.

"Sign there, Oppenheim," said the young man, drawing an invisible line with his index finger.

"For what?" asked the proprietor.

"For Thomas Jefferson Gentry for Congress," snapped the young man. "Going to be candidate of the Independent Democratic Business Men's League. Business man, aren't you, Oppenheim? Want to get in the movement, don't you? Sign right there."

"What's his platform?"

"'Shall the people rule?'" mumbled the young man, biting a cigar and throwing down a dime. "Good for business, Oppenheim. He's got a lot of friends and maybe they would hang out here."

"And ask me to buy stolen watches, I bet," sniffed the proprietor. "Sign up I would, but this store ain't no hang-out. Couldn't I even read it?"

none genuine without this Trade-mark on the package

3 MINUTE

OAT FLAKES

Cook 3 minutes only —no more—no less.
A Distinctive Product.
A Matchless Flavor.
A Package for a Dime
(except in Far West)
Do you like Wheat or Corn?
Then buy—
3 Minute Wheat Flakes
3 Minute Hominy Grits
(Flaked)

THREE MINUTE CEREALS CO.
The Corno Mills Company, Prop.
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GENUINE IMPORTED
SCHÜTZ
POCKET TELESCOPE

4½ POWER

$1.00
POSTPAID

Guaranteed German telescope. Clear and powerful. For use when hunting, boating, automobiling, or on your vacation. Ideal for the races. Carefully and accurately made with brass slide and hard rubber casing. Equipped with high grade lenses. Objectives are 34 m m

Exceedingly favorable rates of exchange make po[illegible] Shipped promptly on receipt [illegible], money order or dollar Bill. PLACE YOUR ORDER AT ONCE.
Cash refund if not satisfied

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NEED MONEY ?
BOYS!
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259 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

RADIO WORLD Nat. Illus. Weekly. Solves all radio troubles. List stations, advance programs, full week. [illegible] All dealers. Specimen Copy 15c $[illegible] $3 six months, $1.50 three months. Special, $1 for 8 issues.
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DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 542 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

# Devised for Comfort

*The reasons below are easy to understand*

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

HERE are the big reasons why Brighton spells G-A-R-T-E-R C-O-M-F-O-R-T!

Brighton elastic—foundation of the garter—is devised for comfort! Thin strands of special rubber are used and these may be pulled to many times their normal length. A special curing process gives remarkable ease—absolutely no binding: even the most tender legs won't feel Brighton Wide-Webs.

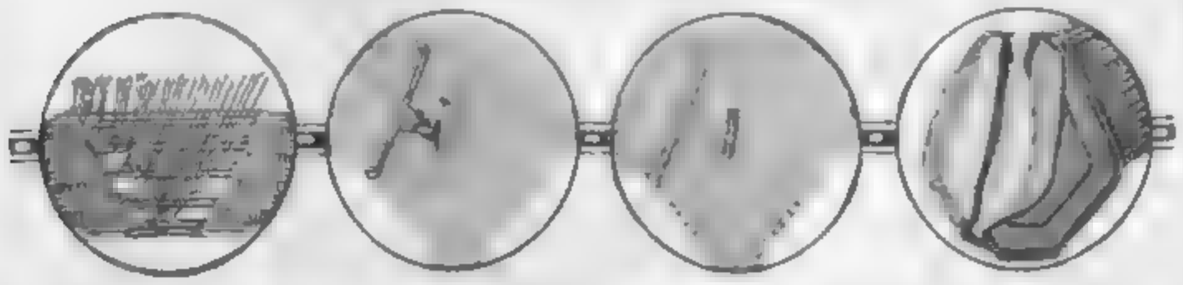
Then these strands of rubber are wrapped and re-wrapped with soft yarn, insuring double the wear of ordinary elastic; because the yarn wound around the rubber guards against the deadening effects of perspiration.

There is no tightness—no binding; just perfect, easy support, with absolute comfort and the best service you've ever known.

If you want "just what the Doctor ordered," don't merely ask for garters—insist upon Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs.

*Single Grip 35c and up* *Double Grip 50c and up*

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.
*For 47 Years Manufacturers of*
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts Pioneer-Brighton Garters
*Also Sole Makers of*
Kazoo Athletic Suspender Waists for Children



*The famous Brighton "comfort" elastic is the foundation of Brighton comfort*

*The sure-holding cast-off disengages easily yet never slips*

*Even the stitching is reinforced to prolong the wear and insure comfort*

*The double-lined pad insures smoothness and prevents curling*


"What do you want to read all that slush for?" said the young man, gathering up his document. He saw the cloaked couple at the news stand. "Hello there, Tom!"

"Hello, Jack," called Tom to the retreating secretary of the Eskimo Club.

"Know that fellow, mister?" asked the proprietor. "Tell me, mister, is this fellow Gentry the same fellow that offers all the school children in Harlem a ten-dollar gold piece if they will write him an essay on Problems of Today?"

"A ten-dollar gold piece for the best essay," said Tom.

"Ah, for the best! Not for every one, mister? Becky, Becky! Tell Hymie he should stop working and read his book. Ten dollars for twenty thousand essays? Well, that fellow is a pretty good business man, ain't it?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders and returned to the newspapers. A frantic headline in the New York Day drew his eyes. He plunged avidly into the small print:

FIEND STEALS HARLEM CHILD

In a humble but painfully neat and clean Harlem home there sits tonight a mother, Mrs. Miriam Bogenschutz, of 815 West One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, old and gray, lamenting the loss of her only child, young Moe Bogenschutz of the same address. Rocking to and fro, she told a New York Day reporter

"There it is at last," he exclaimed, catching Peggy's arm. "A big case that's going to be a headliner. I must get right over there and do what I can for that poor woman."

"We'll both go, if we can do anything," said Peggy doubtfully. "But really, you know how newspapers exaggerate everything."

"How can anybody exaggerate a mother's grief under such painful circumstances, Peggy?" he cried, using her given name in his excitement. "I'm going right over there to volunteer my services without a penny of expense to her to run down and punish this fiend. Come by all means. Another woman's sympathy at such a time of bereavement would be invaluable to her, I dare say."

"Of course I shall be only too glad to do what I can," said Peggy, consenting to be hurried.

They proceeded at a half run along Lenox Avenue toward the house of sorrow in One Hundred and Eighteenth Street.

"I'm going to jump into this thing with both feet," said Tom determinedly. "I'll take charge of everything and see that nothing gets out to the newspapers except through me; injudicious publicity does more harm than good. Hughes was made governor for his good work for the legislative insurance committee, wasn't he?—and he was only a young lawyer too. Whitman was made governor by the Becker case, and Jerome was made district attorney for what he said he would do to the men who looted the Metropolitan Street Railways and stopped transfers, and —— Excuse me, Peggy, but can you go a little faster?"

The address given was that of a tenement house. Two policemen stood on the dirty steps and pushed constantly on the front of a mob to prevent it from rushing up the steps and crushing the six reporters in the vestibule. The policemen recognized Tom and let him by.

"I'll wait here, Tom," said Peggy, rather frightened. "You find out if we can do anything."

Peggy read the newspaper account of the case by the flickering vestibule light. She was still struggling in the fog of words wherein the few facts were lost when Tom returned and said to her behind his hand, "Funny people in this world. Mrs. Bogenschutz told me through the door that she wasn't worrying a bit and she wished I would mind my own business. No natural feeling whatever. Sh-h!"

"What did she give you?" said one of the reporters, leading his fellows forward. He was the stocky and bald young man who had accosted Tom some weeks since on the steps of the Eskimo Club.

"We are not quite ready to make a statement," said Tom, "but you may say that we are proceeding along certain lines. I have taken entire charge of the matter and propose to prosecute this rascal at my own cost and charge as a matter of good citizenship. The name is Gentry, gentlemen, Thomas Jefferson Gentry. I'm a practicing lawyer with a considerable practice; but it seems to me that every man should devote part of his time to public service and good government, and I feel that inasmuch as I live right here in the district ——"

"Just a minute," said the reporter. "Aren't you mixing things? Tell me, who was kidnaped—you or little Moe Bogenschutz?"

"Here he comes!" shouted glad voices.

A policeman came through the crowd, leading by the wrist a hard-faced and undersized lad of thirteen or fourteen.

"Stealing a ride in an ambulance, he was," explained the boy's custodian. "They was carrying a man out of a flat sick with the smallpox, and while they was shooing the crowd back for fear of contagions this young devil got into the ambulance and nothing would do him but he must hide under the man's blankets. They kept him at the hospital to wash him and fumigate him and never thinking that anybody would miss such a villain. Take him up, Brosnan!"

"And that's that," said the bald reporter, moving away.

"Just a moment, please," pleaded Tom desperately. "Perhaps you'd care to mention in your paper that the first authentic information that restored the child to his distracted mother appeared immediately after Thomas Jefferson Gentry took sole charge of the case, and that ——"

"Dollar a line!" shouted the reporter over his shoulder.

*IV*

"REALIZING as I do," cried Thomas Jefferson Gentry, the regular Democratic nominee for Congress, "the great problems that confront this great country of ours in this hour of destiny, my sentiments, friends and fellow citizens and citizenesses, are one of responsibility and not of pride in this hour of personal triumph for which I am indebted to each and every one of you for your good work in the primaries today. The coming Congress, ladies and gentlemen, will be the most important Congress ever assembled in this great and glorious country of ours, and it behooves us to take heed as to whom we shall send to represent us and preserve the best traditions of the Democratic Party and the heritage of the fathers. We don't want pussyfooters like the Republican nominee in this district who will try to flimflam the people with a hocus-pocus of words; we don't want any machine-made candidate like he is, sold to a corrupt political boss and serving the interests at the expense of his constituents. We want to represent this great district in Washington ——"

He paused for a peek at his manuscript and a sip of water.

"We want Big Tom Gentry!" shouted the loyal ones.

"I thank you, one and all," he resumed. "And now you want a plain and straightforward declaration of my principles, without equivocation or dodging the burning issues that confront this great country of ours and this congressional district. These are the issues, ladies and gentlemen, that make this coming election so tremendously important:

"First, who shall be elected congressman from this district?

"Second, to what political party shall be intrusted the destinies of our beloved country in this time of storm and stress?

"Third, do the people want to be crushed by high taxes or do they want reasonable taxes?

"Fourth, do we want a prohibitive protective tariff unjustly to enrich a few at the expense of the many, or do we want a tariff just enough to meet the expenses of the Government?

"Fifth, do we want scrupulous protection and conservation of our natural resources, or do we want wanton wastefulness, exploitation and profligacy?

"Sixth, do we want honesty and economy in administration, or do we want to be saddled with a horde of tax eaters and parasites and holders of sinecures?

"Seventh, do we want liberty or license, enlightened enforcement of just laws or oppression from officials and defiance of every edict of government?

"If your answer is in the affirmative, if, after giving these dominant issues your most serious consideration, you can answer yes to each and every one of them, then, ladies and gentlemen and fellow citizens—and, mark you, only in that event—I claim the high privilege of your suffrage at the coming election. I thank you."

A detail from Stilgebauer's Concert Band played him up the steps as he turned and

(Continued on Page 133)

# ROYAL ELECTRIC CLEANER

## *Gets* ALL *the dirt by Air Alone*

HAPPY, tired little youngsters, gone away to Dreamland, dolls and toys forgotten, with no thought whatever of the scattered litter of play-time—left behind for Mother to clear away.

But Mother does not mind. Cleaning is such an easy matter. A few seconds with her Royal, and the disarray is gone.

Women whose homes are Royal cleaned, have few housekeeping problems. Their greatest task—cleaning, is done by the Royal. Rugs are not only kept thoroughly clean, but also absolutely sanitary, because all embedded dirt is removed as well as surface litter.

The other home furnishings—curtains, upholstery, bedding, etc., are also kept in perfect condition with the aid of Royal attachments.

Before you buy any cleaner, have it demonstrated in your home. This is the infallible test, and the test that Royal most desires. If you do not see and try the Royal, you can never have the satisfaction of knowing absolutely that you have bought the best cleaner.

There is a Royal man near you—if you don't know his name—write us.

**The P. A. Geier Company, Cleveland, Ohio**

BOSTON NEW YORK

*Manufactured in Canada for Canadians by*

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Also Manufacturers of Royal Vibrator, Royal Hair Cutter
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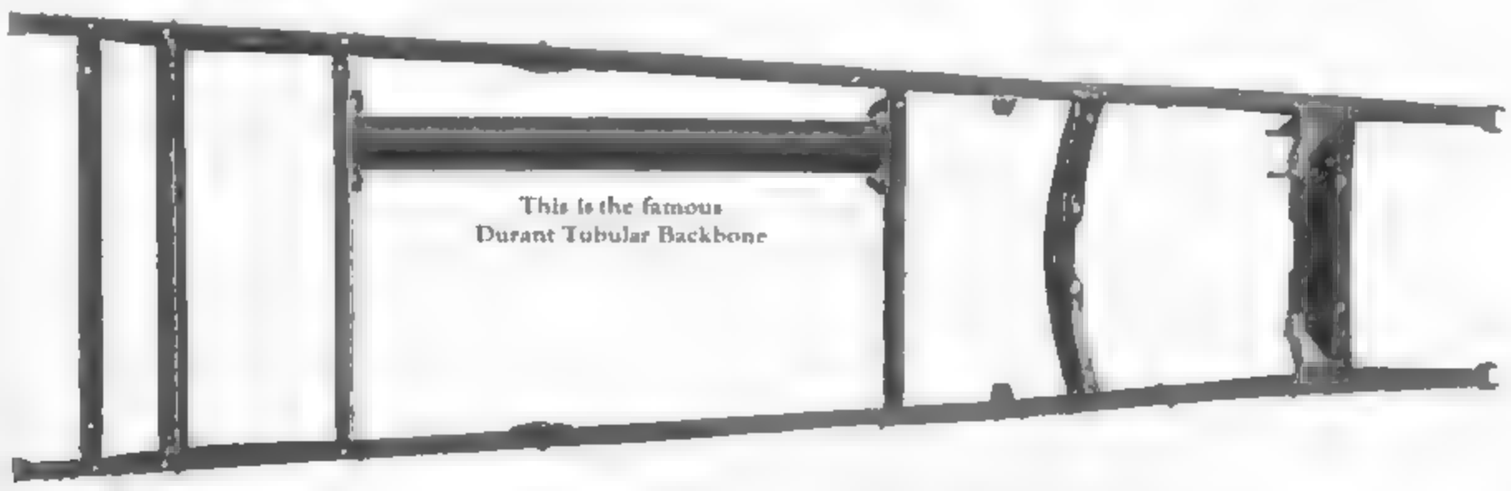
# Low-Cost Transportation

# THE CAR WITH A BACKBONE

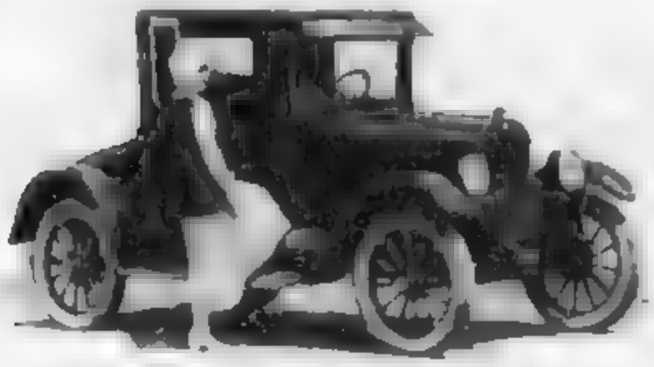
Most automobile chassis frames consist of four pieces of pressed steel riveted together. The Star is the only low-priced car made that has the celebrated Durant Tubular Backbone. It is one of the chief reasons why "Stars stand up."




If automobile frames are not strong enough diagonally, they are liable to twist and weave over road irregularities to such an extent as to strain and break one or more units of the power line—such as the universal joint or the rear axle gears, and also to throw the tonneau doors out of line.

TOURING, $540 *f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.*

COUPE, $750 *f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.*



The Durant Tubular Backbone, a feature of all Star Cars, stops these twisting, racking strains and keeps all units of the power line in alignment, minimizing friction, gear rumbles and liability of breakage.

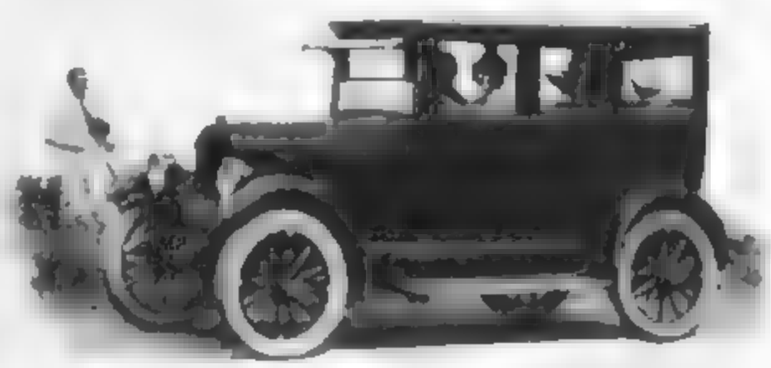
This feature alone, should cause you to prefer a Star, but there are numerous other reasons which any Star dealer will be glad to explain.

Prices *f. o. b.* Lansing, Mich.

**Roadster, $540 Coupe, $750 Touring, $540**
**Sedan, $820 Chassis, $445**

ROADSTER, $540 *f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.*

SEDAN, $820 *f. o. b. Lansing, Mich*



DURANT MOTORS · INC ·
57th Street and Broadway, New York

*Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada*

FOUR GREAT PLANTS AT ELIZABETH, N. J. LANSING, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL. TORONTO, ONT

# STAR MOTOR CARS

(Continued from Page 130

ascended to the doorway of the Eskimo Club. The motley crowd that had been drawn into the street by the music gaped for a while at the closed door and then went about its business.

Tom held his upward way after entering the clubhouse. He passed the assembly rooms of the faithful, answering gratulating shouts with a casual wave of his hand over the banister, and went to the second floor. He had glanced upward once from the steps when about to make a period and had seen Jimmy Clahan looking approvingly down at him from a window.

"Put it there, Tom," said the leader of the Fortieth Assembly District heartily. "Some speech! Harry Atwell write you that one?"

"No, Jimmy, I made that one up myself. It was pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Say, son, it was a wow. Made it up yourself, did you, Tom? Well, well! You owe a lot to Harry Atwell, though, and don't you forget it. Yes, sir, he is some press agent, and he got your name before the public until I was sick of you myself. Harry knows his business, Tom, and can tell you what to do; and I don't mean there ain't lots of people can tell you how to pick up the mule's hind foot without getting kicked. You'll want him to write your campaign speeches, Tom; you won't have no time to attend to details. You'll have to go through the motions, though it won't be much of a campaign—not in this district. You can get busy right now to work somebody for a free ride to Washington. When it comes to advance information on this race, I'm your wire tapper. When you get your first pay check, Tom, give them an argument; tell 'em we elect congressmen in this district in the Democratic primary—ha-ha! Well, Tom, when you get to Washington you won't forget who made you, will you?"

"You mean Harry Atwell. Yes, I certainly owe him a lot."

"No, I don't mean your press agent," said Jimmy Clahan, resting his hands paternally on Tom's shoulders. "I mean me, Tom. Me, Jimmy Clahan! I made you, Tom. Remember I made you congressman, won't you? You're going among temptations, Tom, and I'm warning you like I learned many a boy of mine before you. Tom, when Tammany Hall and Jimmy Clahan found you, you couldn't buy yesterday's paper and you didn't have influence enough to get into Central Park without a ticket, and now you're a great man, Tom. You're a congressman, b'gosh! You stick by Tammany Hall and do what Tammany tells you; that's what the people expect you to do or they wouldn't vote the Tammany ticket. They'll feed you tea and hot air in Washington, Tom, and tell you a whole lot about Tammany that they read in their home-town papers; but you pay no attention and go right ahead and be a crackajack good congressman. Only, when you get the word, come through!"

"In all that comports with my conscience, Jimmy," said the nominee, nodding.

"Ha-ha! That's a good line too, Tom, you old son of a gun," laughed Jimmy Clahan. "You'll do, Tom. Say, it takes a corn-fed to pull a nifty like that. You don't suppose we'd ask you to go against your conscience, do you? Hell, no! Say, Tom, who was that bunch of good fellows that paraded around the polls today boosting for you? Fine body of men."

"I guess you mean the Ha-Ha Society. They meet for dinner every Tuesday at the Teresa. I was admitted a couple of weeks ago after I told them that one of Jack Frazer's about the colored bootlegger. Any right fellow can get in that can make them laugh once out of three tries. You heard that one of Frazer's, didn't you?"

Tom told Jimmy Clahan Jack Frazer's new joke and left him laughing. Tom hurried from the clubhouse and to the home of the McShanes. In moments of unusual elation or depression his thoughts flew always of late to Miss Peggy McShane and he longed for her company and sympathy. He had not seen much of her recently and had been chilled by her apparent avoidance of him. This seemed a good time to make up.

"Hello, Peggy!" he cried when she entered the front parlor after he had been kept waiting through a hushed and decorous interval. He strode up to her and reached for her hands. "Have you heard the big news, Peggy? I've got the nomination!"

"Isn't that lovely for you," she said, evading his grasp by lifting her hands to her back hair. "Won't you be seated, Mr. Gentry? I'm so glad for your sake to hear this."

"For my sake only, Peggy?" he said pleadingly. He sat beside her on the sofa and leaned winningly to her. "Why not for our sake, Peggy? We're together in this."

"In what way, Mr. Gentry?"

"Oh, don't be like this, Peggy," he urged. "What's come over you lately? You know these honors and emoluments don't mean a thing to me except as they—well, as they help to bring us together, Peggy."

"You don't need to say any farther, Mr. Gentry," she said, clasping her hands and looking determinedly away. "I've been thinking things over, and I've decided that we are not compatible. I'm sorry to tell you this. I like you awfully, but you're so dreadfully queer that I know we should never get along. I used to like you awfully well; but I would want to be a companion to you and do the things you do, and when I think that I will have to live on raw carrots and go in swimming in the wintertime and start for Spain in a rowboat and ——"

"Oh, is that it?" he said, sighing relovedly. "Pshaw, Peggy, that's all just politics. A candidate, you know, has got to please everybody and join everything."

"Then you weren't sincere in those ideas?"

"Why, of course I was sincere, Peggy. I am sincere!"

"Well, then," she said stubbornly.

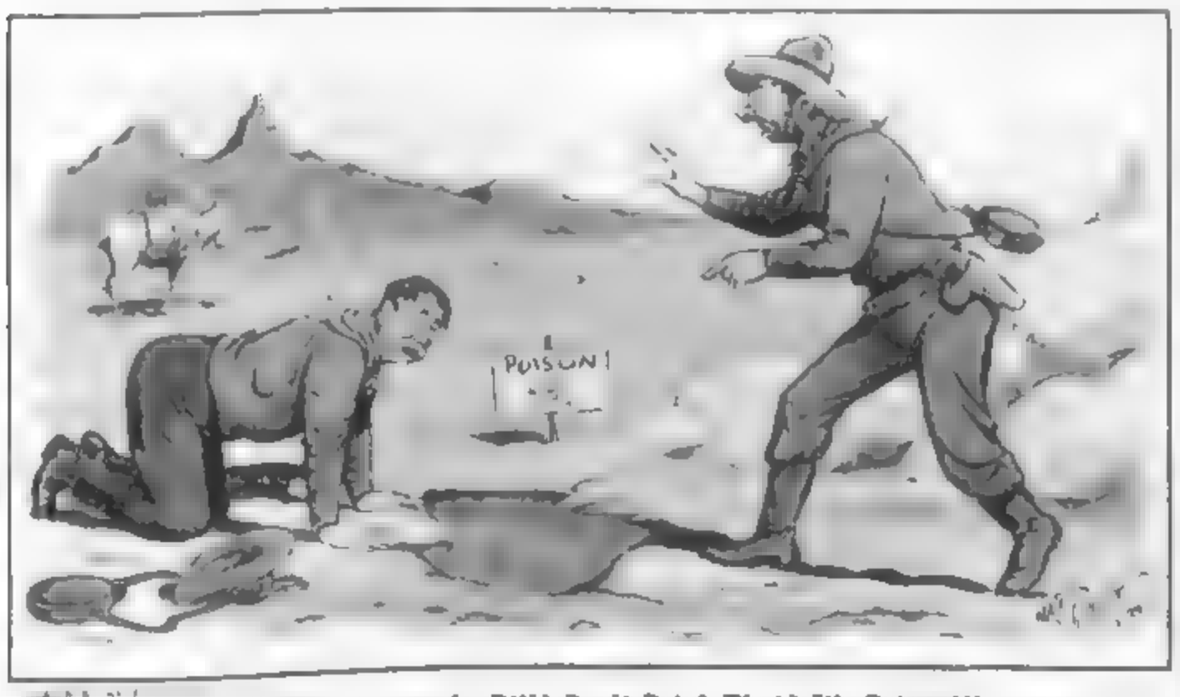
He reflected.

"Peggy," he blurted, "suppose I should give up all those associations and be just like anybody else and ——"

"Will you, Tom?"

"But not until after election," he bargained. "It wouldn't be honest, Peggy. These people like me because I am one of their own, and they are counting on voting for me. I can't desert them now, Peggy. Can't you see that?"

"If you only will, Tom," she said. "If you promise me, honest to goodness —— Don't, Tom, don't! Daddy is right there in the back parlor!"




*Desert Rat. "Jumpin' Lizards, Bill! Don't Drink That! It's Poison!"*
*"Don't Get Excited, Pard. I Stuck That Sign Up Myself to Keep the Tourists From Drinkin' the Water Hole Dry"*

New "Van Dorn Haffinch" runs on alternating or direct current, weighs 16 pounds and sells for *only* $60.00.

One of 8 types of "Van Dorn" portable electric drills in sizes from ¼" to 1¼".

Famous Users

These well known business organizations, the most critical buyers in the world, are a few of the many large users of "Van Dorn" Electric Drills for production work and plant maintenance.

Ford
Dodge
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Cadillac
Packard
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Hupmobile
International Trucks
Fisher Bodies
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Willys-Overland

# Accepted

## By the Automotive Industry

**Most everyone knows that the holes in the Automotive Industry have been made by "Van Dorn" Electric Drills for more than 20 years. America's finest family of holemakers is practically standard equipment in plants of the best motor car and truck makers, the largest body builders and the most successful accessory and parts manufacturers.**

### *For Garages and Service Stations*

**"Van Dorn's" policy is to give garages and service stations the same high quality tools that these manufacturers use for their production work:—built of the same materials, in the same shop, by the same skilled mechanics, yet reasonable in price.**

### *Only* $60.00

**For example, "Haffinch, the Drill of a thousand uses" shown above, costs *only* $60.00. —the first time in the history of electric tools that garages and repair shops can purchase a half inch portable electric drill of "Van Dorn" quality at a price so reasonable.**

### *Automotive Jobbers*

**You can cash in on "Van Dorn" Prestige, Performance and Publicity. "Van Dorn" Electric tools lead you to a practically unlimited market. A representative will be pleased to discuss our agency proposition with you.**

### The Van Dorn Electric Tool Co.

*Makers of Portable Electric Drilling, Reaming and Grinding Machines, etc.*
Cleveland, Ohio

"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

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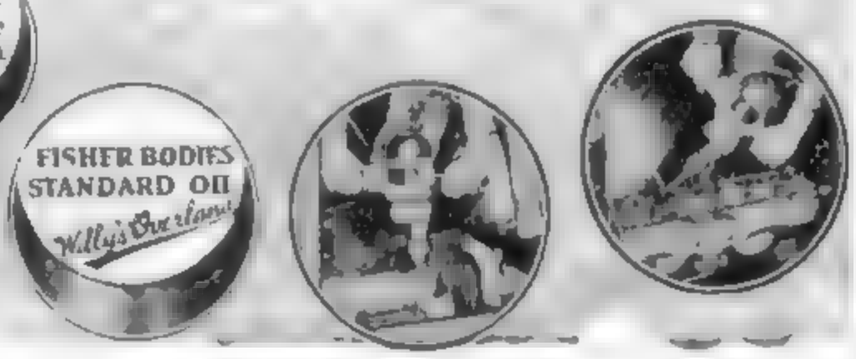


## For those about to build McKinney offers this free assistance

*Without cost to you, McKinney will send a full set of Forethought Plans with which you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them.*

TO KNOW where your furniture will fit before your home is completed is a constant benefit. To know before construction begins is even more valuable.

So McKinney designed Forethought Plans for this purpose.

To get the key to the Plans recall your early arithmetic instructions. When the problem consisted of adding together "gallons," "quarts" and "pints" the rule was to change each item to "pints"—and avoid error.

That is exactly what McKinney has done with your furniture.

Your floor plans are drawn to a scale one-quarter of an inch to the foot. The McKinney Forethought Plans are views of your furniture drawn to exactly the same scale. Here, then, you can arrange and rearrange your furniture with accuracy even before your cellar has been dug.

### How others are using the Plans

McKinney is receiving many letters of gratitude from home-builders. They are finding the McKinney Forethought Plans of wonderful value. They seem to answer completely a hitherto-vexing problem. The joy of seeing every piece of furniture in place so far ahead of time adds another note of pleasure to the building of a home.

The coupon at right will bring you a set of these Forethought Plans. McKinney will enjoy the privilege of sending them. There is no cost to you.

### And why is McKinney doing all this?

McKinney Manufacturing Company has been making fine hinges for fifty-nine years. Through supplying McKinney Hinges for thousands of homes for more than a half century McKinney has learned much concerning the hardware-buying habits of the American people. And outstanding among these habits is this fact: Americans have a keen appreciation of fine hardware. Further, it is their intention to have nothing less than that in their homes. But unconsciously they let the selection of hardware go until the last minute. Maybe by this time the hardware fund has been depleted by some insignificant "extra." Then this hindsight calls for either of two things—more money or a home that is hardware-poor.

So McKinney devised the Forethought Plans and furnished them for two purposes. First, it was known they would greatly assist in making your home all that you anticipate. Second, that they would help to impress on your mind the value of buying your hardware early and asking specifically to see McKinney Hinges.

McKinney Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me set of Forethought Plans.

Name

Address

(If you have a hardware retailer from whom you intend to buy we would like to know his name also.)

# McKINNEY HINGES


# WHAT BECOMES OF THE RICH MAN'S INCOME?

(Continued from Page 27)

MR. D
FOR THE YEAR 1924

| | PER CENT |
|---|---|
| Income and property taxes | 29.68 |
| Life insurance to provide for inheritance taxes premiums | 12.38 |
| Maintenance of estates, including household expense | 7.89 |
| Personal expenses | 4.77 |
| Business expense, interest and [illegible] | .85 |
| Charitable contributions and donations to individuals | .22 |
| Total | 92.48 |
| Gross cash income | 100.00 |
| Balance | 7.52 |

Note. Mr. D.'s personal attorney writes, "This statement is fairly typical of the results of the past several years."

MR. E
YEARLY AVERAGE 1917–1923

| | | PER CENT |
|---|---|---|
| Income | $1,854,182.12 | 100.00 |
| Income tax | $ 720,482.96 | 38.86 |
| Other taxes paid | [illegible] | .54 |
| Reserve for estate tax | 1,321,250.71 | 73.77 |
| Yearly total taxes | $2,[illegible]1,721.73 | 112.97 |
| Personal and living expenses | [illegible] | 4.85 |
| Contributions | 144,471.11 | 7.71 |
| Gifts | 520,822.40 | 28.00 |
| Net losses and reserves for depreciation | 170,200.12 | 9.47 |
| Total above | $2,982,840.71 | 161.00 |
| Reduction in estate (yearly) | 1,128,158.67 | *63.00 |
| *Of income | | 100.00 |

YEARLY AVERAGE 1917–1924
UNDER NEW LAW

| | | PER CENT |
|---|---|---|
| Income | $1,934,487.01 | 100.00 |
| Income tax | $ 723,657.31 | 37.41 |
| Other taxes paid | 9,218.89 | .48 |
| Reserve for estate tax | 1,677,131.88 | 86.70 |
| Yearly total taxes | $2,408,008.08 | 124.48 |

Naturally the first question which the reader will ask concerning these exhibits in general has to do with the identity of the principals. This, however, it is not the intention of the writer to reveal or indicate in any fashion whatsoever.

Not only would the interest in the statements themselves be greatly enhanced by the use of the names but there would be very real surprise in one or two cases. Most of the names are of widespread or national prominence. In several cases the prominence attaches not only to the individual but to the family and to the industry or corporation from which the fortune derives.

### The Reticence of the Rich

Possibly one or two of the rich men who furnished figures might have permitted the use of their names under certain circumstances. An assistant to one of these gentlemen spoke of the futility of attempted secrecy in the case of great wealth, at least as regards his employer. For this capitalist is known to be the owner of more than 50 per cent of the stock of a corporation the market value of and the dividends upon which are matters of public information.

Indeed, two men from whom statistical information was sought suggested how sensible it would be for the hundred richest men in the country to make public the uses to which their incomes are put. Nevertheless, many persons of large as well as moderate or small means shrink instinctively from letting the world know what becomes of their incomes, no matter how instructive such information might prove.

Therefore in a number of instances the writer was able to obtain detailed statistical information only by respecting the desire for secrecy and privacy as far as identifying the figures with the individual is concerned. In view of the fact that not all the names can be used it seems better to indicate none of them.

The writer feels very fortunate, however, in the type of men who responded to his request for statistical data. In no case was any effort made to obtain figures from either the idle owners of long-inherited wealth or of sudden riches. None of these figures come from idlers, loafers or society butterflies, nor were any of them secured from men who had made quick fortunes and are still a little bewildered by their new position.

In the main, information was sought and obtained from men who are or have been at the head of great industries, the normal, constructive type of millionaire. It so happens that the list is almost equally divided between those who inherited wealth and those who did not. But I think it is safe to say that in every case where wealth was inherited it has been greatly added to by the heirs, who in addition have worked just as hard as if they had inherited nothing.

There are several self-made men in the list, but their fortunes have come from the gradual growth of great properties, not from any sudden deal or find or strike. Of course no information was sought from promoters or men suddenly enriched by deals, for such wealth may not be permanent, nor have the owners had time to adjust themselves to it.

No very young man was asked for statistical data. It takes time to learn to use money well. There can be no defense of the rich young wastrel or idler; he is a social excrescence and requires not so much study as elimination. Nor would an exhibit of the use to which the income of a young man madly engaged in business advancement is put serve the purpose of these articles. The important thing to learn is how the man who has arrived employs his wealth.

The average age of those who furnished data is fifty-eight. The oldest is just under seventy and the youngest just under fifty.

### Secrecy About Losses

One of the first questions which any student of economic or business subjects would ask is for information as to those active in business and those who are inactive. Messrs. D and E are the most active. A and B are perhaps the least active in the group as regards direct business participation.

Those from whom information was sought, and who supplied it, were approached because of their known wealth and connection with large business affairs, rather than for their reputation as philanthropists. Yet several were found to be very large givers, perhaps larger than persons more commonly advertised as such.

The discerning student will at once object that it is not safe to draw generalizations from such a small number of cases Certainly one must be careful in the generalizations which are drawn. The writer, however, has other figures, about equal in number to those reproduced, which are not in form that can be used. They come, however, from persons of similar incomes, generally speaking, and in the main bear out the conclusions which any reader would draw from the published figures.

In a number of instances tentative promises were made to furnish data, but more mature reflection resulted in a change of mind. In at least two cases men who were willing at first to furnish data decided against so doing because they disliked to show that losses, or expenses of all kinds, exceeded their incomes. One whom I had supposed in receipt of fabulous dividends stated that his deficit in 1923 had been $400,000; another that expenses of all kinds had exceeded income by 15 per cent.

The writer had been warned in advance by a friend, who while not rich himself is in close professional contact with big business, that the only way to get such figures would be to tell the rich men to overlook recent losses in making up their figures. But I neglected this advice, foolishly enough, finding it very difficult, like the public in general, to associate two such apparently opposed ideas as riches and losses.

In one case it is to be suspected that the rich man addressed had not fully realized the extent either of his expenses of various kinds, or losses, until he began to have a statement prepared in response to my inquiry, which never materialized further. It may be added, however, that some rather searching comments upon the subject as a whole were received from one or two gentlemen who at first thought they might furnish data, but decided against it upon closer examination of their books.

Continued on Page 137

# 5 famous points

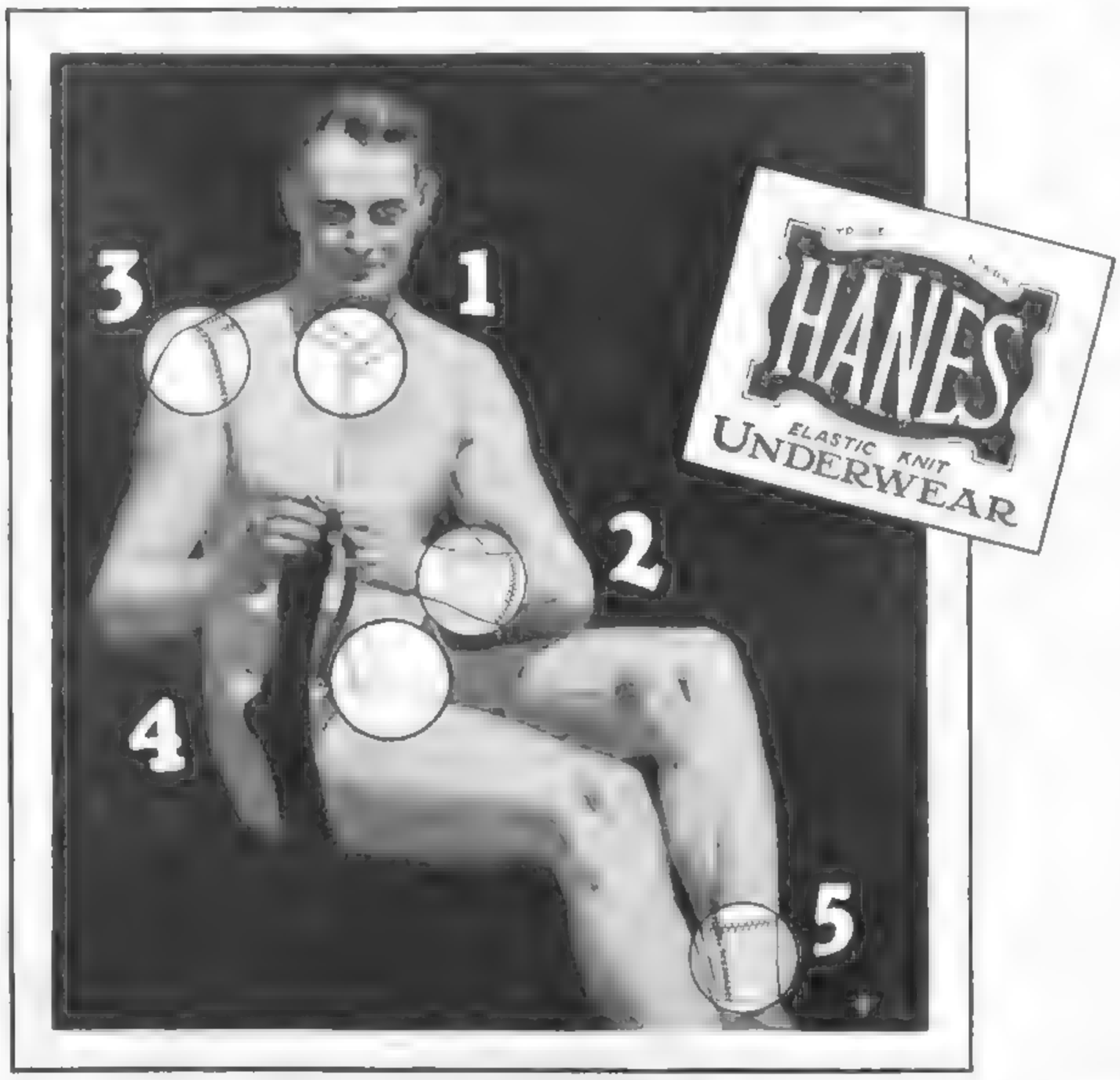
**1** HANES *Collarettes are cut to size. A 40 suit has a 40 collarette. Won't roll or pucker. Protect the chest from cold draughts, and let the top-shirt lie smooth.*

**2** HANES *Cuffs won't pull off. They snug the wrist. Reinforced on the end to prevent raveling and gaping. Sleeves are exact length—not uneven*

**3** HANES *Elastic Shoulders give with every movement, because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam. Comfortable. Strong.*

**4** HANES *Closed Crotch* really* STAYS *closed. Double gusset in thigh another comfort feature. Crotch can't bind, for* HANES *is fitted by* TRUNK *measurement, as well as chest.*

**5** HANES *Elastic Ankles never bunch over the shoe-tops. No ugly pucker showing under the socks. One leg is exactly the same length as the other. They're mates!*




## You can *pay* more, but you can't get more!

MEN, there just isn't any sense paying more than the HANES price to get HANES value. There's no doubt about it, HANES is the best winter underwear in the world for the money. And you can prove it.

It has comfort. It has wear. It has the warmth you want to keep you snug and well in winter's worst. Three weights take care of any climate. We especially recommend the Heavy Weight for all practical purposes, and at a popular price.

You get your *true size* in HANES, which guarantees real comfort. HANES Union Suits are fitted by *trunk* measurement as well as chest measurement. You can walk and work and stoop and stretch with never a bind or bunch. That's *something!*

You will know genuine HANES by the famous red label. It is guaranteed absolutely—every thread, stitch and button, or your money back. Go to the nearest HANES dealer and see this big-value underwear. Compare it detail by detail with the 5 Famous Points. Union Suits, also shirts-and-drawers.

HANES Boys' Underwear is great value, too, because it's made of the same materials and with the same care. Union suits only. Two weights—heavy and extra heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years. 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seats. Also knee length and short sleeves.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Next summer, wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!*

*Nothing takes the place of*

# LEATHER

## Style Tendencies This Fall Are Decidedly in Favor of All Leather Heels

Particularly those manufacturers catering to the up-to-date trade have laid out their style lines this fall with all leather heels. Look at the men whom you consider good dressers and you will invariably find them following the correct style—leather heels.

Back of this style tendency lies the growing realization that nerves need physical stimulation.

This is a direct outcome of the great health movements of today. They have established the common sense value of more light, more air, more exercise in the building of nerve force and health. That's why doctors say, "walk, play, ride horseback, stir the nerves physically".

Both style and common sense are running in the same channel this fall, with *footism* reading *leatherism** and applying to heels as well as soles. Leather pays in vibrant health and snappy looks.

AMERICAN SOLE AND BELTING LEATHER TANNERS, INC.
17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK CITY

*Leather is fibrous, with millions of tiny nostril-like air spaces which inhale and exhale with every step. This allows the feet to breathe. Air is also a non-conductor of heat, hence with leather soles your feet are cooler in summer and warmer in winter

(Continued from Page 134)

All the statements reproduced here show striking differences one from the other. There is a sense in which the publication of these exhibits is most unfair. The reader will at once institute comparisons which should not be made. Obviously the older a man is, the more inactive in business he is, the fewer or older his children; and the more stable and permanent his income, the more he can reasonably be expected to give away to charity. Then, too, the more wealth he has inherited, the less reason in general is there for him to give away large sums to members of his family or relatives.

I could go on giving scores of reasons why these figures are dissimilar and why fair comparisons cannot be made. But if anything, are not the similarities even more striking than the dissimilarities? Are not the legitimate inferences even more important than the ones that cannot be drawn?

In previous articles it was contended that the distribution of the rich man's income is hedged about in various ways over which he has but litfle control. If we were studying incomes of $2000 or $20,000 we should need hundreds, perhaps thousands of cases for them to have any meaning. But when it comes to $2,000,000 incomes, a very few instances are highly significant.

The point of greatest interest, no doubt, to most readers is how much the rich man spends upon himself and his family. Under this heading are to be included all the items which the different ones have variously classified as personal, living and household expenses, also as residence maintenance and maintenance of estates, as well as improvements to estates.

The range or variation here is enormous, running all the way from under 5 per cent to more than 24 per cent.

One man does not segregate personal and household expenses from insurance, business expenses, attorneys' fees and other similar costs, but if these items are as large in his case as in the other statements presented, his actual personal, household, living and residence outlay is not likely to be above 15 per cent, or at the most 20 per cent.

Assuming that not more than 18 per cent of the 29.65 per cent which Mr. B puts down for "household, personal, business, automobiles, insurance, general, etc.," is really personal, we have an average of slightly less than 17 per cent for all the statements, which can be ascribed to that portion which the rich man spends upon himself and his family.

### *Family Expenses*

But even the most casual reader will note that this 17 per cent includes a various but in all cases large item for residence or estate maintenance and improvement. As noted in a previous article, large country estates, besides beautifying the community and giving employment to many, are frequently thrown open to the public. A man who would be rated among the very rich, or at least the rich, made this statement:

"I believe a large percentage of so-called family expenses are really the expenses on the estate's maintenance, which has to be done or the property will depreciate rapidly. Those who have large estates have, as the result of the steady increase in labor since 1914, been really penalized if they have maintained these estates."

Even where expenses are classified as strictly personal, the item may include the purchase of pictures, books and other objects of art or rarity, which in many instances revert ultimately to the public.

Most readers will probably be surprised at the items included in all but one of the statements, under such headings as office pay roll, office expense, attorneys' fees, losses, salaries, administrative expenses, and the like. In one case these run as high as 18.56 per cent; in another 12.40 per cent.

To no slight extent wealth brings its own offsets, its own checks and balances, as Emerson said. On January 7, 1924, testimony taken in litigation over the management of the $80,000,000 Brady estate brought out the fact that the pay roll of the estate, or office, for two years had amounted to $557,000.

It was said that Anthony N. Brady had run his private affairs for $11,000 a year before he died, but following his death came the Federal income tax, which involved much additional accounting, and great expense was caused by the settlement of inheritance taxes. Mr. Brady left $28,000,000 in public-utility securities, which were then in a most depressed and discouraging position, and large sums had to be paid out for expert and technical assistance and advice.

The retired or semiretired capitalist, or even the active capitalist, who has large investments outside his business, must, when his income gets up around the $1,000,000 mark, employ an investment manager or secretary, probably more than one accountant, together with adequate stenographic and clerical help and the best of legal advice.

In case the property has been inherited any time in recent years, the cost of inheritance-tax settlement is very large indeed, and there is always the income tax.

"I am free to confess that, were it not for the tax situation, I should be much more active in industry than I have been in recent years," writes a gentleman of very large business interests of a nation-wide character, "but the problems of taxation—not avoiding taxes—are such as to require a great deal of time and much care in planning one's affairs. I feel that the affairs of the corporations in which I am mainly interested are sufficient without adding more."

Quite naturally and properly taxes constitute the first item in all the exhibits of income disposal. More particularly the Federal income tax heads the list. The writer has maintained in numerous publications that the heavy income taxes are not felt so much by the very rich, the type that furnished the statistical data for this article, as by those who have large incomes in the way of salaries or fees, but comparatively small or moderate fortunes.

### *Inequalities of the Law*

The high corporation executive who has just come into a big income after years of struggle, the successful corporation lawyer, the exceptionally successful physician, author, actor, cartoonist, movie star, musician, architect, accountant—these have been caught by the heavy surtaxes. A man might have had a salary well over $100,000 a year in 1922 or 1923 and still have been worse off, because of the income tax, than he would have been in 1914 with a much smaller salary, not even considering the reduced purchasing power of the dollar.

I asked an executive of a great corporation, a man whose salary exceeds $100,000 a year, what interests him the most—his living expenses, his gifts and charities, his investments or his taxes.

"Why, the quarterly tax payments, of course," he replied. "For they form such an appreciable part of my income. I spend most of my time setting up reserves for them."

There is no more valuable publication that comes from the Government Printing Office than the annual Statistics of Income, compiled under the direction of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

The last edition is the preliminary report for the calendar year 1922, and there we find on page 21 the average rate of tax paid by all individuals under the different brackets.

It is a well-known fact that the Revenue Act provides in theory for a graduated, progressive income tax, but it doesn't quite work that way. According to the official figures, the average payment made by those with net incomes of from $150,000 to $200,000 was 39.76 per cent, while those who had net incomes of from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 paid on the average only 29.45 per cent, or more than 10 per cent less than those with incomes only one-twentieth to one-tenth as large!

This is the extreme contrast which can be had from the figures, but we find the individuals with incomes of from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 paying an average of 34.34 per cent, while those with incomes of from $250,000 to $300,000 paid 35.26 per cent, or nearly 1 per cent more on incomes from one-sixth to one-third as large.

These figures are dry enough, but they bear out the contention that the very rich have been able by the purchase of tax-exempt securities and the rearrangement of their affairs to diminish to some slight extent, at least, the severity of the surtaxes.

The bulk of the incomes of the very rich are derived from dividends on stocks rather than from wages, salaries, fees, commissions or even profits. But there is no normal tax of 8 per cent on dividends. On the other hand the exceptionally well-paid corporation official, corporation lawyer, surgeon or actor, whose income is in the form

# The Truths

## We wish to prove to you on Palmolive Shaving Cream

By V. K. CASSADY, *Chief Chemist*

GENTLEMEN:

All you men know this. Nothing could ever succeed like Palmolive Shaving Cream without amazing virtues.

Those millions of users have been won by these Ten-Shave samples. You have desires like other men. Let a test win you.

### *Five facts—prove them*

Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

It acts quickly. Within one minute the hairs absorb 15% of water. And that makes a tough beard wax-like.

The lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. It does not need replacement.

The bubbles are extra-strong. They act like wedges to support the hairs for cutting. Without such bubbles many hairs lie down, and the razor passes over.

The palm and olive oil content gives the effect of a lotion. The after-results are delightful.

### *Give the Cream a chance*

We are famous soap makers—have studied soap for 60 years. Among our creations is the leading toilet soap of the world.

We worked 18 months and tried 130 formulas before we perfected a Shaving Cream like this. The result is the greatest sensation this line ever knew.

You owe a test to yourself and to us. You want the utmost in a Shaving Cream. See if we have found it.

Send us this coupon for Ten-Shave Tube. Clip it now to remind you.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail

Address if residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. B-901. Address if residents of other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-901.

# When two-cent stamps cost three cents

AN ordinary letter weighing one ounce or less can be mailed for two cents postage.

From October, 1917, to March, 1919, it cost *three* cents.

When the cost of a mailing was restored to two cents, what became of the penny per letter postage saved?

You can't say what became of the money. The cent that may be saved on postage and the fraction of a cent that may be saved by using cheap letter paper are hard to find. They are like the money a man saves by shining his own shoes. You may keep it out of the budget, but you can't get it into the bank.

The question of economy really doesn't enter into the subject of using Old Hampshire Bond for your letterheads any more than it affects the subject of whether your shoes are clean or not.

The amount involved is too small. It is purely a question of individual taste and self-expression.

All people like to get letters on Old Hampshire Bond. Many people like to send letters on Old Hampshire Bond.

The paper is so well known that any printer in any city can supply it. Any stationer can sell it to you. It's a paper of obviously superior quality. Either you like that sort of thing or you don't.

*Write on your business letterhead for samples of Old Hampshire Bond in white and twelve colors. . . . Also makers of Old Hampshire Stationery in Vellum, Bond, and Laven finishes for Social Correspondence. A packet of usable specimens of this fine stationery will be sent on receipt of ten cents. Address Department L.*

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

MADE A LITTLE BETTER
Old Hampshire Bond
THAN SEEMS NECESSARY


of salary or fees, has been paying the 8 per cent normal tax in addition to the surtax.

But with all these allowances made, it can hardly be said that the very rich, judging from the statements reproduced in this article, are not paying a goodly amount in taxes. The largest percentage is that of Mr. E, who paid 38.73 per cent to the Federal Government over a period of seven years, almost exactly eight times as much as he spent for all his personal, living, household and residence expenses. It really looks as if Mr. E had been working for the people of the United States rather than for himself.

A more striking and perhaps important disclosure made by these exhibits is the extent to which the rich are trying to provide for the payment of inheritance duties, and especially of the Federal estate tax. In only one case, that of Mr. A, is no apparent provision made. Mr. D sets aside 12.38 per cent of his income for life-insurance premiums, Mr. B an amount unreported, Mr. C 15.3 per cent, and Mr. E 86.59 per cent! In submitting his statement Mr. C wrote as follows:

"As to life insurance: It seems to be prudent to provide sufficient liquid capital to cover estate taxes in event of death, as it might prove a serious blow to the industries in which I am interested were my executors obliged to liquidate stocks of these companies quickly. The value of the stock would be artificially depressed to the injury of other stockholders, if not to the corporations themselves.

"I have, therefore, provided a liberal amount of life insurance and have also invested in securities that can be quickly liquidated to cover the balance of the estate taxes. You will note that this means a considerable portion of my income and also a considerable portion of my estate tied up and removed from industry because of the necessity of meeting estate taxes that should not mature for 17 years under my expectation of life."

But this letter is if anything an understatement of the case. It does not take into account, I feel certain, nor, with the exception of that of Mr. E, do any of the exhibits as yet reproduced in this article contain figures which provide for the 1924 revision of the Revenue Act. It will be recalled that the 1921 Revenue Act placed a maximum tax on large estates of 25 per cent. Under the new law the tax is 40 per cent on all of an estate above $10,000,000, 35 per cent on all between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000, and 30 per cent on all between $5,000,000 and $8,000,000.

### A Typical Case

This is not the place to debate the justice or injustice of such a heavy capital tax, or whether it is a wise policy to break up large fortunes and accumulations by this method. The writer has treated this subject in detail in two series of articles, one on inheritance and the other on income taxation. The point to be made here is that not one person in a million has any real comprehension of the actual meaning of such an extraordinary levy upon large properties. Indeed it may be doubted whether the members of Congress who enacted such legislation were in the one-in-a-million class.

Consider an actual case, typical of many. More than thirty years ago this man started a new industry in a very small way. He is by no means old now, and is still the active head. All these years he has worked as hard as any man; his business has received all the devotion and talents at his command. He is still the chief owner. Its product is of great value and in use in millions of homes.

The business has been successful and profitable in the way of dividends, but 56 per cent of the earnings have been put back into expansion. There are 10,000 employes in this country, all of whom receive high wages and many receive large salaries. There are several thousand more employes in Europe. The growth of the industry has, of course, been followed by the development of the city where its chief plant is located. The founder of the business has taken his full share in the philanthropic activities of the city.

Since the Federal income tax went into effect he has spent upon himself but the merest fraction of what he has paid to the Federal Government.

Yet if this man should die this year, there would not be enough left by nearly 53 per cent out of his income for the last eight profitable years, and after the payment of income taxes, to pay the estate taxes. To be exact, his estate would be short 52.65 per cent of enough to pay these taxes, even out of the truly enormous income of the last eight years. Expressed somewhat differently, it would take considerably more than 100 per cent of his income for the last eight years to pay the estate taxes. As he himself says:

"I work about as hard as any man that I know, and yet the actual fact of the case is that the United States Government is not willing to allow me board and clothes."

It may be objected that estate taxes are supposed to come out of capital or principal, and not out of income. But it has taken this man thirty years to build up his estate. It is in the form of steel, concrete, machinery, quality of product, goodwill, name, sales policies, organization; in other words, it is a going business, which, of course, can be destroyed, if anyone is foolish enough to want to destroy it; but the Government demands payment within a year, payment in cash. And while the Commissioner of Internal Revenue has authority to postpone payment for five years if necessary, he is obliged by law to collect interest of 6 per cent on the postponed portion beyond one and a half years from date of death. Yet this man has loaned the Government millions through Liberty Bonds, on which the interest is from 3½ to 4¼ per cent.

### The Spenders

Now this particular man has lived very simply and economically; he has spent but a fraction of his great income. For years he has been able to invest outside his own business, and these investments have been in only the most liquid and gilt-edged securities. Let us assume, for sake of illustration, that he owns $10,000,000 of the most marketable, high-class tax-exempt bonds. If he should die this year and his estate should sell all these bonds, every last stitch of them, the Government would still demand about $4,000,000 more.

Only by parting with control in the business could the estate raise any such sum. The heirs would be forced to sell out the business, or at least the control therein; nor are forced sales of this kind ever made without sacrifice.

Whatever others may think of these new rates in the estate tax, the wealthy man himself regards them as sheer confiscation. "The trouble," writes one such gentleman, "is that the political element in this country has had the spending of more billions of dollars since 1917 than anybody in the world ever heard of. They like the job and they like the jobs connected with it. They have no desire of economy, which they know must begin in Washington. They wish to continue the golden flood. They cannot give up the idea that the grand old wartime conditions can continue indefinitely in times of peace."

In any case, with estate-tax rates what they are, the man of wealth is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun, to make constantly larger and larger provision against these taxes. One form of provision consists of gifts, usually of tax-exempt or other equally high-grade securities, to members of his family.

Or the provision may be made in the form of premiums on life insurance. In one of the statistical exhibits it will be noted that 15.3 per cent of the income is used for that purpose; in another 12.38 per cent. Or provision may be made in the form of readily marketable securities, which in practice mean Liberty, Farm Loan, state, municipal and other tax-exempt bonds, to be sold in case of death.

In any case the classical, conventional idea held by economists and business men that the rich invest most of their incomes, is in need of radical revision. The investment process does take place, but it is more restricted, limited and for a specific purpose, than commonly realized. The tendency is increasingly toward the purchase of tax-exempt securities, not only because of the income and inheritance taxes but because gifts and trust funds for wives and children are often composed of this type of investment. The rich man invests his income; but directly or indirectly the Government absorbs it. Even if he buys life insurance the Government takes the proceeds as soon as he dies.

It is easy enough to denounce large fortunes, but the stubborn fact remains that they are very convenient collecting agencies for society. It is usually cheaper and easier

(Continued on Page 141)

# VICTOR

*Standard Adding Machine*

## ROGER BABSON

[ Roger Babson has said that the secret of business success in the next decade lies with inside management. *That means figure accuracy.* ]

The destiny of today's man of business lies not on the knees of the gods, but on his own.

A five-cent error in computing the cost of one item can bring about the loss of many dollars in a single day. A daily expenditure of five cents (the pro-rated cost of Victor over its minimum of useful life) eliminates the possibility of error and assures ultimate profit on every sale.

Modern, one-model manufacture, standardized selling and service permit production of a million dollar capacity, full-size standard keyboard adding machine at a $100 price. It adds, lists, subtracts, multiplies and divides, has non-add, sub-total, repeat and calculating keys, triple visibility and totals with one stroke of the speedy handle. Light weight, portable, long-lived. With tabulating loose-leaf carriage at slight extra cost.

***Write for folder, "Insurance No Company Will Write"***

Phone or write the nearest of our 1000 dealers for free trial. Victor Adding Machine Company, 319 North Albany Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

$100

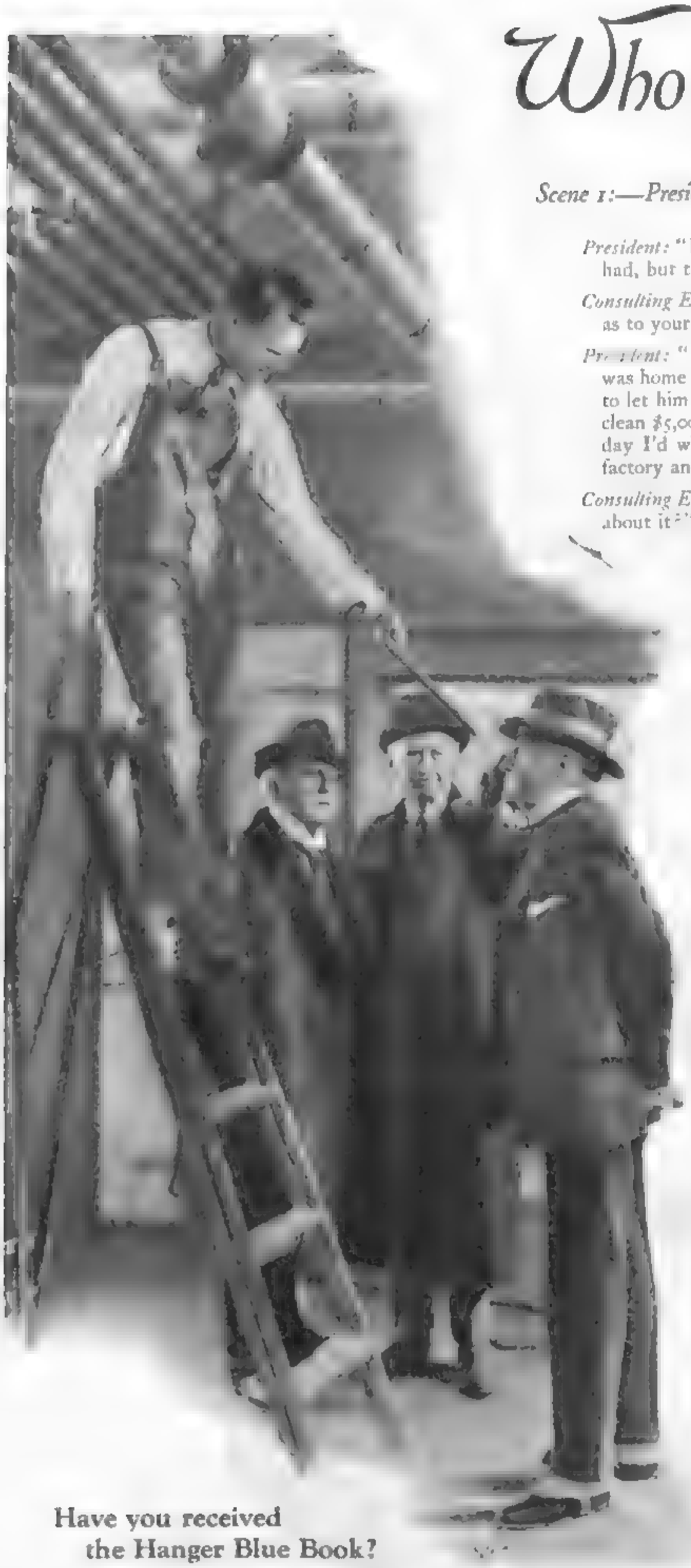
*f. o. b. Chicago*

*E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., is one of the many prominent users of the Victor.*

***Free Trial—***
***Monthly Payments***
***Unreservedly Guaranteed***

*60,000 in use by such firms as:*

United States Government
United States Steel Corporation
Yellow Cab Company
International Harvester Company
The Standard Oil Company
The National Biscuit Company
The S. S. Kresge Company
Southern Pacific Lines
Eastman Kodak Company
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co
The Willys-Overland Company
The Tidewater Oil Company



# Who fumbled the ball?

*Scene 1:—President's office before game was called in plant*

*President:* "He may be the best halfback Tech ever had, but this shows what college amounts to."

*Consulting Engineer:* "Did he have the correct data as to your requirements?"

*President:* "Measured everything himself, when he was home last summer, and his mother begged me to let him show what was in him. It's cost me a clean $5,000. If it wasn't for the big game Saturday I'd wire him now to come home, get in the factory and learn something practical."

*Consulting Engineer:* "What does the contractor say about it?"

*President:* "You and Murphy can fight it out." (Turning to 'phone) "Send in Mr. Murphy, the contractor. We're ready for him."

*Mr. Murphy* (entering): "I got your letter, and my answer is that any changes will have to be charged at regular rates. The whole trouble is in the small sizes of pipes that your son specified."

*Consulting Engineer* (studying the blueprints): "Just a minute. This is all right. Can't help but deliver 80 lbs. pressure if the boy knew what to specify. Looks to me like faulty installation. Where can I get a copy of the specifications on this job?"

*President:* "I kept a copy myself. Here they are."

*Consulting Engineer:* "Will you come over to the new extension with me, Mr. Murphy? And, I think (turning to the President) if you want to save money in the future you might tag along too."

* * * *

*Scene 2:—Game called in the plant*

AS the three men entered the extension the President got the surprise of his life. His halfback son in overalls was standing on a step-ladder wielding a wrench; a section of the piping near the door had been dismantled.

*Son:* "Hello, dad, this is a crime; no wonder mother wired me. Did you write that telegram?"

*President:* "What telegram?"

*Son:* "About mother passing the ball to me. That I fumbled it? What I'd like to know is who fumbled my specifications. Look at these strap-iron hangers, and this archaic pipe cutting."

*Consulting Engineer:* "Just what I thought. The specifications call for reamed pipe."

*President:* "What do you mean, 'reamed'?"

*Consulting Engineer:* "The burrs on the inside of this pipe. Feel them. This pipe has been cut by hand and never reamed. Those burrs caused accumulations of sediment and nearly stopped up some of the lines."

*Son:* "And the specifications call for hangers fully adjustable so that the pipe lines can be properly aligned after installation. (Turning to Murphy)—With hooks like these how do you propose to take care of the usual sagging of pipe lines in a new building? Hangers like these only breed fat repair bills for some one to pay."

*Murphy:* "Hangers, adjustable after the pipe is up? I never heard of anything like that."

*Son:* "Every contractor and dealer in piping has a catalog of Grinnell adjustable hangers. The recommendation accompanying my specification was to buy from Grinnell Company all the welded headers, hangers and fittings and have them cut the pipe to sketch with fittings made on. The job would have gone through like the Tech team cleaning up the scrubs. That company always reams every foot of pipe it cuts. What became of my recommendation?"

*President* (sheepishly): "Blame me, my boy. I held out that last page when I told the purchasing department to get estimates."

*Consulting Engineer:* "Same old mistake in a new garb. You've always killed my recommendations if they limited competition and it has cost you many thousands. This time you were determined not to be such a fatherly fool as to let your own son cut out all price competition on the work. You admit it cost you $5,000 in money and more than that in worry."

*President:* "Hereafter I guess I'll stay in the grandstand and root for the Skill team against the Bungle team from Pricеville."

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(Continued from Page 138)

to raise $1000 for charity from two or three people who can afford several hundred dollars each, than from a thousand people who can afford a dollar each.

Even with a maximum income tax of only 25 per cent, which proposal was defeated by Congress as being too favorable to the rich, it would take 7800 men with $5000 incomes to provide, or pay, as much tax as a single million-dollar-a-year man.

In the same way it is valuable to society that some men are ambitious to work, save, invest and grow rich. Only by investment is production made possible. The socialists have a theory that under private ownership no benefit inures to anyone except the owners. Nothing, of course, could be more absurd.

Mr. Rockefeller does not burn all the oil he owns, nor does Mr. Ford ride in all the cars he manufactures. Capitalism may be acquisition for self, but it is certainly production for others.

It used to be fashionable to denounce Russell Sage because of his extremely economical ways. But it is a question whether he was not a relentless trustee of public funds. He loaned and reloaned at low rates of interest, and took money away from fools who could not keep it. He invested in sound securities, and died, having spent very little upon himself.

The time may come when the masses will save all that is necessary; but they have never done it yet. For some time to come, at least, the savings and production process will depend, to a considerable degree, upon the existence of a class which can save on a large scale.

Recognizing these facts, several economists have urged that savings, not only of the rich but of all classes, should be taxed at a lower rate than spendings. If one believes that thrift is desirable and that taxes should be placed on things which should be discouraged rather than upon those which should be encouraged, there is a certain lack of consistency in the income tax. As one extreme but logical conservative writer has said: "Instead of taxing thrift, justice requires that you tax the thriftless to pay a bonus to the thrifty, for all the shiftless enjoy the better conditions created by the saving. The spendthrift would starve if no one laid by a store."

Congressman Longworth has the reputation of being a hard-headed and practical legislator and politician. He remarked recently: "The goal to which we ought to work would provide no taxes on necessities, moderate taxes on savings, heavy taxes on waste. We are far away from that goal today. No taxation system devised by Congress will entirely reach it, but I hope and believe we may be able . . . to make an important beginning in that direction."

### The General Sales Tax

The income tax and the death taxes as well, as they stand, have the great evil of favoring the spendthrift as compared with the thrifty. If a man spends his entire principal and income he pays income taxes only once, and death taxes not at all; if he saves most of his income he pays not only as much as the spendthrift, but in addition the property tax on what he has saved, and an additional income tax on the income derived from the savings, and then finally his heirs pay the estate and inheritance taxes when he dies.

The general sales tax was suggested as a means of reaching waste and exempting savings, but it is open to the charge of being regressive in character—that is, of laying a disproportionate burden upon those least able to bear it, of taxing need rather than ability, and of possibly adding to the cost of living. But a spendings tax could be made progressive, with high rates only on large expenditures, and with exemptions for doctors' bills, life insurance, college tuition and similar items.

It would be more truly an income tax than the one we now have, because it would be a tax on income set ahead to the point where income actually benefits the owner. Mr. Ford gets no direct personal benefit from the scores of millions of dollars which he receives in income but does not spend; but under the present system he is supposed to pay taxes on them just the same.

This reference to Mr. Ford, however, reveals the weakness of the spendings, or reduced rate on savings income tax. Unless Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller are fools they cannot help saving a great deal. We should recognize the services which they perform, but how much credit do they deserve for doing what they cannot help doing? If their savings should be taxed at a lower rate than their spendings, we should then have the curious spectacle of the rich man paying a much smaller tax than the poor man—impossible to conceive of in a democracy

Certainly to exempt all savings would confer a high degree of immunity on the millionaire. Mr. Pierre S. du Pont, himself a man of very large wealth, was quoted in a previous article as saying that proportionately, as a class, rich men spend less on living than their poorer neighbors. But in the next sentence he adds, "Not that they claim a higher morality on this ground, but because of the natural limitations of a man's consuming capacity."

Several authorities, while rejecting the spendings tax as a substitute for the income tax, believe that under some such name as luxury tax it might wisely be made additional to or supplementary to the present income tax. This might bedevil an already confused situation, but if there is to be justice in taxation, and if there is to be any sort of justice in the relations between the rich and the poor, we must further complicate our tax system by differentiating between different kinds of income and the ways in which they are used.

### The Deduction for Gifts

Already the process has begun. Deductions are permitted for children. In the new law earned income pays a lower rate than unearned income, and there is the well-known provision that the taxpayer may deduct gifts to charity up to 15 per cent of his total net income. A new provision in the 1924 law is that if more than 90 per cent of a person's income is devoted to benevolent purposes there shall be no tax on any of the portion given away, no matter how large the income. As Mr. George E. Roberts says in comment:

"This recognizes the principle that public purposes are not served by taxing funds already devoted to public purposes, and this is true of capital devoted to industry and all legitimate business in serving common needs. While it is not practicable to relieve business wholly from taxation, the general interest requires that taxation shall not be made needlessly oppressive to business, but that capital destined for productive purposes shall be considerately treated.

"The tendency in recent taxation is to seize upon capital destined for productive use and place it in the same class with incomes which are largely set free for consumption."

If it had not been for a six months' nation-wide movement on the part of great numbers of influential people it is doubtful if the original wartime income tax would have contained the 15 per cent deduction for gifts. But without that 15 per cent deduction it is probable that most of the colleges, orphan asylums, churches, art galleries, hospitals and museums in the country would have closed their doors.

It is said that the amount of money contributed voluntarily to higher education in America exceeds all sums contributed by taxation in all the states combined. Even the state universities, supposed to be supported by taxation, have received gifts of $70,000,000 from private patrons. Professor Ely, himself long associated with a state-supported university, has said that the state universities wouldn't amount to much if it were not for the private foundations which in many cases establish higher levels. "It is the function of the owners of private fortunes to blaze the way because state legislatures do not dare go beyond public opinion."

There is hardly an authority on education, poverty or any other social question who fails to emphasize the need on the one hand of private philanthropy to supplement government activities, and the danger on the other hand in any voluntary organization, no matter how lofty its motives, presuming to supersede the Government.

"Want is a growing giant whom the coat of Have," whether of government or private benevolence, "was never large enough to cover."

There are those who say that income taxes and provision for death taxes have greatly reduced the volume of giving, that it is now twice as difficult to keep educational institutions going as before the war. Others say that taxes have stimulated giving, that there is no way of apportioning

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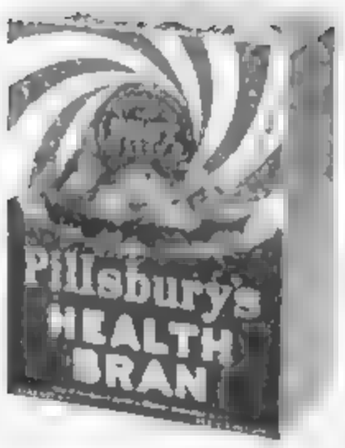


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work as between tax-supported and privately supported institutions, that both are part of the same general movement. "The more we must give the more we are going to want to give."

An Oxford professor has pointed out that practically every rich Englishman gives one-fifth of his income to charity in the form of taxes, but that this does not absolve him from the additional "conscientious Christian duty of almsgiving." Universal benevolence is highly desirable, but as Professor Pigou observes:

"Unfortunately it is quite certain that, in present conditions, voluntary transferences from the rich to the poor will fall very much below the aggregate which the general sense of the community demands. A considerable amount of coercive transference is, therefore, also necessary. This means, in one form or another, taxation."

Rich men themselves complain bitterly that other rich men do not give enough. The name of a man noted for his philanthropies was placed several years ago on one of those trumped-up inaccurate lists of the very rich which yellow Sunday papers and demagogic politicians love to invent. The philanthropist in question made this comment:

"An article which recently appeared in the public press and has created much comment purported to give a list of the very rich men of this country, and my name was erroneously included in the list. . . . I regret that my fortune is only moderate and that I am not a man of large wealth only because large wealth would enable me to give more. Others measure my fortune by what I give. I give what I can and not merely in proportion to what others who could do more are giving. I would be ashamed to adopt such a standard. I would be ashamed to give what I now give if I had any considerable part of the wealth which is accredited to me."

"I don't think the average rich man gives until it hurts," said a lawyer whose clients are of that class. "But he feels that he does more for the community than should be expected of him. The public complains that he gives only $2,000,000 when he might easily with his income give $5,000,000, but his answer is that mighty few are giving even $2,000,000. He looks at it from the point of view of others in like circumstances who don't give as much."

### *Motives for Giving*

No one actually knows how much is given to philanthropy anyway, or how much is needed. Nor has anyone the slightest idea what is the right proportion for the individual to give away. It depends, as already stated, upon his age, the number of his dependents, the size, nature, stability and permanence of both his income and property.

How much credit should the rich man receive for his gifts? If one whose fortune is colossal gives $5,000,000 to a university for a building program which requires five years, it is very helpful in the reduction of income taxes for such a plutocrat to deduct $1,000,000 each year for five years from his net income.

But it is mere malice to assert that such gifts or the various foundations established by Rockefeller, Carnegie, Harkness and a score of others, have been prompted primarily or even substantially by a desire to avoid the ever-growing inheritance taxes. But such is the result in any case, whatever the motive. With the new 40 per cent maximum rate in the Federal estate tax we may see an enormous increase in the number of gifts of principal rather than income, during the donors' lives. To apportion motives or credit in such a situation is impossible.

We are dealing here with an extraordinary complex of human motives. I am sure, however, that it would be absurd as well as malicious to impute only tax-dodging motives. As the philanthropic representative of a very rich man once said:

"Here and there, now and then, and by some exceptional gift of vision, some men make their financial resources a vital and vitalizing part of the commonwealth. Such a miracle cannot be performed merely by giving money away as indiscriminate charity, or by surrendering it reluctantly to the Government in the form of taxes, or by leaving it as an inheritance for chance to scatter without directive motives."

Wealth, he went on to say, really means the opposite of illth. It means health, well being. Long before the income tax or the Federal estate tax came into existence, it will be found, to take one instance only, that the chief makers of Chicago—Mr. Rockefeller apart—were the chief makers of its great university, and the history of the university halls and foundations involves the history of the greatest business enterprises of the city.

In one case known to the writer, that of a man whose great wealth was accumulated at least in part during the war, 57.7 per cent of his income was given to educational, charitable and scientific causes in the year 1923. It will be noted that in all the statements reproduced at the beginning of this article, donations and contributions form a very high percentage of the income after the payment of taxes and necessary business expenses.

When we come to the relative social usefulness of the portions of the rich man's income which go respectively into charity and into investment, the answer is indeed most puzzling. In Mr. Ford's book there is a whole chapter on Why Charity? "I have no patience," he says, "with professional charity or with any sort of commercialized humanitarianism." In another book he is quoted as saying that his gospel is work. "The best use to which I can put my money is to make more work for more men."

### *Mr. Ford's Views*

There is much general sympathy with Mr. Ford's well-known views on this subject. He believes that charity injures character, as it often does. How to hand out unemployment doles without making men lazy is one of England's great problems. To be consistent neither the extreme individualist nor the socialist should give away a cent. The individualist believes, if consistent, that the rich man can do the most good with his money by investing it, and the socialist believes the rich man's money should be taken away from him, either by revolution or through increasing taxation, until the state performs all functions.

But fortunately few men are consistent. Mr. Ford rails against charity in books and magazine interviews, but it is said that his wife and son attend to the benevolent duties of the family. There is no conceivable refutation of this statement by Dean Marquis, former head of the Ford Motor Company Sociological Department:

"Its weakness—Mr. Ford's position—it appears to me, is that it overlooks the fact that we have not yet reached the industrial millennium in which there is work for all all the time; that accident or old age may render even a Ford employe helpless in the struggle for existence; that there are thousands of people in this world now, and thousands more will yet be born, mentally and physically unequal to do anything that will give them adequate support."

To argue that the rich man's income is best used exclusively in taxes or in charity or in investments, merely leads into any one of three blind alleys. To take it all for taxes breaks down the system of free enterprise and private initiative into either anarchy or communism. To put it all into charity carries us back to feudalism. And if all of the rich man's income should be reinvested, it would be difficult to secure funds to support necessary government and to relieve suffering.

The reader who has followed this far must be thoroughly confused by now, for we have wandered through a wilderness of facts and ideas. The reader must feel like the audience that listened to a frenzied soap-box orator declaim: "Says he gives one-tenth of 'is bloated income to charity! Wot's that! If I 'ad my way he'd be made to give one-eleventh!"

But for once, strange as it may seem, the writer is glad to have his readers perplexed. For confusion as to whether the rich man's income goes into taxes, charity or investments is the only possible outcome of the study we have been making.

In other words, we find that wealth is hemmed about in many ways; that a little more or a little less may go for this or that purpose than we had expected; that authorities may differ as to the ideal best use of wealth; but that fortunately and in a very real sense, only a relatively small part of the rich man's income belongs to him exclusively, and that a large part is constantly in the service of the community, the state and the country.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood

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# INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY TRUCKS

# THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

(Continued from Page 23)

his friends in the most fashionable sporting place in Chicago! He was stunned.

Then, all of a sudden, to my surprise, he put his arm around me and said very affably, "Aw, come on and have a drink!" Then he looked over his shoulder at his friends and blustered out, making a joke out of what he had really meant, "What do you think of this kid?"

I let the thing drop there. But I found out a very important thing about John L. Sullivan that night. We were there for several hours and he never repeated that remark, and he now treated me with a lot of respect and friendly familiarity, and in my heart I knew that when he met a man who looked him in the eye and was not afraid of him he would be surprised and bewildered, because previously everyone had trembled at his very name. So I made up my mind that he would "listen to reason." I put a peg in that.

The next day I left Chicago and went on to San Francisco to begin training for my fight with Peter Jackson.

It was a great blow to my father when he heard the news. He did not like the idea of my fighting a colored man. You see, when he had first come to America he had landed at New Orleans, where mixed bouts are frowned upon more than in any other place in the country, and he had inherited this prejudice to the full. So he wouldn't speak to me for months.

I took up my training in the old quarters at Sausalito, where Choynski had prepared for his fight with me. My father never came near the place, but sometimes my mother and brothers and sisters would come out to see me.

Finally the excitement over the fight reached such a pitch that my father's Irish blood was roused; naturally, he did want to see his son win. So my mother persuaded him to come over and call on me, telling him I was worried about his refusal even to speak to me, and it would hurt my chances and perhaps cause my defeat. I shall never forget the talk I had with my father the first time he came round.

"Dad," I told him, "the only reason that you don't want me to fight this colored man is that you think I am going to get licked; but if you thought I was going to win, you wouldn't mind so much. You have it in your head that when I went into pugilism I jumped on the Vestibule Limited for hell. Nothing like that at all, dad. You've a son who can whip John L. Sullivan and you don't know it and can't believe it. Now I'm going to fight Jackson, dad. If you stop me from fighting him here I'll go over to Australia or England; but when I sign to fight a fellow I'm going to fight him."

So finally I got the old gentleman feeling pretty happy and he used to come over quite often to see me.

### Harry's Great Chance

My brother Harry at this time had a milk route, and a few years before, while he was ill, I had gone out to live at his home, getting up at four o'clock in the morning and starting out his wagons for him, and I realized how hard his life was. One Sunday, about four months before the fight, I took a day off and went over to see him. He was out in the stable at his work, dipping a sponge in the soapy water of a bucket by his side and swabbing a set of harness. He didn't see me at first, and I watched him for a while, feeling sorry for him, then hailed him: "Harry, I've a very bright idea."

"Yes?" he said, without turning, sort of wearylike.

"Why don't you sell out this milk route? You told me there was a fellow who wanted to buy it. Then with the money you can open a big café in the city and put the name 'Corbett's' up on it. Some day soon I'll be champion and you'll make a lot of money with that name up there."

He took one look at me, a glare of disgust, then went on dipping the sponge in the water and swabbing the harness, laughing at me all the while.

"All right," I said, "you think it's a joke, but I'll tell you what I'll do, Harry. In this fight with Jackson, the winner gets $8500 and the loser $1500. Carroll, the wholesale liquor man, is one of the directors of the club. You sell out this place to the fellow who wants to buy it and I'll sign over my loser's end to Carroll and put that and what you'll get together and we'll open the place before I fight Jackson. You'll make a lot of money."

"Would you do that?" he asked, dropping his old sponge at last.

"Yes, I'll do it," I replied; and a few days later he did sell the place, I signed over my loser's end of the purse, and my brother opened a café in San Francisco. It was one of the landmarks there for many years afterward.

For the Jackson contest I trained for four months, and secured Billy Delaney—who had prepared me for my fight with Joe Choynski for nothing -as trainer on a salary at last. At that, he assured me that if I lost this fight he would not ask anything for his services.

Peter Jackson's manager was the picturesque "Parson" Davis, who had also managed Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, the Irish lad, Frank Glover, and a host of other celebrities. Oh, what a credit to pugilism Davis was, and how different from some of our fight managers of today!

### Memories of "Parson" Davis

"Parson" Davis looked his nickname. He was a fine-looking man with gray hair, and his clothes were always made by the best tailors, and always black. Whenever he was to introduce a pugilist to an audience in the afternoon, he would put on a black cutaway; when he presented the principals in the evening, he always donned evening clothes.

I was very fond of "Parson," and though he was managing Jackson when I was matched to fight him, that didn't interfere with our friendship. He believed Jackson had a walk-over and felt sorry for me; and I used to "kid" him considerably about this confidence, which to me was decidedly misplaced.

During one of our chats he showed his friendship by asking me if I wouldn't agree to have the loser take $3000 and the winner $7000 of this $10,000 purse, thus increasing the defeated man's end. I knew he was doing it just through his liking for me, because, as I said before, he thought it was a cinch for Jackson to win. But I refused.

One day, less than a month before the fight, Jackson hurt his ankle in stepping out of a buggy, and in those days, as in this, the newspapers made a lot out of a slight injury. From the space given it, one would have thought his ankle had been broken and that he wouldn't be able to fight; but it was only a little sprain and in a week he was out on the road again, running and training, and in as good condition as he ever had been in his life. I knew this, for Delaney had a personal friend watching him every day.

The betting was 100 to 20 on Jackson, and the only bets that were made were on rounds. My supporters didn't expect me to win; they were simply betting I would stay so many rounds, the wager-limits varying from four rounds to twenty-five. They didn't think I had had enough experience and were afraid I was too light to defeat this great fighter.

About two weeks before the fight I began to speak disparagingly of Jackson whenever his name was mentioned in interviews with reporters the papers sent to me. My object was to "get Jackson's goat," for I knew he would read these reports; also to let him know I wasn't a bit afraid of him. This, I believe, is one of the most important things to get over in a fight; the shortender should always try to convince his opponent that he himself hasn't lost heart and feels sure he will be the victor. I have followed this practice throughout my career.

Jackson took to heart some of the things I said, just as I had hoped. So much did it affect him that he sent Bill Naughton, the famous sporting editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, over to my training quarters to tell me that the verbal agreement "Parson" Davis had made about $3000 to the loser didn't go now; that the money would be divided according to the articles of agreement—$1500 to the loser and $8500 to the winner.

I told Naughton to go back and tell Jackson that this division suited me perfectly and that if he Jackson preferred, I would fight him, the winner to take all. Bear in mind that if he had accepted this proposal I would have been in considerable of a fix for I had already signed over my loser's end on the purchase of my brother's café. It was a bluff, pure and simple—a little part of what might be called the diplomacy of the ring. Luckily my offer was not taken up.

Meanwhile I got in perfect condition, and Jackson was never in better shape in his life, contrary to the reports of some of the sporting editors, who said he still had a bad ankle.

On the afternoon before the fight, May 21, 1891, I went over to San Francisco. Although I had a big contract on my hands in facing one of the greatest fighters of all times, I had the boyish confidence that only youth can have. I often wonder now how I ever possessed it.

About five o'clock—we were to fight about ten—I had a bite to eat, and to the surprise of everybody—it was the only time I ever did such a thing in my life before a fight I fell sound asleep at seven o'clock and they wakened me at nine.

I have often read reports of fighters who were so calm that they took naps before a battle, but it is my experience that this is usually bunk, as the boys say. I know that this was the only time I was ever so fortunate myself, and I never saw one of the many fighters with whom I have been in the hours preceding the entrance into the ring that had this good luck. They usually have their minds pretty well concentrated on the fight; in fact, some of them think too much about it. It's very hard on those fellows who keep the tenseness to themselves and don't "unbutton" to some friend

Whenever I felt that way before a bout I would always take some close pal and say, "Come on, let's take a walk and have a chat; I'm thinking too much of the fight." And off we'd go and talk about something else.

Jim Jeffries, when he was training for the fight with Jack Johnson, couldn't think of anything else but Johnson. He'd even go out fishing—not to fish, but so that he could sit down on the bank and worry about the fight undisturbed, while apparently just waiting for a bite. On the day of the big event in Reno he came out of the house at noon looking as if he hadn't slept in three months. I was acting as his adviser, and to distract him I suggested a game of cards, and five of us started a round of hearts. Jeffries, in that game, actually played spades for diamonds and clubs for hearts, time after time. The other boys thought time after time. The other boys thought he was just "kidding," but I knew he couldn't tell the color of the cards. So I upset the table and broke up the game as though in a joke, because I was afraid the people standing by would get on to him.

### A Case of Ring-Fright

The greatest case of nervousness I ever recall was that of a young fellow from Syracuse, named Joe Dumphy. I had boxed with him on several occasions when I visited his city; I had seen him fight and knew him to be a pretty good man as far as natural ability went. And he did come along pretty strong, well enough to be matched with Dan Creedon, of Australia—the big event of his life, as Creedon was looked upon as one of the greatest middleweights in the world.

His big night came around all right; he and Creedon got in the ring; but when time was called, Dumphy stood in the center of the ring with his hands up, just like a statue; he couldn't move hand, foot or head. Creedon feinted at him, went up near him, walked around him, and this fellow just stood there—didn't budge the fraction of an inch. Everyone began to laugh and thought he had a trick up his sleeve, and were waiting for him to spring it, but I knew Dumphy so well that I was sure he was just paralyzed from nervousness.

At last, after walking round and round this statue for a while, Creedon got over being puzzled and walked up and gave him a "smash" right in the face. Still Dunphy never moved arm, foot or head—just stood there immovable, like one of those living pictures you see sometimes in vaudeville Well, do you know, Creedon walked up and hit him four or five punches in the jaw and knocked him down, and they carried this joke fighter off, he never having moved one step or hit one blow in the whole fight!

On the night of the Jackson fight thousands of people gathered in front of the old Florence House, where I was stopping, and cheered me and wished me good luck as I drove away in a carriage. At my mother's house my parents had arranged to get the news of the fight round by round over the telephone, and all the neighbors who had known me since I was a boy were on hand too. There was Julius, the barber, the first one who ever shaved me; Devecchio, the butcher, Cohen, the grocer, Lippman, the dry-goods-store man; and our neighbors, old Mrs. Blanchfield, the Quinns, the McAnerneys, the Fogartys, the Carneys, the Boyds, and Mrs. Raven, a sweet white-haired old lady who was my mother's chum. All evening they ran in and out, laughing and crying and praying or comforting one another. I guess they had as many thrills over that telephone as anyone at the ring side.

Meantime I arrived at the club and went to my dressing room, and they told me Jackson was already on hand. The referee, Hiram Cook, came into my room as I was putting on my fighting togs and said he would like to have Jackson and me settle on the details then; in short, he wanted to give us his instructions before we entered the ring.

So I said, "I'll go in Jackson's room with you and you can give us our instructions there."

Now I knew that Jackson was under the impression that I was afraid of him because of his great reputation and long experience. This would have been natural, for I was only twenty-one, and this was the biggest fight for which I had ever been matched. So I wanted to convince him that I wasn't afraid of him at all

### Aggressive Diplomacy

Of course this idea of "getting the other fellow's goat" is not new. It has probably been attempted in every ring-fight since the first; but the methods vary. As one comedian has one way of working up his situations and his laughs, so every fighter has his particular system of "getting the other man's goat." Most fighters simply take the obvious way of insulting the other man by some nasty remark or slur, but I usually adopted a carefully thought-out plan.

I went into Jackson's room, to confront one of the most magnificent specimens of physical manhood I ever saw. There stood this negro, stripped to the waist, six feet one and a half inches in height, weighing 204 pounds. Even at that weight, he was so splendidly proportioned that he looked lean. I might add that Jackson, from my own knowledge of him, was one of the most intelligent pugilists that ever stepped into a ring, and that statement goes for either black or white.

What I am about to tell may sound a trifle fresh on my part; but please remember that I had an important object in view. I was much lighter and had mentally to upset—if such a thing were possible—this formidable antagonist who thought I was simply a child in his hands. And the betting odds fully justified his confidence. There wasn't a "wise one" who gave me a look-in.

"Now, gentlemen, we want to decide on just how you want to fight," the referee began. "I will read off these articles of agreement for you; there are a few little points we want to decide upon before you enter the ring."

Then he read off the customary rules until he came down to the article on hitting in the clinches.

"Now," he said, "do you want to hit in the clinches or not? Decide on what you want now."

In spite of the irritating things I had previously said about him all, of course, for a purpose—Jackson said very magnanimously, "Any way Mr. Corbett wants."

And I went right back at him, "Any way you want it!"

Fresh? Sure! But I had to do it.

He repeated, with great politeness, "Any way you want, Mr. Corbett."

"Never mind that stuff," I replied; "any way you want it!"

He looked at me in amazement and I could read in his eyes the question, "What in the world makes this kid think he can whip me?" And this was just the impression I wanted to make.

As a matter of fact, I would have preferred looking out for ourselves in the clinches, since Jackson was a fighter of the

(Continued on Page 149)

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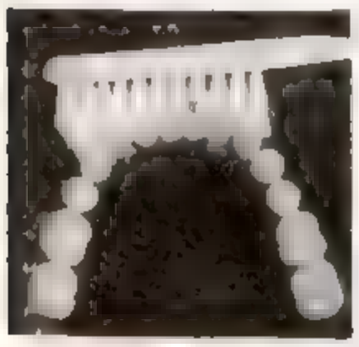

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(Continued from Page 144)

Jem Mace school and I had built up for myself an assorted, or miscellaneous, style which included the best of everything in vogue today, but a surprise at that time. However, it meant more to me to impress him, so I insisted, "Anything you want, Mr. Jackson!"

This went on back and forth for a few seconds, until finally I said, "You can look out for yourself in the clinches and I'll look out for myself."

This bewildered Jackson even more, because it seemed a foolhardy thing for a 168-pound man to agree to look out for himself in the clinches with one weighing 204. However, that was the arrangement, and other minor details were settled in the same manner.

When we were through, the referee said, "Now we'll toss up for corners."

Again I spoke up: "It's not necessary. Let him take any corner he likes."

Jackson, still very polite, replied, "Then I'll take the lucky corner I've always had."

So that was settled.

Just before the referee left the room Jackson made one request.

"Mr. Corbett," he said, "I have always gone in the ring last and my opponents have always allowed me to do that. It's a little superstition I have. Would you mind going in first?"

"You're a little superstitious about it?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said; "I have never gone in the ring first in any of my fights."

Suddenly I remembered how much superstition meant to one of his race, and I snapped back at him, "Well, tonight's one time you'll go in first, all right!"

Do you know, we were in that dressing room for forty-five minutes and he wouldn't budge an inch? He simply would not go in that ring ahead of me!

Finally the directors came up to the room and tried to persuade me to grant his request, but I said, "No; he's 100 to 20—a five to one shot. He goes in that ring first if we stay here all night!"

As a compromise it was agreed that we should enter the ring at the same time.

Now the corner of the ring he had chosen was nearest the stairs that we descended; my corner was the farthest from the stairs and I had to circle the ring to reach it. We came down the stairs side by side; he reached his corner and stood there, his hand on the rope, waiting for me to reach the opposite corner. When I got there he kept his eye on me, and I paused purposely. There we stood on our toes like a couple of sprinters waiting for the bark of the pistol. Chuckling to myself, I gave him a nod, as much as to say "Are you ready?" lifted up the rope and put my head under as if to enter. He went through and I ducked back! You never saw a more irritated man in your life!

So we entered the ring and they put the five-ounce gloves on us, without bandages, as they were not used in those days. We went through the usual preliminaries and the battle started.

### *Jackson's Great Punch*

At once he sprang at me like a panther or mountain lion, trying to whip me as quickly as he could, since all the bets were on rounds.

Now I had decided not to swap punches with him, for he was too big; I intended to rely purely on my speed and footwork, and at once followed this plan of campaign. And I needed all my quickness, particularly to offset his best weapon, which I had noticed he used in other fights, his "one-two" punch, one of the most effective I have ever seen. Sometimes I hear this particular punch spoken of these days as if it were something new. But it's the oldest punch in the game—a right, quickly following a left lead—and Jackson was an expert at it; but he had a better one than the boys fighting today. They "one-two" for the head only. He would not only do this but would vary this practice by leading his left to the head, following up with a terrific right to the body.

In all my career I never had a man make me travel so fast or make me think so quickly. No matter in what direction I would dash, he was on top of me, trying to "one-two" me to death.

I was ducking round and round, clinching and doing every conceivable thing I could to stay on my feet, somehow never losing the least particle of my youthful confidence.

He was crowding me hard, and I had tried so many different things that I thought would be effective. None worked, until finally I struck something that did. It was simply dashing my left shoulder right into his breast when he rushed me. He didn't mind this maneuver for a couple of rounds; at last it seemed to disconcert him. For each time he crowded me too much I would dive in and hit him with the point of my shoulder in the breast. Now it was not a foul, because he was coming to meet me—practically running into my shoulder.

So we went on until in the eighth round he began to complain to the referee about this shoulder work and I said, "If you don't like it, keep out of the way of my shoulder." I knew positively that I was within the rules.

In the sixteenth round his left came for my face, quickly followed with a right-hand body punch, the worst I had ever received up to that time in any fight. When I went to my corner after the end of that round, it hurt me so I couldn't help putting my hand up to my side—a childish thing to do—and Delaney grabbed hold of my arm and pulled it away and quietly gave me the devil for showing how much I had been hurt. But it was instinctive.

### *The Strategy of the Battle*

Following that punch, I felt a chill all over my body and mentioned this fact to Delaney. He asked an attendant to close the windows in the club, thinking possibly that there was too much cold air for me, but that was not the trouble; it was that terrible punch.

That started me figuring. If I got very many of those I knew he'd lick me sure. So I fooled around for a few rounds trying to find some way of blocking this "one-two" punch for the head and body.

I found that he usually tried this trick after a stiff left that he thought had hurt me. Finding I was hurt, as soon as he could he would let a left go for my head; but this purposely had no force in it; it simply balked me and drew my hands up, and then in came that terrific right for the body while my hands were up.

Through necessity, I at last figured out a way to block this stunt. Knowing now that the left would have little force behind it and was to be followed up immediately with the dangerous right, I did not now attempt to get away from the left except by making a slight turn of the head, and then quickly shot out my left for the pit of his stomach.

Sure enough, bing, bing! his right would shoot out, following his left, but my left had already been sunk in his stomach and his right glanced off my arm. So that method blocked the famous "one-two" for the rest of the fight except in one or two unlucky instances.

Of course all the time my head was at work, his was, too, and he was trying to think up something to offset my new defense. He did, and a little later, when I decided he was set for the old "one-two," and I let my countering left go for the body, he shot a terrific uppercut under my left arm and just grazed my chin. That was a big surprise to me—something new at that time—and very dangerous.

I wanted to discourage him from trying that again, and I knew it wouldn't do to let him think it bothered me. So I went right in then for the next couple of rounds with my left-right for his body as if that uppercut didn't bother me at all, but each time moved my head a little farther to the right, which made him miss me with that uppercut by just that much more margin. He tried it five or six times, and suddenly, instead of letting the left go for the body, I tried a left-hand hook alongside the jaw, and he became discouraged and never tried the uppercut again. As it was the blow in the fight that bothered me more than anything else, what a load was off my mind when he stopped using it! But all through that night the fear that he might try it again remained with me, and it was lucky for me he didn't realize this or he might have changed the course of the fight.

We went on battling furiously, and the audience, from the first round on, kept up a continual cheering and yelling. As a matter of fact, not one in that room sat down for the first hour. It certainly was a furious pace that we kept up, and every single blow known to boxing, and every fair trick, was tried by one or the other of us.

Up to the twenty-eighth round I did not slug with him—I was hitting single punches. In the twenty-eighth he got me in a corner and hit me a terrific right-hand punch on the side of the head and dazed me. I felt that he had me going and called on all the reserve I had, for it looked for a moment as if I were going to be licked. Suddenly I let both hands go with all the power I had in me and slugged him from that corner clean across the ring into his own.

A second or two of this and he was helpless, with his arms by his sides, just like Dempsey, when he was pushed back into the ring after Firpo had knocked him out of it. I lost my opportunity just as Firpo did that night. Instead of steadying myself and hitting him one good punch and winning the fight, I wanted to hit him a thousand punches in a second, and the consequence was I simply had him dazed, not out, when one accurate blow might have turned the trick; and the gong sounded, as it did for Dempsey. Jackson was saved and I went to my corner fully as tired as he, from my exertions.

When we came up for the next round he was as full of fight as ever, and we fought up to about the thirty-fifth round, as near as I can recall, when I felt I was getting pretty tired in the arms. I noticed that he didn't seem any too fresh; also, that he was not crowding me so ferociously as he had in the first half of the battle. Delaney kept repeating, while I sat in my corner after each round, "Remember, no matter how tired you are, Jim, the other fellow is no better off."

So we went along and fought in spurts. We would gain a little strength, and now Peter, now I, would try for a minute to catch the other napping so that we might land a couple of good punches and perhaps win the fight. It was a finish fight, and when we reached the fiftieth round I was more tired than ever.

### *The Closing Rounds*

I can recall now a wonderful thing about Peter Jackson that showed how intelligent and resourceful a fighter he was. When one is very tired in a contest the eyes become tired as well as the body; one does not see any too keenly and the other fellow always looks rather fresh to you. At the end of each round—I can see it all clear in my memory—each of us would bluff it out when the gong sounded for the end of the round. I'd look over at him, trying to appear as fresh as a daisy and as if I were going to eat him up the next round; he'd catch me with the same dashing look. But looks can't kill you or put a man down for the count of ten.

In the fiftieth round I loosed a left-hand hook as Jackson was letting the right go for my head. Our arms became tangled and I wrenched my left a trifle. That is the only incident of the ten periods, from the fiftieth to the sixtieth, that I now recall as important.

Just before the sixtieth, Jimmy Wakeley, John L. Sullivan's backer, the one who had sent me the tickets to see Sullivan in the show in Chicago, came over to my corner and said, "You've got that fellow licked now if you'll just go right in and finish him."

"How do you actually feel, Jim?" Delaney inquired. "That fellow is pretty tired over there. I know you're tired, too, but how much have you left?"

"I feel I've just one good rally left in me," I told him, "and I think after that I won't be much good."

Remember, by this time my hands were numb through keeping them clenched so long. I would go up and hit Jackson with my hands open, and actually didn't know they were open, so dead were they. Toward the latter end of the fight the perspiration brought out all the hair in the gloves, forming a ball, which I used to work around into the palms of my hands; holding this was the only way I could tell my hands were clenched.

After my remark just quoted, Delaney decided the best thing to do was to keep going up to the scratch every count and giving all I had, since we couldn't last much longer. I had already told him that my legs felt all right, for I was not tired below in spite of all the footwork I had done; but my arms were as heavy as lead.

"Just keep up that little spurt and keep going up to the scratch; you'll last longer than he will," advised Delaney; and that we decided to do.

In the sixty-first round, the referee stopped the fight and called, "No contest! All bets off!"

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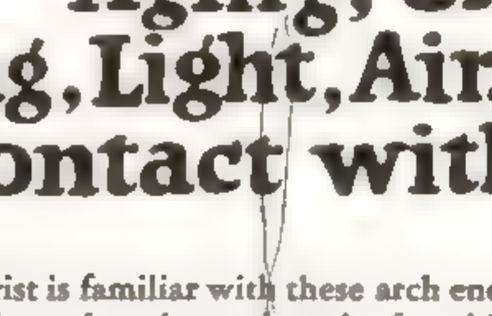

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TUBES

In a jiffy Jackson's seconds started pulling off his gloves. If I hadn't noticed their actions I would have been perfectly satisfied, I was so tired; but that showed me that he was not anxious to continue, while my seconds were in no hurry to pull off my gloves. So I protested right away. When I protested I didn't realize the referee had said "No contest." I thought he had called it a draw.

Fulder grabbed me by the shoulder and exclaimed, "What are you kicking about? You have fought the greatest man in the world a draw and you will get $5000. What's the matter with you? Don't you know when you're well off?"

Too fatigued to argue any further, and really half glad that the grueling fight was over, I let my seconds lead me toward my dressing room, when what did I see but Jackson, who was just ahead of me, fall right on his face, exhausted. They had to pick him up and carry him to his room.

Well, anyway, it was considered just the same as a victory for me out at my mother's house, where they had received the news of the fight round by round over the phone. This had been too far away, however, for my father. He was so excited he came down to the club, where the street was blocked with people.

"I'm Jim Corbett's father; let me get in!" he kept shouting, until they made room for him. Finally, to my surprise, he walked into my dressing room, put his arms around me and kissed me. I noticed his watch chain was hanging loose and asked him, "What's the matter here?" He put his hand in his pocket and found that someone had touched him for his watch, probably as he was worming his way in. I had presented him with the watch and said, "It's too bad you lost it, dad."

The loss didn't seem to worry him at all. He grabbed hold of me and hugged me again and said, "Never mind the watch! You whipped Jackson!"

### *In the Steam Room*

After dad had left they took me over to a Turkish bath and put me in the steam room for about an hour. If you have ever been in such a place you will realize that one can recognize a person outside the glass door, but cannot make out the outline of his features clearly, once he is in the room and enveloped in the clouds of steam.

I was sitting there all alone when I saw a big form shadowed on the glass door and recognized Peter Jackson. He entered and sat right next to me. I said nothing, knowing he did not recognize me, but I watched him.

He was all doubled up, with his hands on his stomach, moaning. Evidently his body was sore from the left-handed punches I kept putting in for four hours. Suddenly I spoke.

"You don't feel very good, do you?"

"Is that you, Mr. Corbett?" He was startled.

"Yes."

"You were a great man tonight," he said, "the quickest man I ever saw in my life. It was just like boxing a ghost!"

"Well, Jackson," I said, "I'm glad it's all over now and I hope I'll never have to fight a man as good as you are again. All those things that I said about you which were put in the papers, and my conduct during the whole affair, I apologize for, and I want to let you know I was just trying to annoy you as much as I could. I figured you were taking me lightly and I thought I'd worry you a little and make you think a young fellow who had all this confidence must be pretty mysterious and maybe might have an ace in the hole."

"How do you feel, Mr. Corbett?" he asked.

"My arms are so tired I can hardly lift them, but my legs seem to be all right."

"My legs are awfully tired," he replied; "I can hardly stand."

I was anxious to get away from the place as soon as possible, because I had promised my brother I would go out to the house and see my mother and father and sisters who, I knew, would wait up for me to come, and it was then about four o'clock in the morning. So I bade Jackson good-by and went out.

When I reached home you would have thought it was eight o'clock in the evening. The house was packed with neighbors; we had something to eat; there was singing and dancing, and we stayed up the rest of the night. I even indulged in the dancing myself, tired as I was, and waltzed with my mother.

That night I thought Peter Jackson was a great fighter. Six months later, still being tired from that fight, I thought him a greater one. And today, after thirty-three years, as I sit writing this, I still maintain that he was the greatest fighter I have ever seen.

By this time my brother Harry's café had justified my prophecies. To my satisfaction and his surprise, the name over the door, CORBETT'S, did draw a lot of business. On lots of nights you couldn't even get in the place, and he agreed at last that it was better than swabbing off harness and getting up at four o'clock in the morning to start out milk wagons. And he didn't treat me as a joke of a fighter any longer.

### *Boxing in Evening Dress*

The day after the fight with Jackson I went to the club to get my half of the $10,000 purse, and all they gave me was $2500. I wouldn't accept this and went to a lawyer, but he advised me to take it, which was good counsel, because the club broke up soon afterward on account of this very bout. So my supporters around town planned a testimonial to be held at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco to make up the loss.

John L. Sullivan, then on his way to tour Australia with his company, was billed with his play, Honest Hearts and Willing Hands, for San Francisco, the week of this benefit, and some of my friends thought it would be a good idea for me to ask Sullivan to box with me at this benefit. I promised them I would.

At his opening I had a private box. It happened that I was late in arriving and Sullivan was already on the stage. When I walked into the box and sat down the whole audience stood up and cheered me to the echo. This was the first time in my life that I was so greeted at a public performance, and it surprised me. In fact, it annoyed me, because I had not realized I would be noticed, and saw I was interrupting the performance and did not want Sullivan to think it was a grand-stand play on my part.

After the first act I went back to his dressing room and told him about the testimonial they were planning for me and asked if he would box with me.

To make sure of his coming, I offered to split the receipts with him. He very kindly accepted these liberal terms and everything was arranged.

The day before the benefit Sullivan sent word informing me that we would box in dress suits. The fellows handling the benefit said this would make a joke of the affair and displease the audience. They asked me to persuade him to box in his tights. I saw Sullivan at the Baldwin Hotel and told him I thought the people would be disappointed to see us appear in dress suits; it would look like a burlesque show, and they would think they weren't getting their money's worth. But he insisted it was the only way he would box in evening dress! And as he was champion, of course I had to consent. We appeared that night on the Grand Opera House stage in this soup-and-fish rig, much to the disgust of everybody.

When the event was announced we removed our coats and started the first round. I had seen Sullivan fight a couple of times and had also seen him box, so I thought I would not do any footwork with him at all, but would stand still and swap punches with him. In a real fight this

Continued on Page 152

# The Day that Europe Turned to America for Saws

OVER at your nearest hardware dealer's there is a saw you will want to see—

For it is the make that brought Europe—and the world—to America for saws!

—

As though his whole future depended upon it, a young man was smithing a saw. The place was Philadelphia. The year, 1840.

The blows of the smithing hammer on that saw, in the little shop, were the real start of America's saw-making industry.

For while Henry Disston thus smithed his first saw, America was being built with saws made abroad!

—

The young saw maker worked on. Trying out steels in a furnace made with his own hands. Tempering and smithing blades. Setting, filing and testing saws.

His saws, he resolved, must be better than the best.

Here a carpenter, there a carpenter, tried the saws with the Disston name. They found

—hang and balance they had never known in any tool;
—temper that gave spring and life;
—clearance that made work easier;
—a cutting edge that held.

They found a saw that *worked* with hand and arm: sawing straight, cutting keenly without dragging, and with never a wobble.

The news spread!

And then came the day of the American-made saw—the day when Europe reached across the Atlantic for Disston Hand Saws.

—

Henry Disston now made his own steel—America's first crucible saw steel.

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All the while,—a greater thing than working with metals, he worked with men: Making saw makers, passing on to them his skill, his ambitions, his tirelessness for excellence.

The little shop became the largest saw works on earth—68 buildings, 3600 craftsmen.

Remember all this, when next you visit your hardware dealer's. Ask to see the Disston Hand Saw "The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

Grasp the handle and try the balance. Note the taper and finish; the filing and set of the teeth.

Then make that saw your own. Don't stop until you have drawn a line across a board and sent your Disston saw singing along that line—straight and true.

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*(Continued from Page 150)*

would have been very dangerous; but by adopting this course in this exhibition affair, which was not at all for blood, I might possibly get a line on his most dangerous attacks and not give away much of my own defense, particularly my footwork.

We boxed and swapped punches all through the first round, which was very short—about a minute—as Sullivan was fat and out of condition. I was pretty fit, though still very tired from that long fight with Jackson about four weeks before.

In the second round we went at it in the same way and were slugging pretty fast, toe to toe, when suddenly Sullivan dropped his hands by his sides and stuck out his jaw toward me, trying to make it appear that he was allowing me to hit him. He thought I would keep on boxing, and ran no danger himself, as it was a tame exhibition fight and I could not afford to try to put him out. He also expected me to continue my punches and it would look to the audience as if he were just playing with me and letting me hit him whenever he wanted.

So I also dropped my hands and held my face out to him. At once I saw a wicked look in his eyes.

After the round was over I went to my corner and said to Billy Delaney, "Billy, I can whip this fellow."

"Honest?" says Billy. "Well, don't say anything about it now. Keep it to yourself."

So Sullivan and I went through the third and fourth, which ran along like the others—just a bloodless exhibition. The audience was more or less disgusted that we didn't put on fighting togs and hammer each other's heads off. However, there was a packed house and the affair more than made up for the sum I lost in the Jackson fight.

George Thatcher's Minstrels, then showing in San Francisco, made me a flattering offer to go with them on the road, to box in or between the acts, and I accepted. While up North with this troupe I wrote a friend, Frank Phillips, asking him to visit the boat the day Sullivan was to sail and present a box of cigars to him with my compliments. A few days later I read that Sullivan had sailed, and, shortly after, received a letter from Phillips telling me that he had taken the cigars to the boat, and had presented them to Mr. Sullivan with Jim Corbett's compliments. To Phillips' great surprise, the champion had grabbed the box from him and thrown it overboard!

### *Appearance in Melodrama*

To save my life I couldn't understand this action. I thought and thought, but couldn't remember what in the world I had ever done to Sullivan to incur his enmity. I had boxed with him at my own benefit, and had even given him half the receipts. Finally it dawned on me. Like all fighters, he, too, although the champion of the world, could be disturbed mentally, and I decided he was jealous of my growing reputation. Even back in those barrooms in Chicago he must have had a hunch that here was a youngster coming along whom he would have to meet some day; and now since the Jackson fight and the exhibition bout, everyone was hailing me as the coming champion. That must have galled him.

So I sat down and wrote a letter to the Olympic Club in New Orleans, which at that time was offering big purses for Sullivan to fight Frank Slavin, of Australia, or Charley Mitchell, of England. I told them that when Sullivan returned from Australia they could offer a purse for a fight between Sullivan and myself and they could count on me being already signed. I asked them to "keep it private, as Sullivan is so popular I would rather have the offer come from the club; I don't want to come out publicly and challenge him. It would look like a grand-stand play on my part."

Thatcher's Minstrels closed in Omaha. It was the end of their season and the company was to disband. I was still a little tired from the Jackson fight, and one day while walking up the street with an actor named Gene O'Rourke I told him I would like to sign up with some show to box between the acts, or do something like that. A season of this would give me a chance to rest up before I fought again. Immediately O'Rourke left me and telegraphed to William A. Brady, now a famous theatrical manager, but at that time not so very well known. Brady wired me from New York, offering $500 a week to appear in his show After Dark, an old English melodrama.

I went on to New York, met Brady for the first time in several years—we had been acquainted as kids out in California—and I went on the road. Much to my surprise, for I had never traveled around through New England before, I found I was quite a drawing card. Soon I began to get over the stale feeling that followed the Jackson fight and grew restless, feeling I ought to get in action.

One day I dug up Bill Brady in a little hall on Sixth Avenue. He was rehearsing a new show and I called him out on the stairs and said, "Bill, I've just got onto myself."

He looked at me in a funny way and said, "Why, what do you mean?"

"I'm a drawing card," I replied.

"Well, what of it?" he demanded, not admitting anything in particular.

"I don't want to work for someone else, I want to work for myself."

"Got any plans?" he asked.

"I want to fight," I told him. Then I took hold of him by the collar and said, "I can whip John L. Sullivan!"

He looked at me as if I had paresis!

### *The Gas-House Champion*

"Now you take me around to some of these burlesque shows and let me fight—meet all comers—and I'll show you I can fight all right."

My confidence may have helped. Anyway, the idea struck him as a good one, although he didn't for one minute think I could whip Sullivan. In short order, he arranged with the Central Theater in Philadelphia to have a variety show, and billed James J. Corbett, the California Wonder, as a headliner, and had me offer $100 to any man who would stand before me for four rounds.

The first week was so successful that I was booked for three more weeks in Philadelphia, meeting a different man every night.

As long as I live I shall never forget the fight the night I opened at the Central.

On Monday afternoon I walked up past the theater to look at the big sign out in front—"James J. Corbett, the California Wonder, offers $100 to any man who will stand before him four rounds!"

It looked lovely, but at the hotel where I stopped several people had told me there were a lot of very tough men around Philadelphia—fellows who could really fight, though they were not so well known outside of Philadelphia.

"Who do you consider the toughest man I will have to meet?" I had asked.

"Mike McGinness of the Gas House," was the answer.

This had me guessing a little and picturing what an awful flop I'd be if I failed to make good, for most of my work had been in long finish fights where I could take my time and study out my opponent's methods and watch for openings. That had not trained me for quick and early finishing. Of course I had no fear of being defeated, but was a little afraid I would not be able to stop all comers in four rounds, and failure to do so would be poor publicity.

Still worrying a little about these things, I went into a small saloon near the Central Theater—not because I was at all thirsty, but simply to see if I could get some information about my prospects, particularly this Mike McGinness of the Gas House.

Behind the bar stood one of those little hick bartenders with a stubby mustache like those you see in Tad's cartoons.

"Give me a glass of ginger ale," I said, "and have a drink yourself." So I got into conversation with him.

"What is this going on over at the Central Theater this week?" I inquired.

He kept on polishing up a glass as he replied, "There's a guy from California opens there tonight. Name's Corbett, but they call him the California Wonder, and he offers $100 to anybody he can't stop in four rounds. It's dollars to doughnuts he gets his block knocked off before the week's over."

"Is that so?" I inquired.

"Sure!" said the bartender, and I gunned for more information.

"Who do you think will be the toughest man this fellow Corbett will have to meet?"

"There are a lot of tough birds around this neighborhood," he answered; "but he'd better look out for Mike McGinness of the Gas House."

"Why? Who is he?"

"'Who is he!' Mike Connelly, the Ithaca Giant, came on here a few months ago and asked the same question. He met all comers, includin' Mike, and Mike walked on the stage and hit him on the jaw and very nearly knocked him out. Connelly was lucky to go through the four rounds himself. This here bird they call the California Wonder just don't know what he's up against!"

The California Wonder walked around the streets that afternoon very much worried.

That night I passed through the alley leading to the stage door and found quite a crowd gathered there. I thought they were waiting for the gallery door to open, and as it was early, I felt pretty proud.

"House sold out sure," I said to myself.

When I got inside I asked one of the stage hands when the gallery door opened.

"Why, it is open," he replied.

"No," I said. "The gallery birds are all out in the alley trying to get in."

"The gallery door doesn't open on the alley," he answered. "It's on the other side of the house."

"Well then, what's that crowd doing out there?" I inquired, a little puzzled.

"Oh, those fellows! They're fighters—want to get a crack at that $100."

At once I sent for Brady, my manager, and posted him about Mr. McGinness.

"I understand he is a tough fellow," I said, "and from what they tell me in this burg I may not be able to put him out in four rounds. We don't want to pick him if we can avoid it."

As soon as I appeared on the stage for my act those fellows poured on after me like an army, and like a drill sergeant I started calling the roll, going around and asking each his name. There was one big fellow who stood apart from the crowd with a little grip in his hand. He was about six feet one and a half or two inches, rawboned, and looked as if he was in good condition. After getting the names of several, I went up to him and asked him his.

"Mike McGinness."

I acted as if this meant nothing to me and paid no further attention to him, continuing to question others standing around.

### *Fearsome Conversation*

At last, calling Brady aside, I whispered, "That big fellow over there with the little grip in his hand is McGinness. Tell him we've engaged someone for tonight; he can come around tomorrow night if he wants to."

This Brady did, and McGinness went out.

I looked the crowd over to see if I couldn't pick out something soft for myself and chose a fellow by the name of Joe Donovan. Although he was fairly big, I thought I could throw a scare into him, for he had a weak face. So I arranged with my sparring partner, Jim Daly, to take this fellow and make him dress in the same room with us. While we were dressing, Daly said, "Jim, will you ever forget the night you hit that fellow over in Buffalo?"

"Yes," I said, mournful-like, "I was very much scared that night; I didn't think he'd ever come to."

Of course, Donovan was taking all this in. So after a while I began again, "But, Daly, that fellow in Jersey City had me more frightened than any of them."

"Aw," he said, "that wasn't anything! You split one of his ribs, but a fellow can live with a busted rib. It's the dead ones I worry about."

I glanced at Donovan out of the corner of my eye and could see that his hands were shaking as he laced his shoe. So, as a parting shot, I added, "Daly, you know when they get fresh with me I just slam it across, that's all."

Well, we returned to the stage and when time was called this fellow was so frightened that he started running with the first punch I aimed at him and ran off the stage, back of the scenes, and I chased him. The stage was empty and the audience hooted out front, and Brady came running back.

"I'll give you $100 whether you stay or not; go on there—we have to have a show," he said to Donovan.

"I wouldn't go on there if you gave me $500," replied Donovan.

This made us do some quick thinking, and as a substitute for the frightened man I seized a fellow with a nice little "corporation," but very big and weighing about 220 pounds. He afterward became my sparring partner and was quite a famous

*(Continued on Page 155)*

# A Comfort to Eyes and Nerves

## *Wellsworth Cruxite Lenses*

GAZING at maneuvering airplanes, a yacht race, or a tennis match, do you see with entire *comfort?* Or do you try to aid your eyes by shading them or squinting?

Do you know that the discomfort against which you try to shield your eyes may be caused by the *invisible* rays in sunlight?

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Cruxite lenses have no apparent tint. Becoming as well as comfortable, they cast no shadow under the eye.

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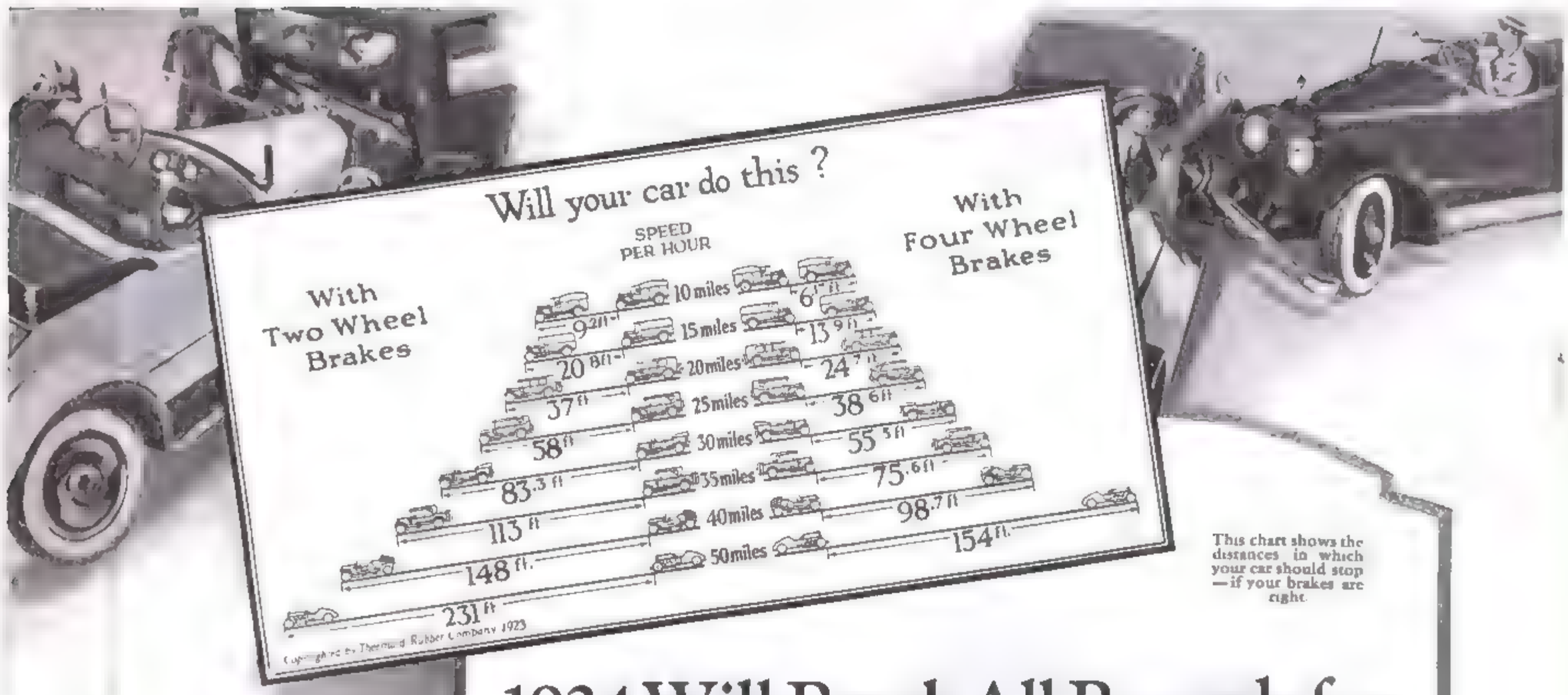


This chart shows the distances in which your car should stop —if your brakes are right.

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# Thermoid
## Hydraulic Compressed
# Brake Lining

(Continued from Page 152)

character—Con McVey. While he was dressing, to calm the audience, which was raising the devil, I went on and gave an exhibition with my sparring partner, so I didn't have a chance to work on this second fellow's nerves.

When that bout with Daly was ended McVey was ready. I seemed to be myself again, not worrying at all about the act being a flop. So McVey and I shook hands and went at it. He was a big, aggressive fellow, but didn't know anything about boxing, and his stock in trade was nothing but wild-swinging "haymakers." I just played around with him for a couple of rounds, and, as I had expected, being in no condition, he began to get tired. In the third round I put him out.

As the first night seemed to be a success, I felt rather happy, and the next evening went over to the theater at an early hour again. Who was standing at the stage door, with the little grip in his hand, but my friend "Mike McGinness of the Gas House!"

I walked right up to him and said, "I'm very sorry, but you'll have to come tomorrow night—we have someone for tonight."

"All right," he answered, and went away.

I went on that second night and everything was nice and rosy for me.

The third night came, and with it my friend McGinness, with his little grip in his hand, to the stage door. Again I told him, "We have someone for tonight. Come around tomorrow."

"All right," he replied, not fazed a bit, and off he went.

So I stalled McGinness off each night that week. Now I was doing such a wonderful business that they transferred my act to another theater called the Lyceum, quite a distance from the first one.

"This," I said to myself in relief, "is where I lose McGinness."

But the first night I opened at the Lyceum, there was my friend McGinness standing at the door waiting for me! I shall never forget it. I got so I imagined I could see McGinness when I went to bed at night and when I got up in the morning; in fact the California Wonder was about as much mentally disturbed as his opponents in former fights had been.

The third week I went to a place on the outskirts of Philadelphia called Kensington—and, sure enough, me bold McGinness was on hand! By this time the newspapers had gotten onto it and Brady came to me one morning while I was still in bed and exclaimed, "Look at this!"

### *A Persistent Scrapper*

In the article he pointed out was an awful roasting handed me by one of the sporting editors. He said I had sent McGinness away from the stage door every night, and declared I was afraid to take a chance with this local fighter.

Of course, as soon as I read that, my mind was made up; I would have to take on Mr. McGinness. There was no other way out. But we thought we would discourage him as much as we could and put him to all the trouble possible.

So that night we had him come to the dressing room to put his togs on, and Brady went out and told the audience some pathetic things about how unkind that sporting editor was to say Mr. Corbett was afraid to meet Mike McGinness, and all that. Further, to show our sincerity, he explained to them, we had just been saving Mr. McGinness for the end of the week, to wind up nicely and give them a little treat. Then he bellowed out, "I take great pleasure in introducing to you 'Mike McGinness of the Gas House,' whom Mr. Corbett will meet tomorrow night."

And McGinness came out on the stage and received an ovation.

The next night he was on deck all right, waiting for me, the little grip in his hand. He was as welcome as the income tax today.

Jim Daly, my sparring partner, and I took him down to our dressing room to put him through the third degree as we had all the other fellows, trying hard to throw a scare into him. When McGinness started lacing his shoe, that was Daly's cue to start talking.

"Will you ever forget, Jim, the night you hit that fellow in Buffalo and he was out for three hours?"

"Yes, Daly," I replied, "I thought that fellow was dead and would never come to. But that lad over in Jersey City was worse."

"Aw," said Daly, "a couple of broken ribs aren't anything! A fellow don't die from that!"

I glanced at McGinness as he laced his shoe and thought I heard him mumbling something to himself. My spirits rising, I winked at Daly and we watched for the medicine to take effect. So we listened, but ——

McGinness was humming In Sweet Dublin City, Where the Girls Are So Pretty, and wasn't paying any attention at all to what we were talking about!

I made up my mind at last that here was one fellow who wasn't going to be afraid of me. I had my own manager referee the bout this night and also control the timekeeper; so before we went on the stage I said to Brady, "I must stop McGinness in four rounds—if the four rounds take four hours!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Let the first round go five minutes," I answered. "The audience never kicks at a fight's being too long. And let me know about ten or fifteen seconds before you call time."

You see, I was figuring that I would have to get some of the steam out of this fellow before I took any chances of getting near him, if he was such a dangerous man as they all said.

So time was called and McGinness came at me like a wild man. He had me ducking and slipping and running away, and in his wildness he hit a bit of projecting scenery and knocked it down.

### *McGinness on the Run*

With my great experience, I could have hit him at will; but, as I said, I was a little leery about my ability to finish him in the scheduled four rounds, for he probably had a pretty tough jaw; and much as I outpointed or beat him up, if he wasn't out, I would lose the hundred and a lot of prestige. The easiest way was to let him keep going and get him winded. All the time I was sprinting, I was quite relaxed, and he was spending all his strength.

He went along at this pace for a full two minutes, swinging those ferocious haymakers all the time. But at last he paused to get his breath; or tried to, rather, for I didn't permit that for a second. He came at me like a maniac, which was just what I wanted. And every time he stopped to take his breath I would make a feint at him as if I were going to hit him.

He began to run down like a clock, going slower and slower from this terrific pace. Finally I was tipped off by Brady that I had ten or fifteen seconds to go. So, suddenly, instead of running away, I stopped short and put everything I had in a left-hand hook and caught him alongside the jaw, knocking him groggy. He almost went down with the punch. Time was called, and as he went to his corner I turned and looked at him walk and could tell he was a bit drunk from the punch. So I sat down in my corner and took ten or fifteen long, deep breaths.

McGinness was no sooner in his chair than I gave the wink to Brady; time was called, and he was up again. I didn't want him to get over the effects of that punch. I went at him again and hit him a right-hand blow alongside the jaw and he fell into me, with both arms around me, almost out. The referee was trying to break us, but McGinness wouldn't let go.

Finally he said, "Don't you think we'd better stop before we kill the two of us?"

I laughed and stepped back and had them lead McGinness off. I didn't want to give him the finishing touch!

Now I am going to make a confession. This name, Mike McGinness, is fictitious—for a reason. This happens to be one of the very few stories in this series that I have told in vaudeville, most of them being new ones I dig up out of my memory as I write. When I used to tell this story from the stage it was my custom to put in the man's real name, but during one vaudeville engagement in Philadelphia I was much surprised to receive a letter from a lawyer who represented the wife of McGinness—who had died just a little while before that time—asking me not to use the name, as the widow felt it was giving her and her daughters too much of the wrong sort of notoriety. Now, in my heart of hearts, I had always felt regretful about poor McGinness; so the least I could do was to submit to the wishes of his widow.

**Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Corbett. The next will appear in an early issue.**

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FROM Chesapeake Bay to California and from Canada to the Gulf shooters using "Super-X" are pulling down ducks and geese that the average loads can't reach.

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Ed Blanchard Holding a Boy-Size Sap Yoke Made by "Cal and Brother Tom"

high-powered man who ate a Grimes Golden apple and held an informal reception. They called him Gerry, and explained that he was a big lawyer who looks out for Plymouth.

I fell into the receiving line and when my turn came I presented my credentials and explained that I was looking for the man who was closest to Calvin Coolidge as a boy. Also I explained the purpose of my quest.

"You're looking," explained John Garibaldi Sargent, "for Dell Ward. Calvin Coolidge and he were chums. They ran around together and stayed all night with each other. He knows more about what kind of a boy the President was than any other living man. I'd like to see Dell Ward myself. He lives up Middlesex way, well toward the north end of the state. I'll take you up there as soon as I get rid of these milk cans. I've just been planting some trout."

It was an unforgettable drive of nearly two hundred miles over marvelous gravel roads and through scenes of almost incredible loveliness that made the passenger from the West gasp with admiration. No wonder that President Coolidge loves the Green Mountains; no wonder, with such roads and such scenery, that Vermont draws about thirty million dollars a year of out-of-state money from tourists. Up through Granville Gulf and the Mad River Valley to Middlesex and the comfortable home of Dell Ward, who came in from the hayfield to talk about his old friend Cal!

### The Bullpout Story

"Say, Gerry," he exclaimed, "did I ever tell you about Cal and the bullpouts? If they whip Cal out in this election his face'll never look so astonished and mortified as I saw it look once when he was a boy. He rode the spotted Arabian up to our house above the limekiln lot and said, 'Let's take some cide', an' catch some bullpouts an' roast 'em.' Cal always knew just what he wanted to do an' how he wanted to do it. He never wasted time or words—always called cider 'cide.'

"We went down to the muck hole near the limekiln lot an' threw in. Before long we had all the pouts we wanted. Cal just naturally took charge of the whole thing. We cut two squares of sward an' peeled 'em up nice an' thin, laying them grass sides together with the pouts between, like a sandwich. Then we built a hot fire on 'em.

"Cal must have had a mighty keen appetite for pouts that day; probably hadn't had any since he'd come home from college a few days before. Anyhow he seemed in a terrible hurry to start in on 'em. It didn't seem to me the fire had been goin' ten minutes when he said, 'They're done.'

"Then we raked off the fire an' he reached over an' laid back the top square of turf. I watched his face as he looked down at the pouts an' saw two or three tails movin'. They were just warmed through and were givin' a last twitch. Cal's face'll never look again as it did then—not if every state in the Union should go against him in the election! His expression was so comical that I lay back on the grass and laughed and rolled till I was weak. That was one job that Cal undertook and carried through his own way that didn't turn out right. He couldn't understand it either.

"I saw him surprised one other time. That was up in the limekiln lot when he tried to make the little mare that his grandfather had given him do something she didn't want to do. She was young and full of spirit, and she threw him an' broke his arm. That surprised him too. But he didn't make any fuss about it—saw he hadn't been careful enough with her."

# THEY CALL HIM CAL

Continued from Page 9

Midge Gilson—the girl I'd asked. Said he couldn't have half as good a time with some girl that he didn't feel at home with, as he did with her. I saw how he felt and knew how bashful he was, so I said that if he'd fix it up with Midge I'd get another girl. He started right over the hill and down through the timber and arranged it that way. I didn't have any trouble in getting another girl, for that was a big trip and they all wanted to go.

"We were all at the Ludlow Station when Cal and Midge drove up. He had a stable horse that was all lathered up. Of course we chinned him about that and he grinned and answered, 'Got started a little late; thought I could get him down the hill before the sweat started out on him, but he fooled me.'

"Money was tight with all of us then, and that trip over into York State and back from Lake Champlain to Ausable Chasm wasn't any penny affair for any of us. Besides, Cal was goin' away to school then and that cost money. But I want to say that he set the pace for all of us that day. I guess I was the only one who tried to keep up with him. He went the whole figure, took in all the extras and hired a boat. That was Cal's way. If he couldn't keep up his end he'd stay at home."

On the way up Mad River Valley my automobile host had told me the Plymouth

The "Orchard Mowin'" Back of the Old Coolidge Farmhouse in Plymouth, Vermont

"Was President Coolidge sociable as a boy?" I asked.

"Yes, he was," came the quick and emphatic answer. "He was shy and bashful with strangers, but he was fond of goin' with the young folks he'd grown up with. An' he liked a good lively time too. He liked music, and we used to go a lot with the Gilson girls. They could play almost any musical instrument. They went down to Brooklyn a good deal and were right up on everything that was goin' on among young folks there, knew all the new games and dressed like city girls. He felt at home there.

"They live now on Black Pond, right where they did then. Cal would ride his spotted Arabian up to my house and we'd get some nice roasting ears and then go over the hill and down the other side to Black Pond to the big white rocks just across from the Gilson house. Then we'd start a fire. This was our signal to the girls to row across. Sometimes we'd go across to the house later and have a good time.

"Cal generally took Midge Gilson when we went out to any parties in those days. We'd played with her from the time she was little. I found out one time how shy he was about takin' out a girl he wasn't much acquainted with and how much at home he felt with Midge. It was haying time, one summer, when the young folks of the Notch planned about the biggest doin's we ever had—a trip to Ausable Chasm.

"We'd all asked our girls," when suddenly Cal came back. I found it out when he rode up on the spotted Arabian and called me out of the hayfield. He didn't waste a minute in comin' straight to the point. He wanted to get in on the trip an' to take

epic of the Tippecanoe cannon, the feud which had grown out of the struggle for its possession and the part which it played in the life of President Coolidge. Back in the 30's iron was mined at Tyson, on the edge of Plymouth. The leading spirits of that time decided that the town needed a cannon with which to celebrate Independence Day and other public occasions. It must be a real cannon, capable of shaking the hills, and one that would do credit to the town of Plymouth.

From the iron works at Tyson a price for the cannon cast from native ore was secured, and subscription lists were circulated. The world outside the Green Mountains thinks of Plymouth, Vermont, as the one group of white houses clustered about the village green and the store building in which Calvin Coolidge was born and in which is the village hall, now famous as the Summer White House. Instead, Plymouth consists of Plymouth Union at the foot of the hill and Plymouth Notch at its top. Among the natives these are commonly called the Notch and the Union. Apparently there has never been a time since the foundation of either settlement when there was not a political and civic separation between them quite as great as the physical one.

But the citizens of the two hamlets, supposed to form one political unit, were united on the idea of the Plymouth cannon and subscribed generously for it, with the result that it was cast at least in time to wake the echoes of the hills in the stirring Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-Too campaign of 1840. But it seemed to produce far more noise than unity. As a symbol of civic strife it was unapproached! The question as to whether the Union or the Notch should have the custodianship of this piece of artillery which had been dedicated to arousing patriotic sentiment could not be settled by the selectmen of Plymouth because the piece was bought by popular subscription and not by village funds, and also because hot blood was up between the two hamlets and neither would back down.

### The Capture of the Cannon

Its possession had often been decided by the use of stones and fists in the earlier days, and it moved back and forth between the Union to the Notch according to the varied fortunes of war. Just before Calvin Coolidge came back from Amherst to make his first public address under the old elm that towers above the village green at the Notch, the historic Green Mountain cannon was finally recaptured by the boys at the top of the hill. How, remains to be told.

"Dell," remarked John G. Sargent, "don't you know a little about how the old cannon came back to the Notch?"

"Guess I do, Gerry," admitted Dell. "Cal and I helped to capture it and haul it up the hill. Somebody up at the Notch tipped off where it was hid to Cal. Of course he didn't say who, but I've always suspected that he didn't have to go outside his own home to get the information. You know Colonel John never was much of a hand to walk in his sleep, and he's just about as sharp as they make 'em.

"One thing that always made me suspect him is the fact that whoever found the cannon in the grove back of Norris Wilder's shop, down at the Union, had been cute enough to feel around for a string tied to it. The string was there and connected with a cowbell to give the alarm. But the string was cut and tied to a stick.

(Continued on Page 161)

This Maple Tree Was Planted by Col. John Coolidge, the President's Father. The Sap Bucket Was Made by His Grandfather or Great-Grandfather. The Spout Is as Old as the Bucket

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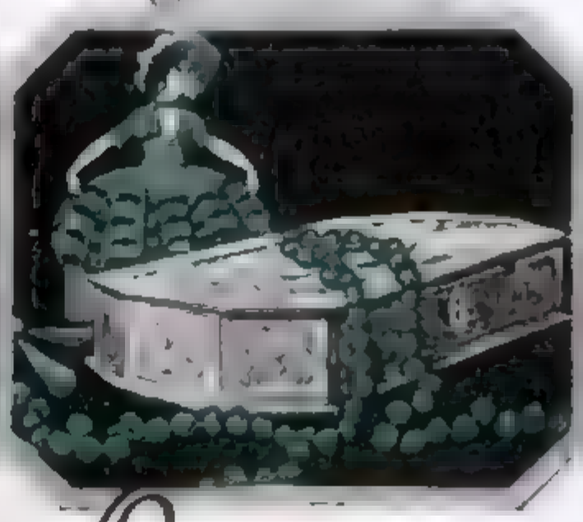

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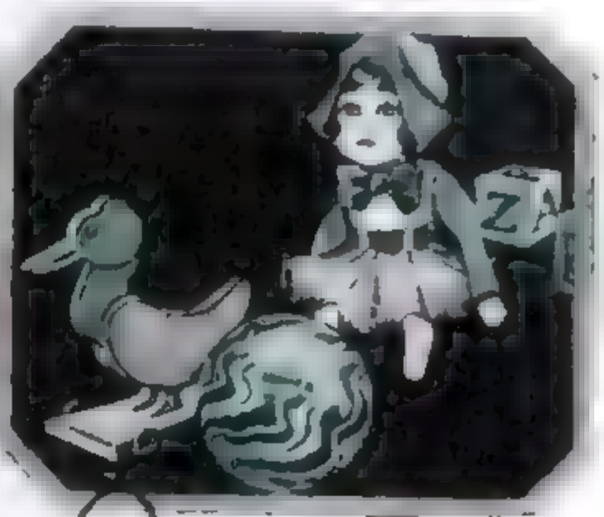

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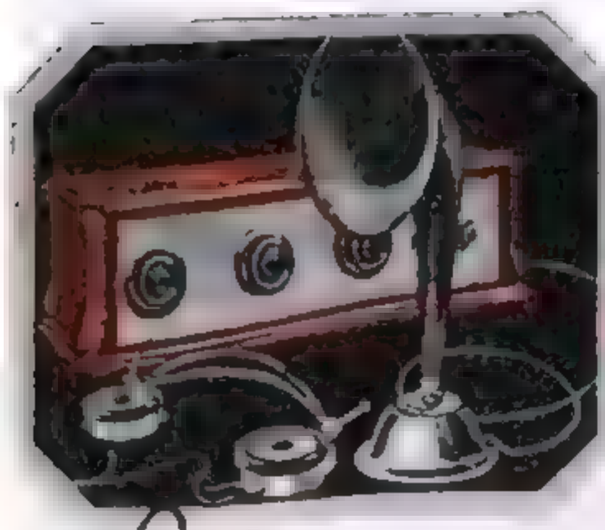

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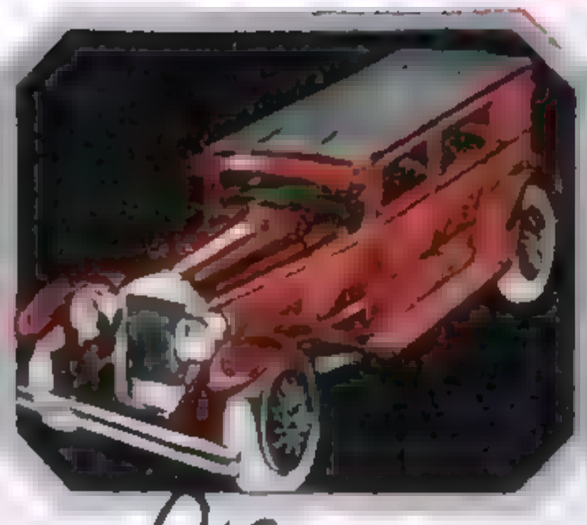

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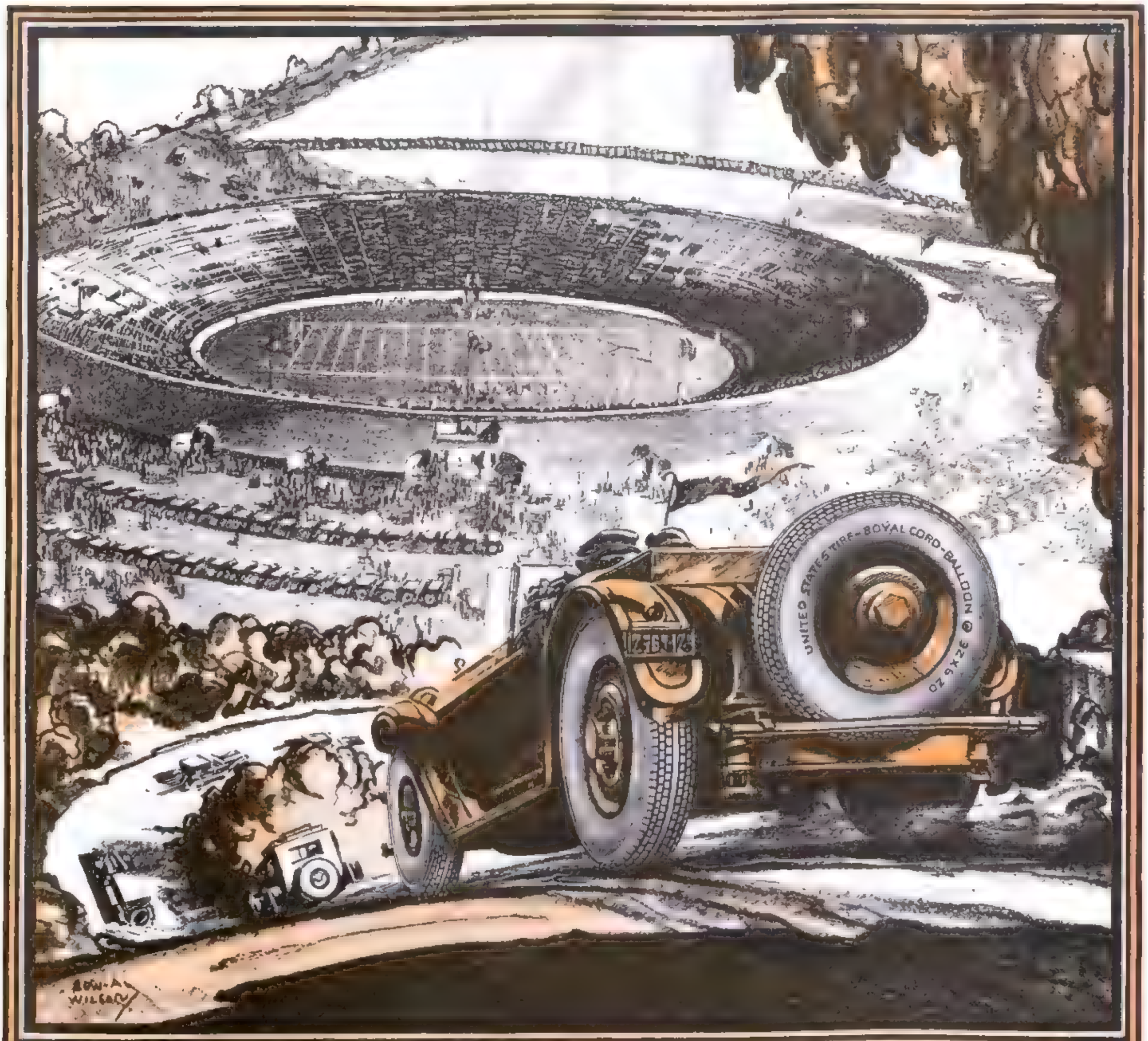


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UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

(Continued from Page 156)

"Anyhow we got the Notch boys together Allen Wilder, Tom Moore, Hen Willis, Edwin Bailey, Herb Moor, Hen Brown and some others who slip my mind now—and we snuck down the hill when the boys at Union were having a dance. It was about three in the morning of July Fourth, and the Union boys were so busy making the most of the last figures of the program before dawn that we hauled the old cannon up the hill without stirring up any alarm. Just caught 'em off their guard

"Of course we wanted the cannon to celebrate the Fourth with. Well, we earned it. That old cannon weighs five hundred pounds. Even if it has fairly big wheels, it was real work to drag it a mile up that mountain road to the Notch. While we were at it we planned that somehow we'd fix it so that it wouldn't get into the hands of the Union again. Cal figured it out and we carried out his scheme. This was to take it apart, carry it up into John J. Wilder's attic and hide it under Grandmother Moor's bed.

"We certainly did celebrate that next day. I'm not quite clear as to whether that was the day when Cal made his first public speech under the old elm, but I'm inclined to think it was. Anyhow it was a good speech and the cannon was fired after he finished it—I remember that. The Union has never got hold of the cannon again. Since Cal has become President of the United States I don't think they've cared to disturb it. Even when we got it last time it was a game with us—nothing more—but it wasn't that way before the Civil War and afterward, even down into the 70's. They took the right to the old cannon to heart then and fought for it with fists, clubs and stones. When you go back to the Notch you ask John J. Wilder to tell you the story of how he met the Vermont Pie Eater at the top of the Notch when he and the other boys from Union had come to recapture the cannon. I think the fight over the cannon is ended, now that Cal's President—but you couldn't convince John J. or Ed Blanchard or some of the other older ones at the Notch that they don't need to hide it any longer. They're just as cautious about it now as they were when the battle was really on."

### Black-Faced Minstrels

"Didn't some of you young folks at the Notch give an entertainment once in the village hall for ——"

At this Dell Ward burst into laughter and slapped his knees.

"Yes, sir-ree, we did! It was a minstrel show for the benefit of the church. Cal was one of the end men and I was the other. The interlocutor was a young chap from New York, who had come up with the Gilson girls. I think it was about 1893, anyhow Cal had been going to Amherst. Of course we had to have the Gilson girls in it. They'd been down in Brooklyn and were right up on entertainments. Besides, they could handle the musical instruments that fitted into a minstrel show. Ella played the banjo, Nellie the guitar, and Midge the violin and the mandolin.

"But the biggest show was before the hall was opened, while we were all blacking up—the girls too—and getting ready. Cal's red hair gave 'em the most work, for they all insisted that he couldn't take a darky part and have that showin'. So they found a piece of curly black astrakhan cloth and made a wig for him. It fitted him fine and his own father couldn't have picked him out of the line. We all wore red coats.

"Cal made up the jokes—anyhow he furnished them. Wish I could recall all of 'em, but I can only remember one. The interlocutor asked, 'Mistah Bones, why you reckon Mistah Charles Blanchard wears red suspenders?' To which Cal replied, 'To hold up his pantaloons.' Then he led off with bones and the house cheered.

"Cal was certainly a good hand with the bones. I'll bet he's got a pair of the old ones hid away somewhere now. I never saw him have a better time than he did that night. He was just as much in for a time as any of us. The girls were decked out in the most comical clothes and they made music that got right into your feet!

"I just wonder if Cal ain't grinned more than once this summer—sittin' in that very hall and signin' papers as President of the United States—at the thought of what a time he had all blacked up and playin' end man in a minstrel show right there in that room. Gosh! it all seems so queer to me I can't realize it.

"And that wasn't the only caper he ever cut in that room either. Do you remember, Gerry, when a bunch of us, includin' Cal, played Under the Laurels down at the Union, in the hall where you used to go to school? We cleared eight dollars. That was the only money any of us ever had that we didn't know what to do with. It belonged to all of us and not to any of us We'd given the play just for the fun of it and not to benefit anybody but ourselves. Fact is, we were all pleased that we'd got eight dollars out of the Union.

*Little Cal at the Period When He Asked for Pie*

"Finally one of the girls said, 'Let's eat it up. Let's have a party in the hall.' That suited us boys. We felt gingery—havin' money to spend in a frolic that we'd earned actin' in a play. I don't remember what kind of refreshments we had—likely oysters. Anyhow we had plenty of music and we didn't care whether school kept or not.

"The store under the village hall that now belongs to Florence Cilley was kept then by Leslie Walker. He was a nervous man and didn't like noises. I don't think young folks were any great company for him either. He could get along all right without 'em.

"Our party was goin' good 'n' strong when somebody went below into the store to get something. As soon as they came up again they reported, 'Les says we're makin' an' awful racket up here.' Cal heard it and walked into the entry at the top of the stairs and then opened the door into the other room, where you go down two or three steps. When he came back he was carryin' a twelve-foot board that was good 'n' sappy and had a lot of spring in it. He laid it on the floor right where his presidential desk stood this summer. We all looked at him but didn't ask any questions—we knew better! When Cal had the board all ready he pointed to a spot near the end of it and said, 'Dell, stand on it.' Even then I hadn't the remotest notion of what he was up to, but I knew it was good, and I always did what he told me to do.

"Then he went to the other end and lifted it carefully—just as high as he could without snappin' it. The room was still and the girls held their hands to their ears. When he let go, that board slapped down on the floor like a gunshot. Of course some of the girls screamed a little, but in a minute all was quiet again. We waited breathlessly to hear from Mr. Walker down below. But there wasn't any answer. Finally Cal broke the silence with, 'Guess I put him to sleep.'

"About that play, Cal had been cast for the villain's part. But there was one line in it that made me want to laugh the way he brought it out: 'Jealousy is a bitter passion to *nourish*.' It was played in the winter between the time Cal attended Black River Academy and his going away to Amherst—the winter of 1891, as I recall it. It was given twice and there was some change in the players. The characters taking part the time I mention were:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Milford | Geneva Wilder |
| Rose Milford | Clara Moore |
| Polly Dowler | Sarah Wilder |
| Sooky Button | Edna Moore |
| Kyle ("Ky") Brantford | Calvin Coolidge |
| Frank Colewood | Leonard Willis |
| Ike Hopper | Thomas Moore |
| Bob Button | Clarence Blanchard |
| Zeke | Dell S. Ward |
| Sheriff | Edwin Bailey |

### An Old-Fashioned Schoolmarm

"This was before the minstrel show in the village hall at the Notch"

"Do you recall," again prompted my confederate, "that teacher we had at the school once who ——"

"Sure!" interrupted Dell Ward. "She wore pantalettes and wouldn't use any sugar exceptin' what had been stewed out of raisins. She was an odd ticket, all right. That was in the old stone schoolhouse. The older boys were real saucy to her, so she decided to have it out with 'em. So she sent one of 'em out to cut a good stout birch whip. When he came back with it she took a glance at its size and seemed to be satisfied with it

"At recess the word went around that it had been rolled under the edge of a knife blade so that it would snap off about two feet from the butt the first time she drew it back to strike. Cal and I were rather small, but he heard what had been done and he

*The Hall Where Cal Played the Vagabond in "Under the Laurels," Plymouth Union*

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Do you need more money? *We need more workers.* So if you can spare an hour or so now and then, send the coupon. Profits from the very start. No experience necessary

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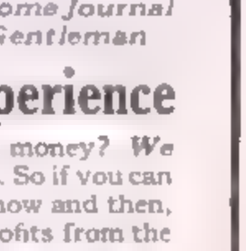


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20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

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Can earn in ex——— $100.00 weekly handling nationally known Xmas Specialty in almost universal demand among professional, business and society people.
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# Can you look at this tool and not want it?

WHEN did you first see a spiral ratchet screw driver? Probably in the hands of a carpenter, when you were a boy. It's a good bet you've wanted one ever since.

We dare you to let your hardware man show you this Millers Falls No. 61.

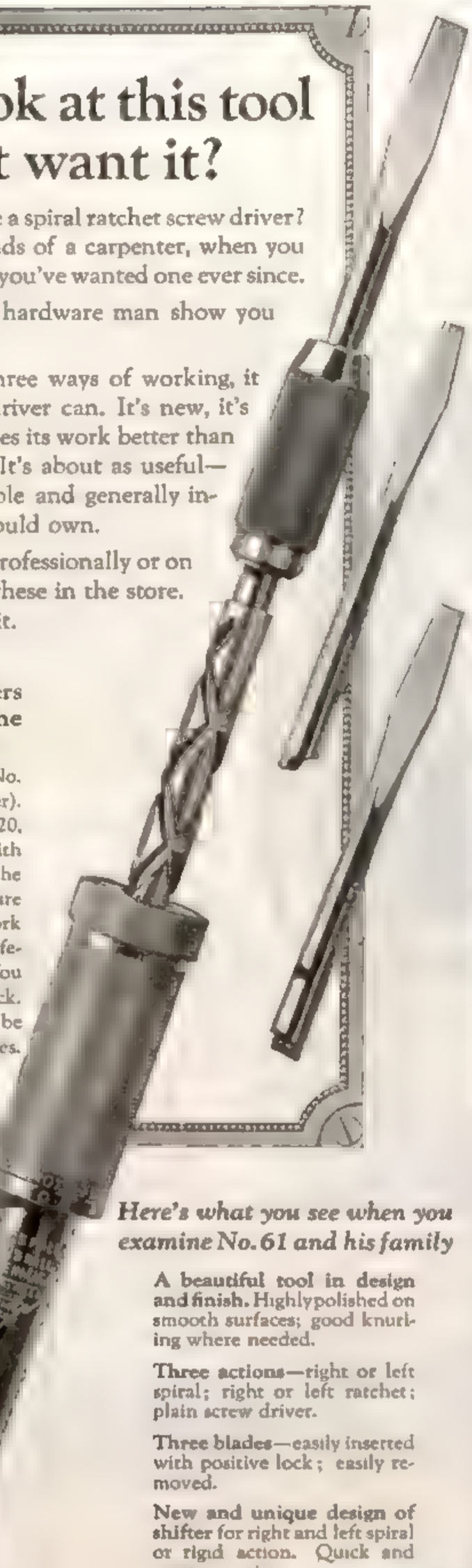
With three blades and three ways of working, it does everything a screw driver can. It's new, it's a Millers Falls tool—it does its work better than it was ever done before. It's about as useful—and handsome and valuable and generally interesting—a tool as you could own.

You men who use tools—professionally or on the side—pick up one of these in the store. And then try not to buy it.

◆

**Meet the new members of the family—with the Automatic Return**

No. 61 has two brothers—No. 62 (larger) and No. 67 (smaller). The new cousins—Nos. 610, 620, 670—correspond in design, with the addition of a spring in the handle. With this extra feature of automatic return they work like an automatic drill—life-savers for "one hand" jobs. You don't have to hold the chuck. Special chuck and drills can be furnished for drilling small holes.



Millers Falls spiral ratchet screw driver No. 61

*Here's what you see when you examine No. 61 and his family*

**A beautiful tool in design and finish.** Highly polished on smooth surfaces; good knurling where needed.

**Three actions**—right or left spiral; right or left ratchet; plain screw driver.

**Three blades**—easily inserted with positive lock; easily removed.

**New and unique design of shifter** for right and left spiral or rigid action. Quick and positive action.

**Locking collar** on shoulder of spiral makes it a ratchet screw driver.

Can you beat all that?

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*Manufacturers of Mechanics' Tools, Hack Saws and Automobile Tools*

just couldn't keep his eyes off that whip. He just ached to see it work. The day went along to the geography class, late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Green hadn't reached for the birch yet, although she'd been given plenty of provocation to. Finally Cal jumped up in the class and contradicted her right out of a clear sky. He couldn't stand it to see school dismissed for the day and that whip go without being tried! It was tried—and worked as expected

"Another time, when Colonel Coolidge was the committeeman for the district, he hired Henry Howe, of Chester, to teach the school. I expect that Colonel John thought that the discipline had become lax and that it needed a man to restore it. Anyhow this new schoolmaster started in to draw the lines tight. He was the strictest we had ever seen.

"Soon after Mr. Howe began he caught Cal whispering. That hadn't been a crime before—but it was, under the new rule. He grabbed Cal's collar and jerked him out of the seat—the buttons from Cal's coat snapping out over the room. And he kept on dancing Cal up and down until he didn't have a button left on his coat or vest.

"The funny part of it was that Cal came to school for a week without any coat or vest buttons. He left the buttons on a string on his desk all the time.

*The Summer White House, Plymouth, Vt.*

"When he was younger than this he had a disappointment that astonished him almost as much as the wiggling bullpouts. Oric Ward, Charlie Moore and Charles Kavanagh were larger and sat behind Cal and myself. One day they got hold of a hollow pencil and made it into a shooter. Of course that started the fashion.

"Cal explained to me that we could make a shooter at his father's shop that would beat Oric's all hollow. We took a piece of ash wood and burned out a straight clean hole that would take quite a large plunger. He wanted our gun to be bigger and better than those of the other boys in every way.

"We worked a long time on that shooter and finally it was all ready excepting the elastic. That cost money—four cents in all. We scoured our homes in the hope of finding elastic enough, but we couldn't get any without stirring up too many troublesome questions. It was just about as hard for us each to get two cents. We had to wait quite a while before we could buy the elastic.

"The pegs for stretching the elastic were all ready when we got the last penny of our capital and bought the stuff at noon. We put the power into the gun on the way to school, and it was the best shooter ever seen there. The older boys admitted this, and Cal was proud as Punch. They were going to make some like it. Of course snapping this shooter outside the schoolroom with the boys yelling about us was one thing, and shooting it inside the school, in school hours, another. Cal had planned it and had done most of the work on it, so he had the first chance to try it out inside the schoolroom, where it really counted.

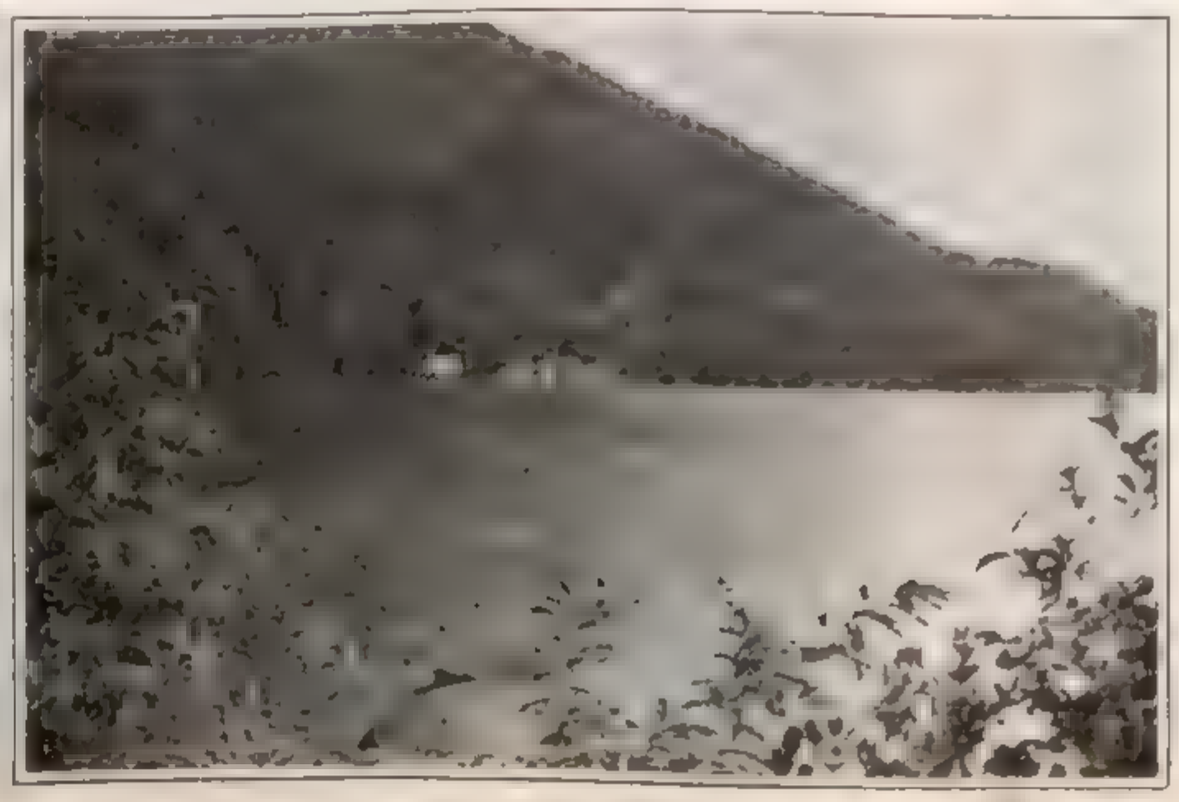
"He drew back the plunger and let go at a time when the school happened to be quiet. It sounded like a pistol shot and brought squeals and shrieks from the girls. The shoulder where the barrel and the plunger met was wide and the elastic strong, and the noise was beyond anything Cal had expected. From the look on his face after the shot, it was plain that he expected a whipping. But he didn't get it. Belle Coolidge was the teacher, and she never said a word—just took the snap-gun, in which we both had our entire fortunes tied up, out of his hand, walked to the box stove and tossed it in at the door. She never spoke to him about it afterward. She didn't need to either. Cal took the loss of that gun to heart for quite a while. It bothered him, for he had worked out a thing that went big and put all his money into it, only to have it chucked into the fire.

"Just like all boys, Cal would listen to the talk of other folks and then try to prove out what they said. Once we heard Park Pollard, his cousin, say that brook-trout eggs would hatch in a rain barrel. One day we caught a trout that carried a lot of roe. Cal took it out carefully and placed it in the rain barrel to prove out Park Pollard's statement. I don't think he took much stock in the theory, but he wanted to find out for himself. Of course it didn't work.

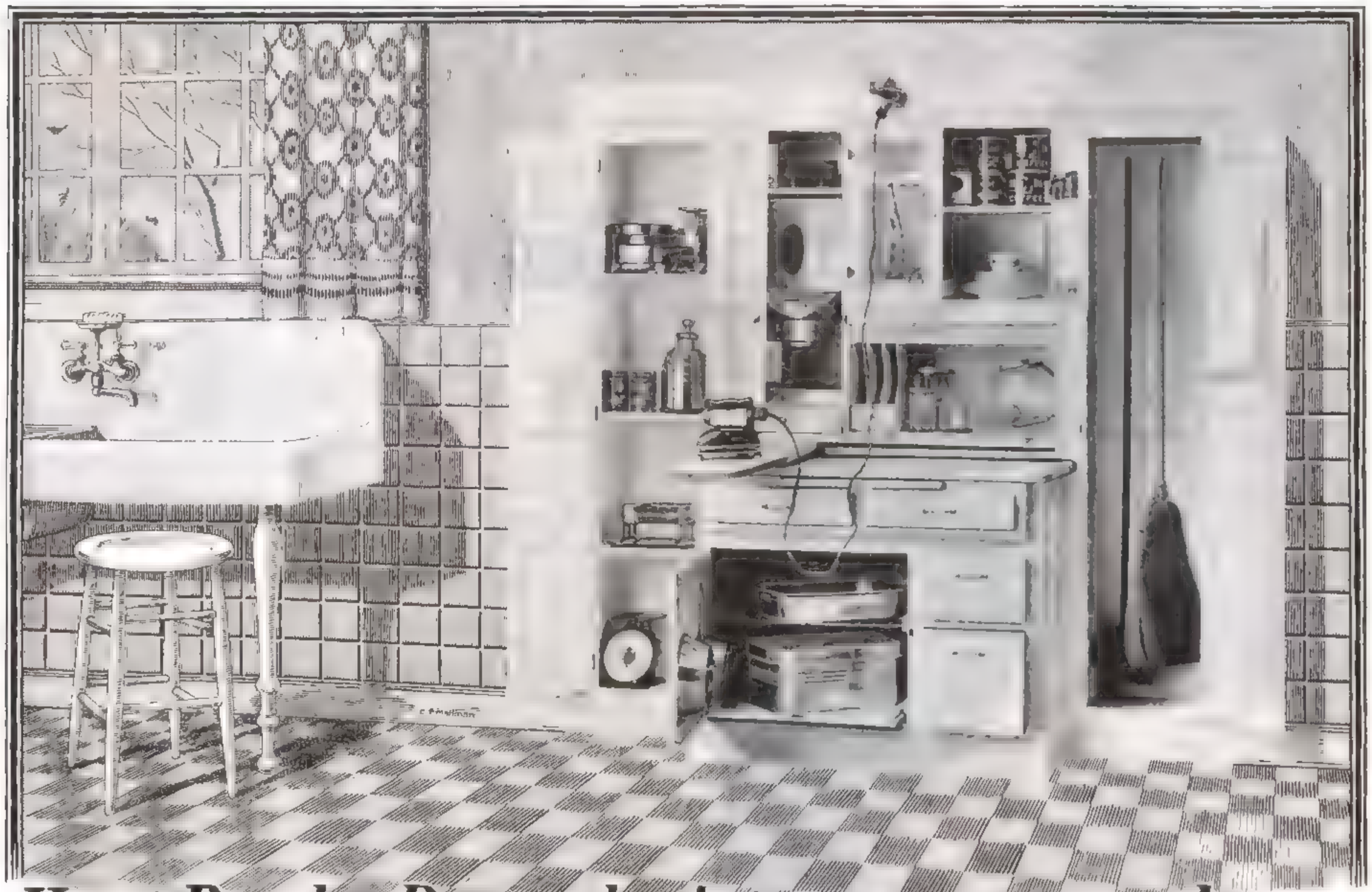
"Cal was always on hand for town meetin's—but he'd never wrestle or make a show of himself before the crowd. He was interested in the town business that was goin' on—always. He wrote me a good many letters after he went to Amherst and even after he settled in Massachusetts. I know now that they were wonderful letters. I used to keep them on the candle stand beside my bed and read them over and over. If I'd been a better letter writer he'd probably kept right on corresponding with me.

"I set a lot of store by those letters, but they were destroyed when the shed-room attic went to pieces. I'd put 'em away there in a box. But I know what was in 'em. He kept right up with home-town politics and town business. Nobody at home excepting the selectmen and the town officers kept a closer eye on taxes and town

(Continued on Page 165)



*Cal's Corn-Roasting Rocks*



# *Have Bertha Boone built into your new home*

THIS is the coming out party of Bertha Boone. She is Mary and Helen Boone's Big Sister—recently graduated from the Boone School of 369 practical women. And this is an important event! The American Wife wants to meet the means that make her kitchen hours shorter and brighter. Now Boone Sisters, the most convenient kitchen cabinets, may also be had equipped with two generous utility closets. These closets are not sections. No, they are integral parts of this ultra-modern cabinet. If you are building a new home, BERTHA BOONE may be recessed into the wall of your kitchen. Big and beautiful but takes up less than half the floor space of a kitchen table, and is infinitely more desirable than any ordinary built-in cupboard. It is also manufactured for finished kitchens. You'll be interested to discuss with your Architect, Builder or Furniture Dealer, the merits of this latest achievement in good kitchening.

### *Only Boone Cabinets Have These Features Designed by 369 Women*

Since we invited you women of America to design Boone cabinets just as you prefer to have them, there has been a tremendous evolution, and revolution in kitchen cabinets. Notice the distinct and exclusive features of the cabinet pictured above! See the electric light to save your eyes; the extra socket for your electric iron, percolator or toaster; the disappearing ironing board; the desk section with place for cook books and drawer for milk tickets, change, etc.; the convenient mirror; and the alarm clock above it to call you when the bread or roast is done; the easy-filling flour bin; the two drawers nested in a larger drawer which pulls out with the table top; the broom and mop closet; the big, deep, roomy shelves! All these are features you women designed—in your own kitchens—out of your own experience. No wonder Boone Cabinets, designed by 369 women, are experiencing such unprecedented sales in the better stores throughout the world.

### *A Mary Boone Cut-Out for the Child's Doll-House,* FREE

Would you like to make some youngster happy with a clever Boone Cabinet Cut-Out, ready to cut, fold and put together? We have a few and while the supply lasts will be glad to see that you get one on request.

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## DESIGNED BY 369 WOMEN

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*Bristles are a superior grade of genuine black horse hair, securely stapled in a highly polished red block. Superior to a broom for sweeping any smooth floor, and several times as long-lived.*

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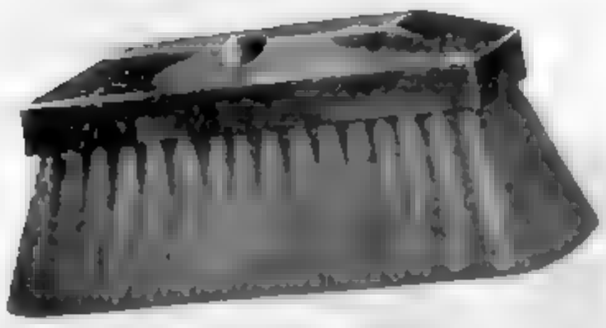

WINDOW
BRUSH
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OSBORN

# A Better Wearing Brush for Every Use

In the home, this Osborn floor brush will outlast several ordinary brooms; and for sweeping hardwood, marble and tile floors, or any smooth surface, it is far superior to a broom.

Whatever the brush, and whatever its proposed use, you can rest assured of this:—

If it bears the Osborn trademark, money literally can buy no better brush.

The record and the reputation of 30 years in brush-making are behind the Osborn name.

These years comprehend more than the mere manufacture of brushes. They have included the study of brush uses, the search for ways and means to make brushes last longer and give better service, the devising of special shapes and kinds of brushes to meet a thousand and one uses.

The housewife in her daily work, the painter on his ladder, the handy man at home, the man in the street and the factory, the manufacturer—all use Osborn brushes, with greater efficiency and economy.

Osborn makes brushes from the tiny size used to clean a laboratory test tube, to the stiffest scratch-brush an industrial plant requires.

And for industrial uses, Osborn maintains an engineering staff whose work it is to save money and promote efficiency in manufacturing plants, by adapting brushes to operations now done by hand.

Osborn maintains branches in the principal cities, and has trained representatives everywhere. Osborn Industrial Brushes are also available from leading hardware, mill and factory supply distributors.

The Osborn Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio
New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

Osborn Brushes

(Continued from Page 162)

expenses than he did. Then he was always writing about what was doing in politics down there. From what I heard said I know he wrote along the same line to other home folks.

"He watched all the campaigns and the speeches in Congress and used to comment on them in his home letters. He used to correspond a lot with Levi Lynds. They were great friends, although Levi was about twenty-five years older than Cal and a Civil War veteran—like his brother John Lynds. Levi was a man of ideas and of education and was fearless and original in his thinking. I believe this was what drew Cal to him. Anyhow he wrote Levi one letter of which he was very proud. It contained a passage about the Republican Party that impressed all of us home folks to whom Levi read it as being remarkable, coming from one so young.

"Levi had a good pension—he'd been badly wounded—and so he traveled about a lot. He dressed well and was a good mixer and talked with educated people wherever he went. This particular passage in one of Cal's letters made such an impression on Levi that he quoted or read it to lots of men, and I think a number of 'em wrote it down. Perhaps John Lynds, who handled Levi's papers, might be willing to read it to you. I think it was great.

"Why, Gerry, you know John Lynds better than anybody else; he'd read that passage to you if he would to anybody in the world. It's worth going way up to Lynds' Hill where you were born to get that part of one letter."

"I'll see Mr. Lynds," responded Mr. Sargent, "as soon as we get back to Plymouth. He looks upon those letters as almost sacred and not to be touched by anyone but himself. However, he may be willing to read that passage to me. But he's very particular respecting private matters."

### Homage to Hamilton

The result was that John Lynds finally consented to reveal to his old friend Gerry Sargent the passage under discussion. Here it is, in a letter dated at Amherst, Massachusetts, November 6, 1894:

"We have just been studying the very early political history of the United States and it makes me more of a Republican than ever. All the Democrats did for the first twelve years of the Union was to find fault, and that is about all they have ever done.

"Whenever the times have demanded a great man he has come from the ranks of the Republicans; whenever there has been a great task to perform that is the party that has done it.

"You may have thought the Republican Party was created in '52 but it was only a new name for the old party that has always existed. I look to Alexander Hamilton as its founder, even before the present Constitution was adopted. Republicans established the Union in the constitution of 1787, they worked out the great principles of government and raised the public credit from an inanimate corpse to a living embodiment of strength, when Jefferson the Democrat of Democrats and radical among radicals was crying monarchy and declaring the Indians had the best form of government or else shouting state rights and nullification and nearly bringing on a war with England in his zeal for France and anarchy. It is the party of Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Lincoln, Webster, Sumner and a long list of men we honor."

Slipping this letter back into the packet after the passage had been carefully taken down, John Lynds remarked, "I call that mighty good reading right now today. It seems to hit the target just as well now as it did then—maybe better."

After a moment's hesitation the lithe and active old Civil War veteran chuckled and reopened the packet of letters with the remark, "There's another passage in a later letter postmarked at Northampton, December 22, 1896, that reads mighty good to me. Here it is:

"'It is probable that our country is big and strong enough to bear the election of quite a number of Bryans, but we did not try the experiment. It is a sincere pleasure to me that you find your preference gratified and I hope every old soldier may appreciate the result as you do.'"

### "Cal All Over"

"I am going to read you just one more comment from Calvin on the election; it is in a letter dated November 10, 1898. Here it is:

"'The West though it faltered for a day in free silver is coming back and the future of our country seems big with promise. Every American is an inch taller than he was last April.'

"That last line is Cal all over—'Every American is an inch taller than he was last April'!"

After telling stories of his experience with Abraham Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln when he was stationed at Fort Stevens and other points near Washington, he came back to the letters and tapping the packet with his gaunt forefinger he exclaimed, "There isn't a letter in there that isn't packed with kindness and thoughtfulness, with messages to the home folks and with unconscious reminders of his strong affection for the people of these hills and for the hills themselves. And there's a lot of sly good-natured fun in them too. My brother Levi was very much excited about a certain lawsuit and blew off steam in a letter to Cal about it. Calvin's answer was this: 'Try to eat three meals a day and do not take lawsuits so seriously.' That was the whole letter—all there was to it. Let me tell you this: Calvin Coolidge is a shy man, but his people up here in the hills understand him; they know that he is made of the right stuff all the way through, that he is practical and honest and able. From the first letter in this packet, written when he was about twenty-one, down to the last, written in 1909, they show that he was always studying about government on its practical side, about taxes in Plymouth, taxes in Massachusetts and taxes in the nation; that he took a keen and steady interest in clean politics and that he had a sharp eye for frauds of every kind. Another thing, there is hardly a letter in that package that doesn't contain some message to someone here in the hills who was sick or had met with an accident or had had hard luck of some kind. Nobody could read those letters and think Calvin Coolidge a cold man."

Back at Plymouth Notch again, I followed Dell Ward's suggestion and sought John J. Wilder, whose wife is the President's Aunt Gratia, the sister of his mother. This sturdy Vermonter, who might pose for the figure of Gen. Winfield Scott, chuckled and responded: "Dell's right: we did have some hard

John J. Wilder, Husband of the President's "Aunt Gratia," Seated on the Cannon

Clothes get more comfortable year by year. How do you like yours?

# You can buy comfort in underclothes—

## *Why buy irritation?*

MEN'S clothes today are designed first of all for comfort. Yet—in the year 1924—wrinkles, strain, continual irritation, are still too common in underclothes.

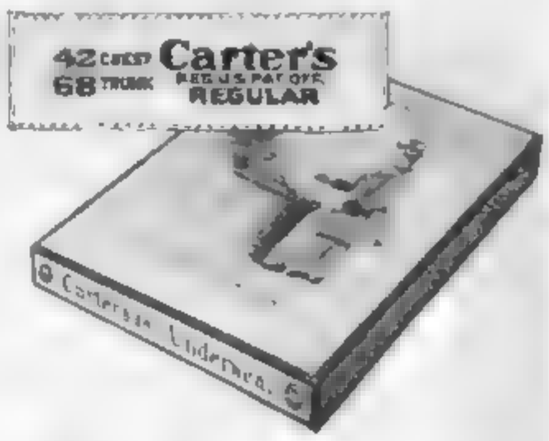
Common, yes—but not universal.

A Carter union suit is as comfortable as a semi-soft collar. It is tailored on living, active models—not on wooden dummies. The play of every muscle is considered; the strain of every position is provided for. Carter's *has* to be comfortable.

And that comfort is built in to stay. The Carter fabric is so skilfully, so uniformly knit on accurate, multi-needled machines, that it neither sags nor binds. No matter how hard you wear it, how often you wash it, your Carter union suit will stay as comfortable, as smoothly pliant as it was the first day.

Here is underwear that measures up to the highest standards of present-day comfort. Millions of men wear it. Try it yourself this fall. The William Carter Co., 603 Highland Avenue, Needham Heights, Mass.

*Into every genuine Carter suit is sewn this label. Look for it when you buy underwear.*




# Carter's Union Suits *for Men*

# Chocolates—and Dynamos —and Talcum Powders

A list of the products that regularly leave Port Newark for the several quarters of the globe would touch every phase of human existence—and a list of the names of the manufacturers who make those products would include a score or more that are familiar wherever this publication is read.

These manufacturers have selected Port Newark as a distributing center because it affords them rail, water, and highway shipping facilities that are unparalleled elsewhere; because it is in the heart of the most populous region of the United States; because it enables them to make shipments to their best markets at the least cost and in the swiftest manner; and because at Port Newark they find every condition conducive to economical manufacturing operations.

If you are a progressive manufacturer, you will find it worth while to investigate Port Newark's low land values, its attractive tax rate, its abundant labor market, its favorable climate, its scientifically laid-out industrial sites, and its unusual power, lighting and sewage systems.

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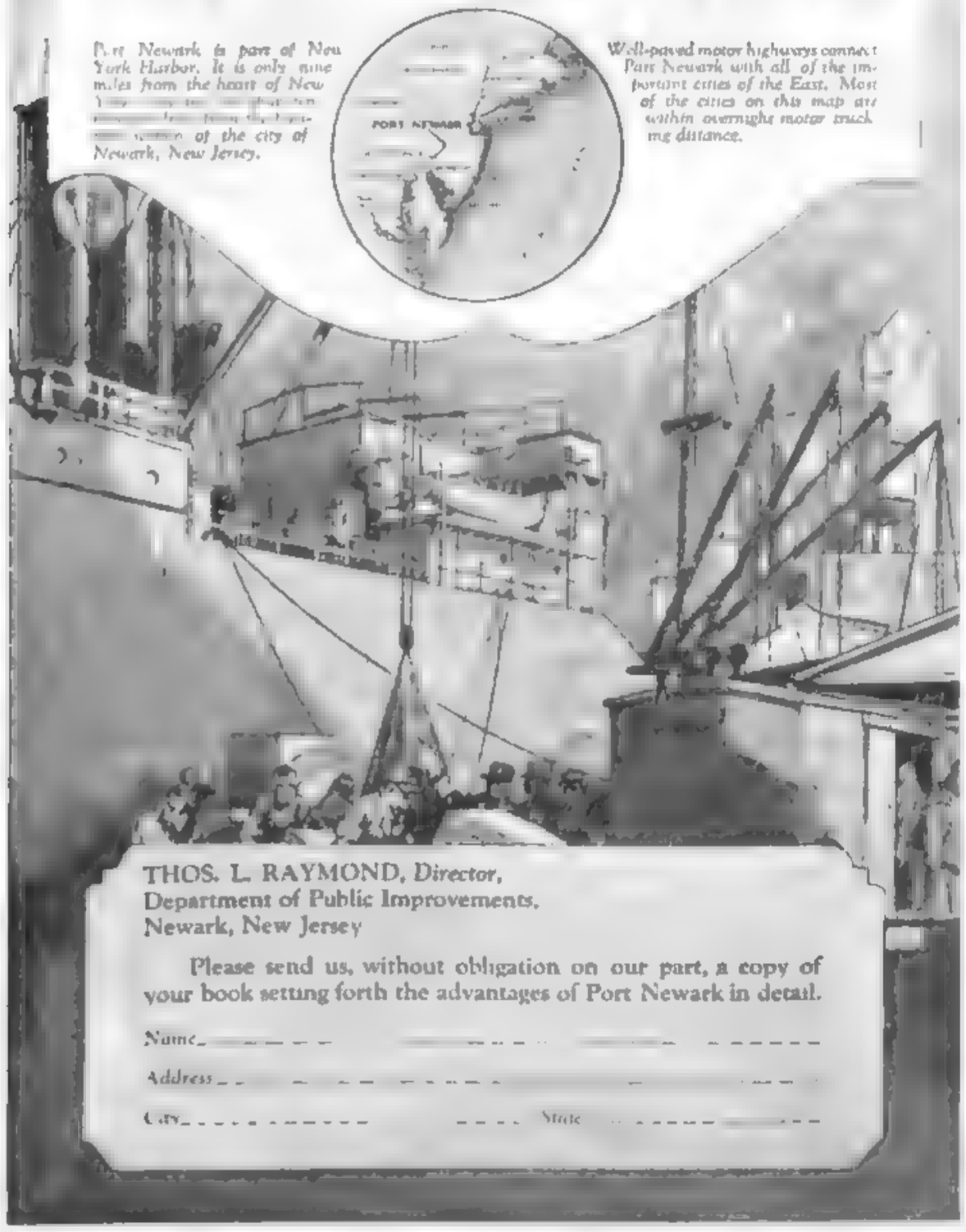
THOS. L. RAYMOND, Director

Department of Public Improvements Newark, N. J.

# PORT NEWARK


Port Newark is part of New York Harbor. It is only nine miles from the heart of New
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PORT NEWARK
Well-paved motor highways connect Port Newark with all of the important cities of the East. Most of the cities on this map are within overnight motor truck ing distance.

THOS. L. RAYMOND, *Director,*
Department of Public Improvements,
Newark, New Jersey

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scrimmages over that Plymouth cannon. They seem comical now, but then they didn't. We took that cannon just as seriously as we did our religion—mebby more so at times. Our fathers had tussled and fought over it, and we took on the feud from their hands. The sense of the right of possession is very strong in a Vermonter. The lawyers of this state have lived off that trait for a good many years.

"I don't know how many times the cannon went back and forth between the Union and the Notch, but the last time we captured it we made up our minds to hold it. At that time Norman Taylor was the kingpin down at the Union. He had fought in the Civil War; but his high card was the fact that he had been a seven-day runner at the big foot races in Madison Square Garden, New York City. He was on the billboards as the Vermont Pie Eater. The newspapers made a lot over him and he just naturally cut quite a swath when he got back home at the Union.

"Well, on the Fourth, after we had made the raid on the Union and dragged the cannon up the hill, we felt certain the boys would be back after it, so we posted a lookout at the top of the Notch. Meantime we fired the cannon and shook the window lights of the whole village. As you see, my barn opens onto the green. We had a strong rope hitched to the carriage of the gun, the other end being tied to a beam in the back of the barn. Every time we shot the cannon we'd pull it back into the barn, shut the doors and then swab it out and reload.

"But that wasn't all. Just as soon as the gun was pulled in we'd take up three planks in the barn floor, next to the door, so that if the Union crowd should get past the guard and make a rush they would fall through the opening into the cow stable below.

"After a little we got the signal that the boys from the Union were comin' up the hill, and we went out to meet 'em. Norman Taylor, the Vermont Pie Eater, was in the lead of his crowd, and I happened to be ahead of the Notch boys. Norman came out of the bushes and shook his fists an' yelled, 'I've been where bullets flew and blood run, an' I want our cannon.'

"My answer was, 'Well, I ain't been where bullets flew an' blood run, but if you want our cannon you'd better start in on me. After you've whipped me out you can take the next man behind me; there's plenty of 'em in the line.'

"For a minute I thought the dirt was goin' to fly, but it didn't. The Union boys went back an' there wasn't any clash."

### *Teasing Grandma*

"By the way, Mrs. Fred Townsend, she that was Jennie Chamberlin, thought of something she forgot to tell you before. Guess you'd better see her, for it fits right in with the old cannon an' Cal's first public address under the old elm."

When I followed up this suggestion I was met with the disclaimer, "Oh, it ain't much, but it just came back to me about Cal's first speech. Lots of folks, I'm told, who don't live in Plymouth have the notion that Cal hasn't any fun in him. Of course nobody who lives in the Notch or the hills believes that. They've known him an' his father too long for that.

"If Calvin ever had a good chance to get serious it was when he made his first speech in public. He was back from school and he knew that all his neighbors and friends would be there and that they'd be critical too. It wasn't an easy thing to face. But he did splendid. Didn't try any fine oratory, but just talked common sense about this country, what it cost to gain its liberty an' what we ought to do to stand by it.

"You see his great-great-grandfather, Capt. John Coolidge, had fought in the Revolution. Then July Fourth is Cal's birthday. His grandmother was very partial to him and it was a great disappointment that she couldn't get out to hear his speech. She was proud of him always, even if she did make him toe the mark, used to shut him up in the little room that looks out into the shed attic—the room where Colonel Coolidge now stores the high chair and the clock. An' Cal thought the world of his grandmother too.

"Well, the next day after the celebration he dropped in to see his grandmother. He was quiet an' sober—more so than common. Right away his grandmother began about the speech and asked him what he'd said. 'Not much,' he answered. Didn't seem to want to talk about his Fourth of July effort. Finally she said, 'Now Calvin, you stand right up there and recite what you said to the folks under the old elm. You can do that much for your grandma, I guess.' He stood up and started in—but floundered and backed and filled until she couldn't stand it any longer and stopped him short with: 'Calvin Coolidge, didn't you do any better than that?'

"'Worse, I guess,' he answered.

"'Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!' she flung out at him. She'd believed every word he'd been tellin' her. Of course he grinned after that, an' then she knew that he'd been up to his old trick of hectorin' her—even about the first public speech that had done him credit in his home town."

One native of the Notch has no doubt whatever as to the President's sense of humor, and tells this incident, presumed to have been released by Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, in support of his contention: In the early days of their married life a smooth book agent sold Mrs. Coolidge a volume entitled The Family Physician, which was recommended as a compendium of remedies to deal effectively with every ailment. When Mrs. Coolidge had, so to speak, come out from under the ether she found herself in the possession of the book and a sense of guilt at having parted with six dollars of family funds at a time of small and uncertain income. Then there was the further disturbing thought that she had done this without consulting her husband, thereby breaking a family precedent.

### *The Old Coolidge Attic*

How to justify herself in her husband's eyes was a difficult problem. Finally she decided to adopt a Coolidge method and say nothing. She simply deposited the bulky volume on the center table and awaited results. When the young lawyer came home his eye was quick to catch the addition to the family store of knowledge, and he promptly settled himself in the Boston rocker and gave himself up to a painstaking study of the book.

Later they went out together and he made no mention of his conclusions on the new medical accession. Several days passed and he did not speak of it—much to the relief of the young wife, who concluded that she had not made so great a mistake as she had feared.

But the day came when she opened the volume, and on its flyleaf found this line penciled: "I find here no cure for suckers."

It is said that no book agent has ever induced Mrs. Coolidge to sign on the dotted line since.

Attics are often most revealing sources of family history; that of the old weather-beaten Coolidge house in the edge of the village, on the road leading to Pinney Hollow, is especially so. Crowded under its cob-webbed rafters is a collection of ancient Coolidge treasures which visualize with graphic sharpness not only the conditions which have shaped the life of Calvin Coolidge but the kind of forbears from which he has inherited his traits and his character.

To explore this attic without knowledge of the race of men and women who have used the treasures stored there would be an adventure that would brighten the eyes of an antiquarian; to do so under the guidance of Col. John Coolidge, who was born in this house, built by his great-grandfather more than a hundred years ago, is an unforgettable experience.

One of the first objects which caught the eye of Colonel John, as his neighbors affectionately term him, was a tiny barrel—an almost exquisite example of the cooperage craft.

"Why," exclaimed Colonel John, "there's the canteen that Capt. John Coolidge, my great-grandfather, carried in the Revolutionary War. Captain John was the first captain of the local militia of Plymouth, and I was the last. The old flintlock rifle must be about here somewhere; yes, there it is over by the wall! Captain John was six feet six tall—a powerful man. He mowed from dawn until dark for a neighbor, and received for his pay a peck of potatoes. Once when I had to hire a haying hand I figured out that I paid him just sixty-four times what Captain John received for his day's labor."

The next object which challenged the attention of the President's father, now nearly eighty years old, was an iron crowbar.

"That," he exclaimed, "is a ship's bar and was brought here by Captain John

(Continued on Page 169)

# The two reasons that men who wear CLOTHCRAFT Tailored Clothes look *well-dressed* and not just dressed up . . . are the good taste that distinguishes CLOTHCRAFT Style . . . and enduring quality!

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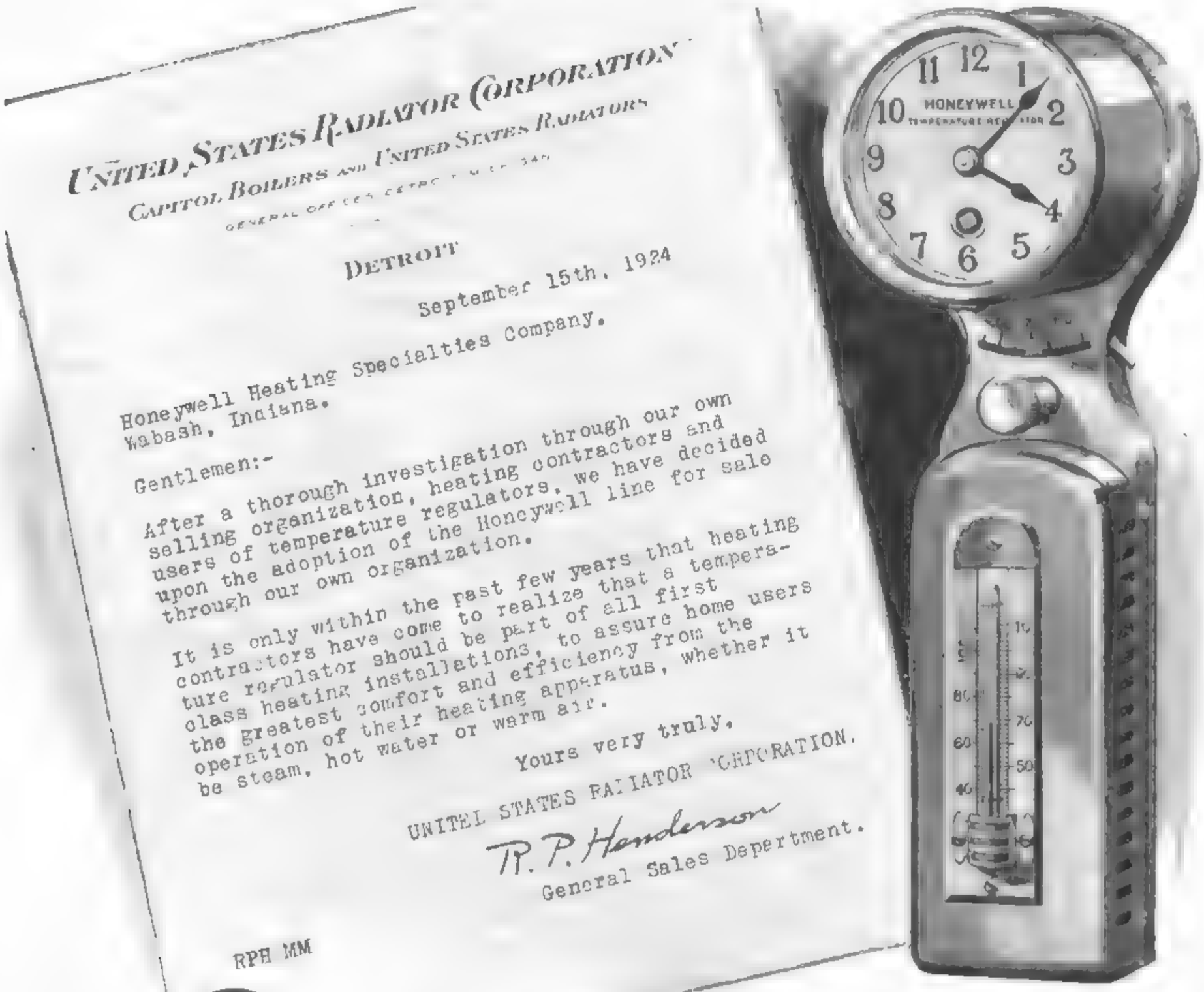

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September 15th, 1924

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Wabash, Indiana.

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It is only within the past few years that heating contractors have come to realize that a temperature regulator should be part of all first class heating installations, to assure home users the greatest comfort and efficiency from the operation of their heating apparatus, whether it be steam, hot water or warm air.

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P. P. Henderson
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More than 30 of the leading oil-burner makers have adopted Honeywell controls. It is generally conceded that the successful use of oil for domestic heating depends largely upon the employment of efficient automatic regulation. The advance in popularity of this type of heating is the most pronounced development of the hour. Honeywell can therefore be credited with making an invaluable contribution to this new phase of the heating industry. Householders may be assured that oil-burners with Honeywell control will give them the largest possible measure of efficiency, comfort, economy and safety. The following manufacturers standardize on Honeywell:

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When the leaders of every branch of the heating industry publicly endorse and widely adopt Honeywell Regulators, there can be no doubt about the kind of temperature control to install in your home.

In addition to the United States Radiator Corporation, whose letter is printed here, the following leaders have standardized on Honeywell and letters of endorsement from several of them were published in this weekly:—American Radiator Co., International Heater Co., Fox Furnace Co., Majestic Furnace Co., Detroit Edison Co., Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., American Nokol Co., Socony Burner Corp., W. S. Ray Mfg. Co., Gill Mfg. Co., Wayne Tank & Pump Co.

For more than 15 years Honeywell has been developing and perfecting instruments for the automatic control of room temperatures, whether the heating plant be a boiler or a furnace, whether it burn coal, gas or oil.

It is obvious from the overwhelming weight of unbiased evidence that this intensive study and specialized effort have borne fruit.

There is but one explanation for such confidence in a name and the product that bears it. It must have been earned by merit alone.

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The Honeywell Heating Specialties Company, Wabash, Indiana

# HONEYWELL
## Temperature Regulators

(Continued from Page 166)

when he came up from Massachusetts in 1781. All of the Coolidge men in his line have used it, including Calvin, in getting out stone. I earned my first hundred dollars with that ship's bar and the drills beside it. Our stone here makes white lime, very choice, and a firm contracted with me to produce it for a dollar and a quarter a hogshead. That looked big to me then, for it meant cash money, which was scarce. About the only other product up here that could be depended upon for cash when I was young was black salts. Calvin split a good many stones with those drills and that stonemason's sledge over there by the window."

Hid under the eaves was a curious scoop-shaped piece of woodenware with two handles set in its rim.

"Know what that is?" asked Colonel John. "It goes back a long ways. It's a grain fan for winnowing the chaff from the wheat. All one piece—hollowed out of a huge basswood log, and almost as thin as a shell. Captain John may have brought it from Massachusetts; I don't know. But it's certainly an ancient tool, that looks as if it might belong back in Bible times."

From a box of old iron he drew forth a hand-hammered hoe, an adzlike mattock and a short, heavy bush scythe, and remarked, "The land up here had to be conquered. These were the tools they did it with after the axes had been used. These clean pleasant mowings that you see about the village had to be grubbed out. It was hard work."

We came upon a rawhide hatbox which had evidently belonged to his mother, for Colonel Coolidge smiled and remarked, "Down in Washington they asked my son if he played golf on Sunday. His answer was, 'My grandmother was a Baptist.'"

Pointing to a huge warping beam, a loom, a flax wheel, a large spinning wheel, a reel, a swift, two hatchels, a spool rack, a collection of hand-whittled bobbins and a winder, Colonel John commented, "I wish I knew how long these things have been in the family line, but I don't. Generations of Coolidge women have made the family cloth with them.

"Of course they used to be in the kitchen in the winter, so that they would be handy and could be quickly used when the women had a little time from their other work. It took the place of the fancywork which the more industrious women do now. That old kitchen was a pleasant place when I was a boy. I can see it now."

### Other Attic Heirlooms

"Colonel Coolidge," suggested John Sargent, who was a member of the attic party, "why not take some of these things down, restore the kitchen to the way it used to look, and then have a photograph taken? We have help enough here to do it."

"That's good," was the quick response, "but we'll have to move the kitchen stove out and open up the fireplace and clean out the soot. That hasn't been done in years, but it needs to be. I expect the soot is a foot deep there, and it's dangerous to leave it. We'll have to get the old kettle down from the shed-room attic and the high chair that about all the Coolidges of my line have used. Calvin was the last to occupy it, and he was the last of the line to be put to sleep in that little old hooded cradle tucked away under the eaves in the corner. It will be rather pleasant to see the old kitchen restored to the way it used to look. I can remember where nearly all the pieces were placed."

In the work of moving the old Coolidge lares and penates into the kitchen Colonel John set the pace for lifting and tugging. In his eagerness he betrayed the fact that he was having more fun than a boy at a circus.

The foray into the shed-room attic and the loft of the barn revealed a wealth of other treasures—each telling its tale of toil and the economic self-sufficiency and independence of the men and women who had used these ancient implements.

Pointing to a shingle horse, a frow, the short thick blade used in splitting the shingles from the block of spruce, the worn mallet with which it was pounded and the draw shave used in smoothing and edging the shingles, Colonel John asked of the former attorney-general of Vermont, "Gerry, do you remember when the shingle horse used to be set up in the kitchen so that the men could shave shingles while the women spun or wove?"

"I've spent more evenings," laughed the tall lawyer, "shaving shingles than I have at the movies. I think I'd enjoy it now."

Suddenly Colonel John dragged from its dusty hiding place a treasure that gave him unconcealed delight.

"I'm glad I found this! Henry Ford thought he was getting something old when Calvin gave him that coopered sap bucket, but this hand-hewn sap trough, cut out of a split pine tree, goes way back of that and of the burned-out sumac spouts. That's the kind of thing the early colonists used to catch their maple sap in. That thing is old—older than the big jointer over there in the corner, on which sap-bucket staves and staves for tubs and barrels were edged on the bevel so that they would fit together in a circle. Not many of the young folk of today have seen a jack plane like that jointer—six feet long."

The discovery of an ancient log beehive gave Colonel John a thrill of pleasure and caused him to comment, "Up here in the hills they had more trees than straw, so they made log beehives instead of the old English ones of twisted straw. Look at the spindles on the inside to hold the brood comb. And there's the honey box that sat on top of it to hold the surplus store of honey."

After the attic party was over and photographs had been taken, Colonel John took his pitchfork and went up into the mowing to put in three hours' work turning hay.

### Pioneers of the Old Stock

"Made of ironwood—the colonel," remarked John Garibaldi Sargent. "That's the stock the President comes from. Do you notice that every article we have uncovered here is a tool for work—nothing useless or ornamental? Here are the implements for meeting the needs of a self-respecting family—almost a complete set of them. The forbears of Calvin Coolidge were as near to economic independence as any family could well be.

"They made what they used right from the raw stuff—their clothes, their food, their furniture—everything. Those chairs are Coolidge made. There is the whole cheese-making outfit—the curd tubs, the curd basket for draining off the whey, the cheese press. There is the whole cloth-making outfit and the entire sugar-making equipment. There's the coopered mortar and the pestle with which they ground their spices and compounded their home remedies.

"They were self-reliant, self-sufficient. Did you hear Colonel John tell about the spotted Arabian that Calvin was so fond of? That story reveals the individuality of these people. They developed their own strains of horses, cattle and seeds. Old Captain John brought up from Massachusetts some Arabian stock and it was bred by all his descendants.

"The last colt was foaled when the President's grandfather had been stricken with his final illness. He was very fond of the Arabians and one day when he expressed a wish to see the new colt, Henry Willis, the blacksmith, a very powerful man, gathered the colt up in his arms and brought it to the window of the bedroom so that the old man could inspect it. That colt became Calvin's, and he rode it all over the hills. Colonel John laughed when he added that the colt's name was Rearus. This may have some connection with the fact that this Arabian threw Calvin, up in the limekiln lot, and broke his arm. The Coolidges also kept from the early days a strain of black cattle which they called the Jarvis cattle, and these were carefully bred and developed."

On the way back to the center of the village John Sargent suddenly exclaimed, "Let's drop in here and take a look at Ed Blanchard's attic. Might be something there worthwhile."

And there was! A boy-size sap yoke made by Calvin Coolidge and Thomas Moore, a brother of Mrs. Blanchard, now dead.

"Proves that Calvin lived the life of the hills, and no mistake, doesn't it?" commented Sargent.

The authenticity of the sap yoke was later confirmed by Colonel Coolidge.

As I took a last look at Plymouth Notch and drank in its idyllic beauty and simplicity I felt—as any visiting American must feel—that this village has staged one of the most remarkable dramas of American history—almost unbelievable in its contrasts and in its rugged Americanism.

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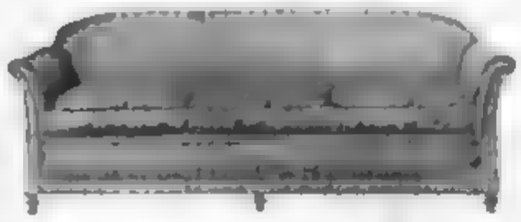

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# THE SECOND EGG

*(Continued from Page 17)*

On what? he wondered, once he'd said it.

"I like a good show," said Miss March.

Why didn't the words he wanted to say come? Why, instead, did he say "Do you? So do I"?

"They say that Polly's Folly is a good show."

"Yes, I guess it is—for that sort of show."

Why did he add "for that sort of show"? He didn't know.

"I hear," remarked Miss March, "that there's a very good vaudeville bill at the Ibsen Theater this week."

He stole a look at her face; she was looking straight ahead, demurely.

"Well," he began, "in that case—I heard so too."

They were at her Subway station now. For ever so short a time she lingered.

"Well, good night, Mr. Penny," said Esther March with a little laugh. "Don't miss your train."

"Well, good night," he said, and then saw her swallowed up by the Subway.

On his way to the train Wilbur Penny stopped twice. If other commuters had not been quite so intent on catching their own trains, they would, doubtless, have been somewhat surprised to see an extremely normal-looking young man stop and deliberately kick his own shins.

On the train he tried to lose himself in an evening paper, but he gleaned scant comfort from reading that Walter (Kid) Swope, the junior light-light-heavyweight champion of Western Ohio, had declared his intention of spreading like so much peanut butter Irish Mickey Levy when next they met in the ring; it did not cheer Wilbur to discover that Assorted Locomotive was bullish, whereas Amalgamated Marmalade was showing distinct bearish tendencies; the intelligence that COPS PROBE ALLEGED LOVE NEST left him apathetic. He crumpled the paper and tossed it aside. Other commuters, wrapped up in the fight news, the market news, the love-nest news, would have thought him a trifle queer had they been watching him just then.

Thumping his forehead, he said half aloud, "A flat tire, that's me. Nothing in my head but noils. Stuck! Caught! No luck! No nerve! Ugh! Can't even eat a second egg if I want to!"

Mrs. Collop had occasion to remark at dinner that night, "And what's troubling you, Mr. Penny? You're not ill, are you?"

"Never felt better in my life," lied Wilbur Penny. He was not one to burden others with his cares. "I'm thinking," he explained, and applied himself to the liver and bacon.

Thinking he was—the old bothering thoughts about how he was caught between the thumb and forefinger of life. Scraps of thoughts revolved in his brain—noils, eggs, the 8:08, for want of a nail the shoe was lost, old A. G., Esther March and back to the egg again.

After dinner he could not face the solitude of his room, there to pursue, as was his nightly custom, some course in self-betterment that the postman brought him. Wilbur had already become a banker in his spare time at home in twenty-five easy lessons, an expert accountant, a traffic engineer and a fairly good performer on the Hawaiian guitar, and was making progress in courses in jiujitsu and salesmanship. But self-improvement did not appeal to him that night. What did it lead to anyhow? A walk, he thought, would snap him out of the mental fog that surrounded him; so he walked, though the night was cold, down along the narrow Oak River, past the lighted mansion of old A. G.

"He's sipping champagne maybe," mused Wilbur, thinking of the pallid tea Mrs. Collop provided. "Well, I guess perhaps he rates it. He certainly knows noils. I wonder, though, if he really knows so much more about 'em than I do."

The daring of this idea made him forget the whipping wind. To him it verged on heresy. And yet —— "Oh, well," he thought, "what good does all my knowledge do me? Old A. G. hardly knows I exist. Well, do I? Is a man who can't eat two eggs when he wants to, alive?" Then—— "Oh, what's the use? I'll never do it."

He passed the noil king's castle. At the bridge that spanned the little river he stopped, for men were there, excited men, with lanterns, rushing about and giving one another orders in high, swearing voices.

"Ice jam?" Wilbur asked one of them.

"Yep. And getting worse every minute. Bridge apt to bust from the weight. Drat these old wooden bridges anyhow! Better keep back, young fellow."

The men were milling about, big black beetles in the moonlight. They seemed to lack direction. The air was full of shouted theories, warnings, advice; but the ice continued to pile up against the fragile bridge.

"Looks bad," a bass voice rumbled near by, and Wilbur became aware that a bulky figure in a fur coat was addressing him. Even in the half light, there was no mistaking that voice and that figure.

"Yes, it does. Good evening, Mr. Millicomb."

"Good evening, Mr. Uh-h-h-h ——" The noil magnate was affable but vague. "Know anything about ice jams?"

"No, sir. Never saw one before."

"Looks as if these fellows never did either," came disdainfully from the collar of the fur coat. "They don't seem to have any idea how to tackle the job." He sniffed. "That's the trouble these days. Few men know their jobs. No technic. No attention to details. For want of a nail, and so forth."

"Yes, sir," said Wilbur Penny, staring hard at the mounting pile of irregular ice cakes that the river was carrying down and piling on the jam. Men with axes were trying to chop some of the cakes away; others with crowbars poked and worried large cakes. Suddenly Wilbur Penny turned to old A. G.

"Let me take your stick, please," he said, excitement getting the better of his diffidence. "Quick!"

Old A. G. handed the stick over. He saw Wilbur Penny, holding to a stout sapling by the bank, swing out above the jammed ice cakes; he saw the young man jab with the cane the smallest of all the blocks of ice, a block no bigger than a shoe box. A few pokes and the little cake was dislodged. A roar followed as the jam was broken and the set-free mass of ice slid on down the river.

"Here's your stick, Mr. Millicomb. Thank you." Wilbur Penny was a little breathless.

"Good headwork, Mr. Uh-h-h ——" came the voice out of the fur coat. "Ounce of brain worth a ton of brawn. Must make a motto of that. Just as I thought. That little bit of ice was the keystone; it blocked all the rest."

The excitement over, diffidence speedily crept upon Wilbur Penny again and he began to move away.

"Just like life," he heard old A. G. remarking sententiously. "I know a lot of men like that—blocked by a little cake of ice."

As he crunched homeward through the snow, Wilbur muttered, "It's all very well for him to talk. Blocked by a little cake of ice!" Then he stopped and put his gloved hand to his brow.

Next morning was very much like all next mornings at Mrs. Collop's. Sam opened the door on the dot of 7:30 and the boarders filed in and took their places. Wilbur Penny came in last; he was wearing a new suit for the first time on a week day. Outwardly he was calm; but as he put sugar in his coffee his hand trembled. His regular egg was borne in by Sam, and Wilbur salted it and ate it and seemed unperturbed by the fact that the other boarders were four and a half bites ahead of him. Then they heard Wilbur's voice—quiet, clear, resolute:

"Sam, I think I'll have a second egg, please. Three minutes."

Sam's eyes showed their whites; he nearly lost his grip on his tray.

"Whut say, Mistuh Penny?"

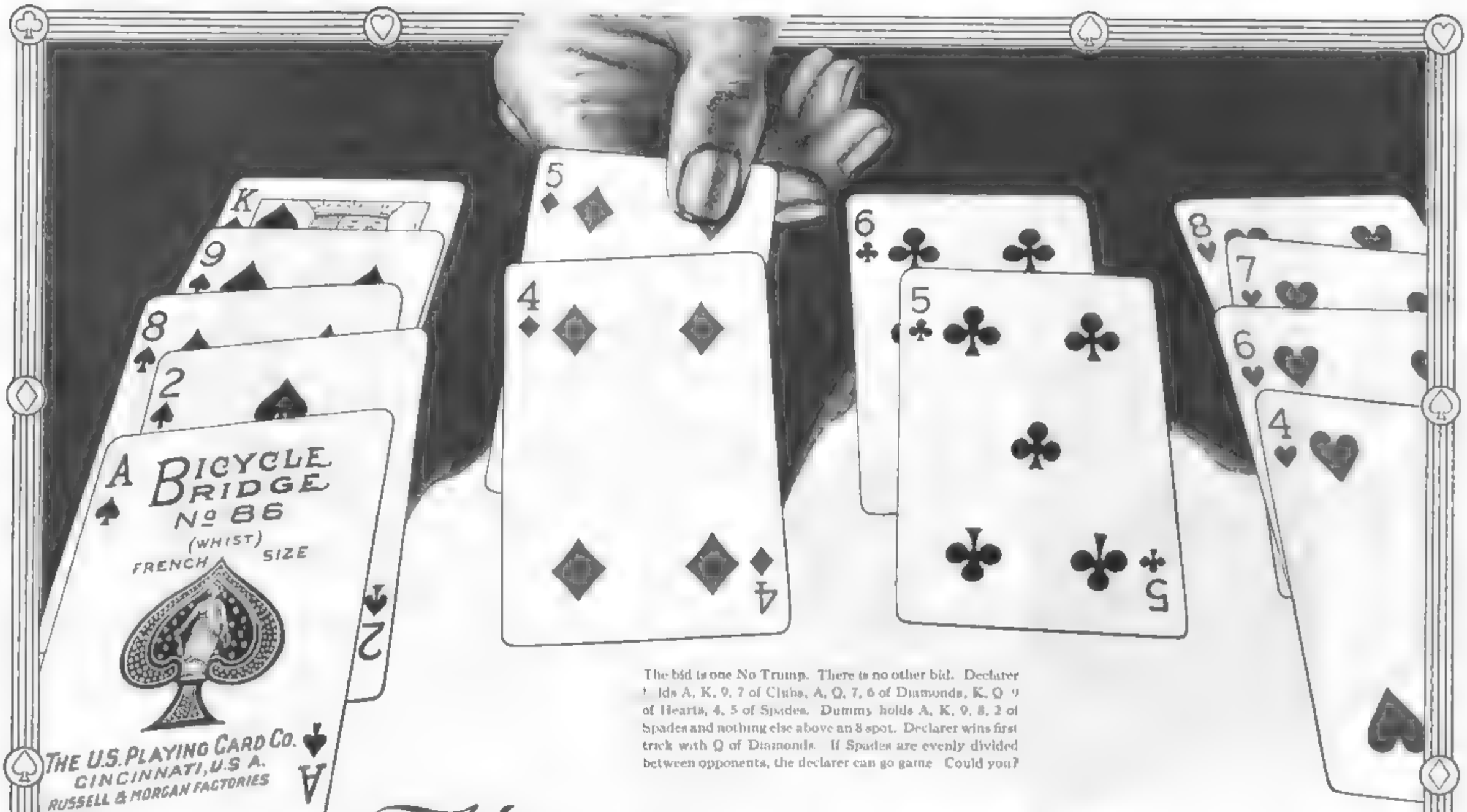
Firmly Wilbur repeated those amazing words—"I think I'll have a second egg, please. Three minutes."

The others gaped; they would have stopped to see if he exhibited any further signs of sudden madness; but they had the 8:08 to catch, so they flocked out, exchanging puzzled whispers. What had come over Mr. Penny?

He, magnificently, ate his second egg. He did not hurry. He took small spoonfuls of it, tasting each with the air of a connoisseur. Mrs. Collop, collecting herself, came to him.

"I hope," she said, "you haven't—resigned your position, Mr. Penny."

*(Continued on Page 173)*

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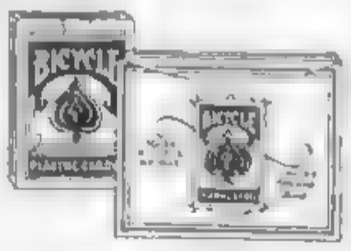


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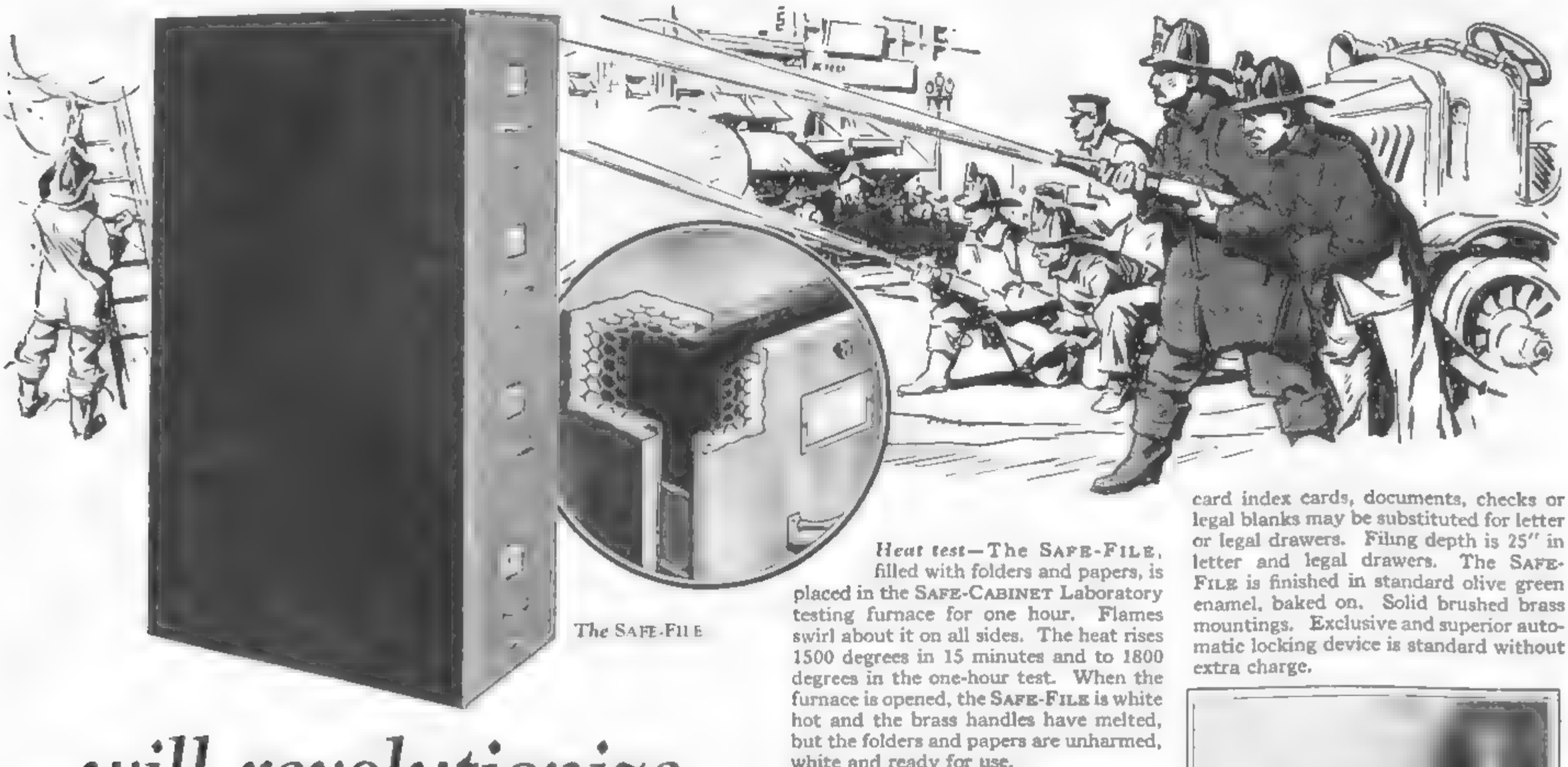
# The SAFE-FILE A NEW triumph in record protection



The SAFE-FILE

## —will revolutionize office filing

THE SAFE-FILE will radically change all office filing. There has been a constant and growing need for 20 years for not only a convenient, but a *safe* filing cabinet. The business man, with valuable letters and data to protect from fire, has been forced to choose between the office safe and a steel file. Fire history and experience have proved ordinary steel files inadequate for complete protection of records, though at first they were thought "fireproof" because built of steel.

*The* SAFE-FILE *is an* ENTIRELY NEW *product*—The SAFE-FILE is a radical change in filing equipment. It is more handsome in appearance and practically no bulkier than the ordinary steel file. It gives more net filing room than many of them. But it is built as no other file has ever been built. It is SAFE-CABINET insulated throughout with the same monolithic insulation that has made the SAFE-CABINET famous and lifted it to a leading position in the safe-making industry.

Super-strength is gained by horizontal bulkheads cast as part of the insulation between each drawer, and wire mesh reinforcement, as in modern buildings, throughout the monolith.

Drawer fronts are insulated, tongued, grooved and carefully gasketed to resist heat, flame, smoke, water and dust. Each drawer has easy running roller suspension. The insulated sound-proofed walls, smooth bearings and air compressing action of the drawer head make these drawers practically and singularly noiseless.

*Practical value of the* SAFE-FILE—Any letter worth filing is worth SAFE-FILING. You can never tell when one business letter may prove to be worth more to you than all the letter files you buy in a lifetime. Think of all the business disputes in which you referred to "the files."

A Mid-West firm lost the contents of their steel files in 1915 by fire. Nine years later a judgment was rendered against them for $384,000 because they could not produce the correspondence to prove their point. Records worth millions of dollars filed in ordinary steel files, were destroyed in the Burlington Building fire in Chicago. In a recent "fireproof" building fire in Stockton, Calif., not one file saved its contents. One collection attorney alone lost records worth $45,000.

The ordinary steel file resists flame, but it readily transmits destructive heat. The SAFE-FILE not only resists flame but due to its use of proven principles of SAFE-CABINET construction, it also resists heat, and the attending damaging smoke and water.

*The proof*—SAFE-FILE protection is certified upon the same high standards that are employed in testing the SAFE-CABINET.

*Permanency of protection test*—The insulation is tested with precision apparatus to prove that its protective qualities *will not deteriorate with age.*

*Heat test*—The SAFE-FILE, filled with folders and papers, is placed in the SAFE-CABINET Laboratory testing furnace for one hour. Flames swirl about it on all sides. The heat rises 1500 degrees in 15 minutes and to 1800 degrees in the one-hour test. When the furnace is opened, the SAFE-FILE is white hot and the brass handles have melted, but the folders and papers are unharmed, white and ready for use.

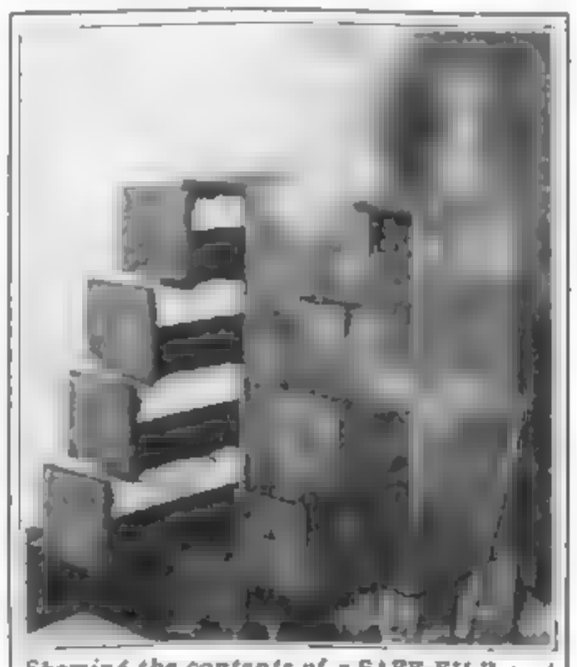
*Impact test*—Another SAFE-FILE is put into the furnace at standard heat for 30 minutes. It is then removed and immediately dropped 10 feet to a solid concrete base. It is put back into the furnace for another 30 minutes. When opened, its contents are intact.

*Other tests*—A high-pressure stream from a fire hose; a smoke and dust filled room; three men standing at once on an extended drawer; a motor operating a heavily loaded drawer thousands of times; drawers opening or closing at the touch of

*Just as the furnace was opened after dual test of the* SAFE FILE *and an ordinary steel file, both filled identically with papers, and cards. Papers in the ordinary steel file were burning freely*

a filing clerk's little finger;—all these and other tests show the *superlative* qualities of the SAFE-FILE

*Sizes and terms*—The SAFE-FILE is made in 4, 3 and 2 drawer units, in both letter and legal size drawers. Inserts for card index cards, documents, checks or legal blanks may be substituted for letter or legal drawers. Filing depth is 25" in letter and legal drawers. The SAFE-FILE is finished in standard olive green enamel, baked on. Solid brushed brass mountings. Exclusive and superior automatic locking device is standard without extra charge.



*Showing the contents of a* SAFE-FILE *and of the ordinary steel file after the* SAFE-FILE *test period of one hour in the furnace. The records in the* SAFE-FILE *are white and entirely unharmed, ready for use. The records in the ordinary steel file are but a charred mass of ashes, entirely worthless and hopeless.*

Sold f.o.b. your town on terms to suit every business. The price is surprisingly low, very little more than you are paying now for ordinary files. Sold for cash or $10 down and $10 per month for 8 to 10 months, according to section of country.

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City and State

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THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 170)

Wilbur Penny drew in his breath.

"Not yet," he said.

He rose and strolled to the door, the second, the perfect egg finished, consumed utterly. He had made up his mind to walk without haste to the station. But Mrs. Collop's words started a panic in him. He walked slowly a few steps, then began to dog trot, then to gallop. Perhaps he could catch the 8:08 after all. He panted up to the station and his heart grew as chill as the morning; the station platform was deserted. Far down the track he heard a dim clanking; it was the 8:08, his train, disappearing from view around the curve.

There was nothing to do now but take the 8:40 and be half an hour late for work. All jauntiness had deserted Wilbur Penny. He had enjoyed his triumph and now he was preparing to pay for it. In his despair a thought came to comfort him—perhaps he wouldn't be missed. Perhaps, he thought, as the 8:40 bore him cityward, his absence might escape notice. That comforting hope slipped away as he reflected that there were a hundred—at least things he had promised to do first thing in the morning.

Would Harrington have the sense to start on those Western orders? Would McCoy go ahead without those data? Would Ross know enough to get that shipment on the ten o'clock to Chicago? Could Hayes and Curtin begin their day's work without him? Would Miss Ball phone Perlman about those important bills of lading?

Wilbur Penny began to shiver on the 8:40, and he was still shivering as he flew into the Noil Building. Anyhow, he'd escaped the eyes of old A. G., who rode in on the 8:40. Wilbur stood in a corner of the car; he pulled his felt hat down over his eyes and felt rather like the men on the posters in post offices and police stations: WANTED—$500 REWARD.

"Eighteen," he got out to the elevator chauffeur.

Why didn't the fellow start the car?

"Eighteen," repeated Wilbur urgently.

The man gave him a shriveling look.

"Can't yuh see I'm holding the car for the boss?" said the man.

Then Wilbur knew the worst. Old A. G. and his fur coat entered, vigorously, the elevator. A desperate inspiration came to Wilbur Penny. Perhaps old A. G. would not recognize the features of Wilbur Penny if Wilbur twisted them out of shape. So he contorted his face, producing a fearsome goggle-eyed leer. To his dismayed ears came the bass rumble of the noil king: "Ah, Mr. Penny, are you practicing for a Punch and Judy show?"

"Yes—no," gulped Wilbur. "Exercising my face muscles. Do it every morning. Keeps me fit."

"Ah," said old A. G. "Indeed?"

He was surveying Wilbur closely, reminiscently. Wilbur had all the sensations of a man who knows he is shortly to be struck by lightning. But before the bolt could fall they had reached the eighteenth floor. They stepped out together. Then Mr. Millicomb stopped and perplexity showed on his pink-granite face.

"Odd," he observed. "In fact most peculiar. What's wrong? Strike or something?"

The spacious office floor was strangely quiet. Usually at this time, half past nine, it was a-hum and a-buzz and the air was full of the ticking of typewriters, voices raised in dictation and the footsteps of quick-moving noil people. Now the staff seemed to have turned to waxworks. They sat at their desks, motionless but ready, like sprinters awaiting the starter's gun. Old A. G. surveyed the unanimated scene with wide and wondering eyes.

"Now what the devil?" he exclaimed.

The office of a sudden began to stir. Men left their desks and hurried up to the noil king and Wilbur. They did not address themselves to the astonished A. G. It was to Wilbur they spoke.

"Shall I start on those Western orders, Mr. Penny?"

"Give me that data, will you, Penny? I can't do a thing without it."

"Did you want that shipment to go on the ten-o'clock express to Chicago?"

"Got those figures for me, Penny?"

"Is that Utica contract O. K.?"

"Can I see you at eleven about those South American orders, Penny?"

"Perlman on the wire. What shall I tell him about those bills of lading?"

Strong habit made it possible for Wilbur Penny to turn from a nervous, scared young man into his regular workaday self. He forgot temporarily that he was in the presence of old A. G. Briefly, expertly he answered the questions showered on him; concisely he gave orders. When he paused for breath twenty minutes later, the office was humming with industry and old A. G. had disappeared. Wilbur worked feverishly for an hour, catching up.

"Mr. Penny."

He looked up. There stood Esther March; compassion was in her eyes.

"Mr. Millicomb wants to see you in his office at once," she said.

Wilbur stood up shakily. He knew what that meant. They walked down the corridor together.

"I'm sorry," he heard Esther March say; "but the rest of the message was, 'Tell Penny that what I have to say to him won't take long.'"

The oil paintings on the walls of the presidential office looked blurred to Wilbur's eyes. At old A. G. he did not venture to look.

"Penny."

"Yes, sir."

"You were late this morning."

"Yes, sir."

"It was a shock to me, Penny."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Millicomb."

"A shock," repeated old A. G. "I had a notion that I was the mainspring around here. I thought I was the keystone. It seems I was flattering myself. Now, Penny, let me ask you something."

"Yes, sir," faltered Wilbur.

"Suppose," went on old A. G., "you were in my shoes. Suppose you woke up one day to find that some young fellow in a minor position in your organization could hold up the whole business by being half an hour late. What would you do?"

"I guess," said Penny, "I'd fire him."

"Yes," agreed the noil magnate, "that's a solution."

Wilbur turned to go. The voice of old A. G. checked him.

"Yes," said old A. G., in the thoughtful manner of one talking to himself, "it certainly will not do to have an assistant to the manager in a position to tie up everything. I see only two ways out, Penny."

"Yes, sir?"

"One way is to fire you," stated old A. G. "The other is to make you manager."

Wilbur looked up then and saw that the pink-granite visage of the noil king was actually thawing into a smile.

"I'm sore at you, though, Penny, for being late this morning and putting this idea into my head."

"I'm really sorry, sir," said Wilbur.

"Yes," said old A. G. "You shouldn't have been late this morning. You should have been late about three years ago."

The smile was deeply engraved in the pink granite.

"It was the egg, Mr. Millicomb," Wilbur found himself saying.

"Egg? What egg?"

Then Wilbur told him about the second egg, and how he had wanted it and hadn't dared eat it.

"And this morning I did it," finished Wilbur. "It just came over me. I don't really know why."

"Perhaps," said old A. G., "a little cake of ice had something to do with it."

Wilbur Penny walked toward the Subway with Miss Esther March after work that evening.

"Crisp weather, Miss March."

"Yes, it's crisp; but I like it."

"I like it too. There's nothing like winter."

"No; but the late fall is nice."

"Yes. And spring is pleasant too."

"Yes, I adore spring, with the flowers coming out."

Wilbur cleared his throat.

"Winter certainly does give a person an appetite," he declared.

"Yes, doesn't it?"

"Are you—are you, perhaps, eating tonight?"

"Why, yes, I hope so."

"Well, then, I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me."

"That would be very nice, Mr. Penny."

"You mean you will?"

"Why, of course."

"And go to a show afterward?"

"That would be lovely."

"Say, I'm sorry I asked you—today."

"Why, Mr. Penny!"

"I mean I'm glad I asked you today, but I wish I'd asked you months ago."

"I wish you had."

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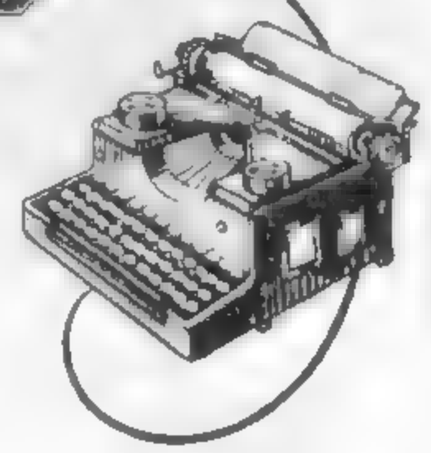

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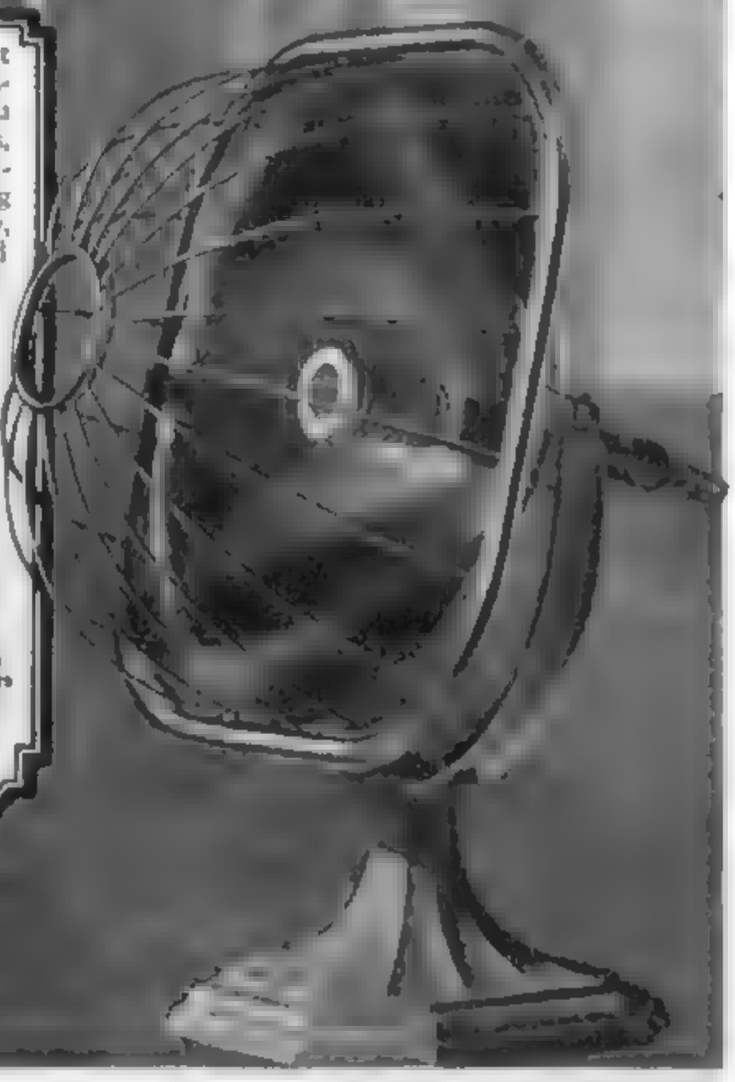

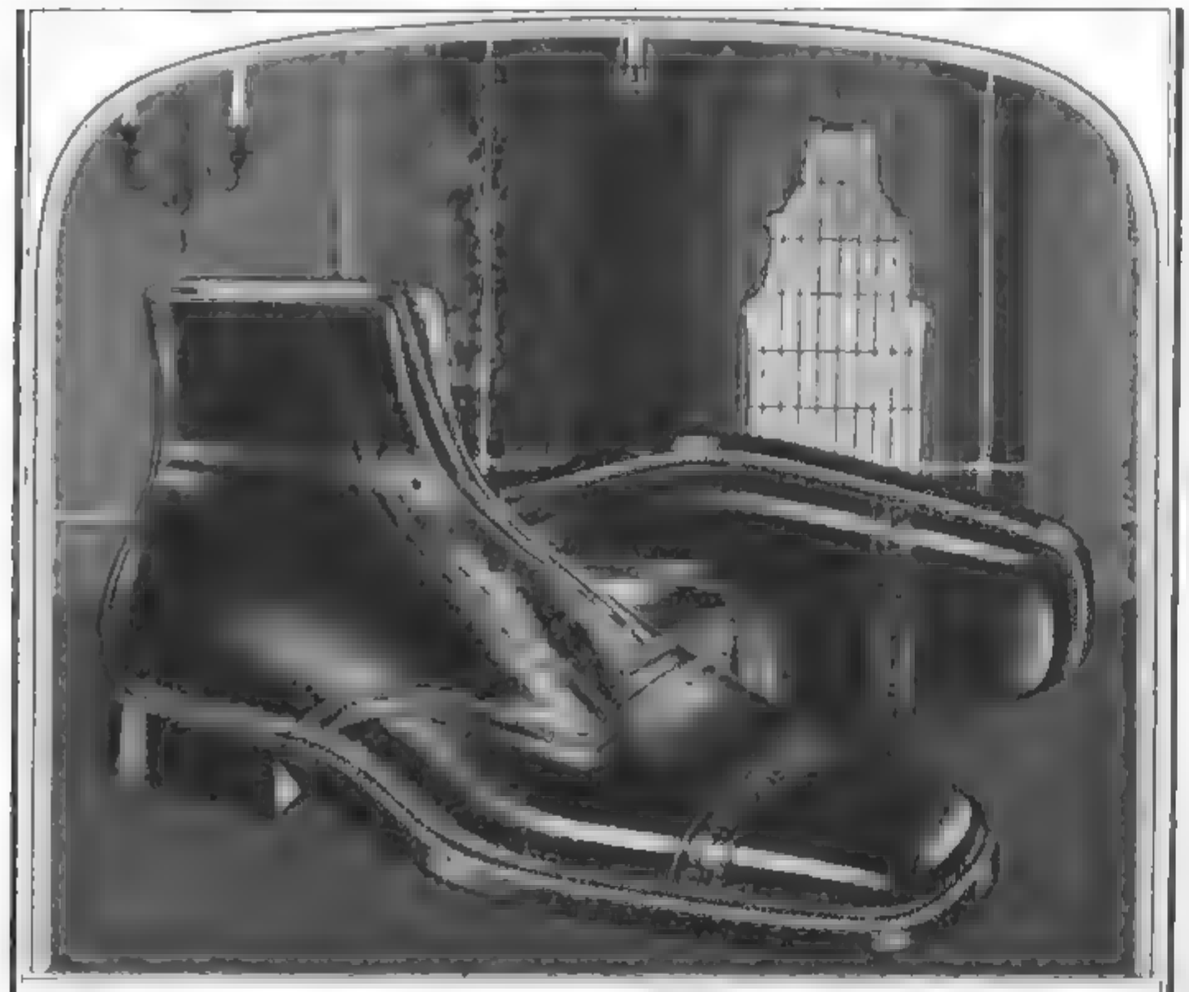

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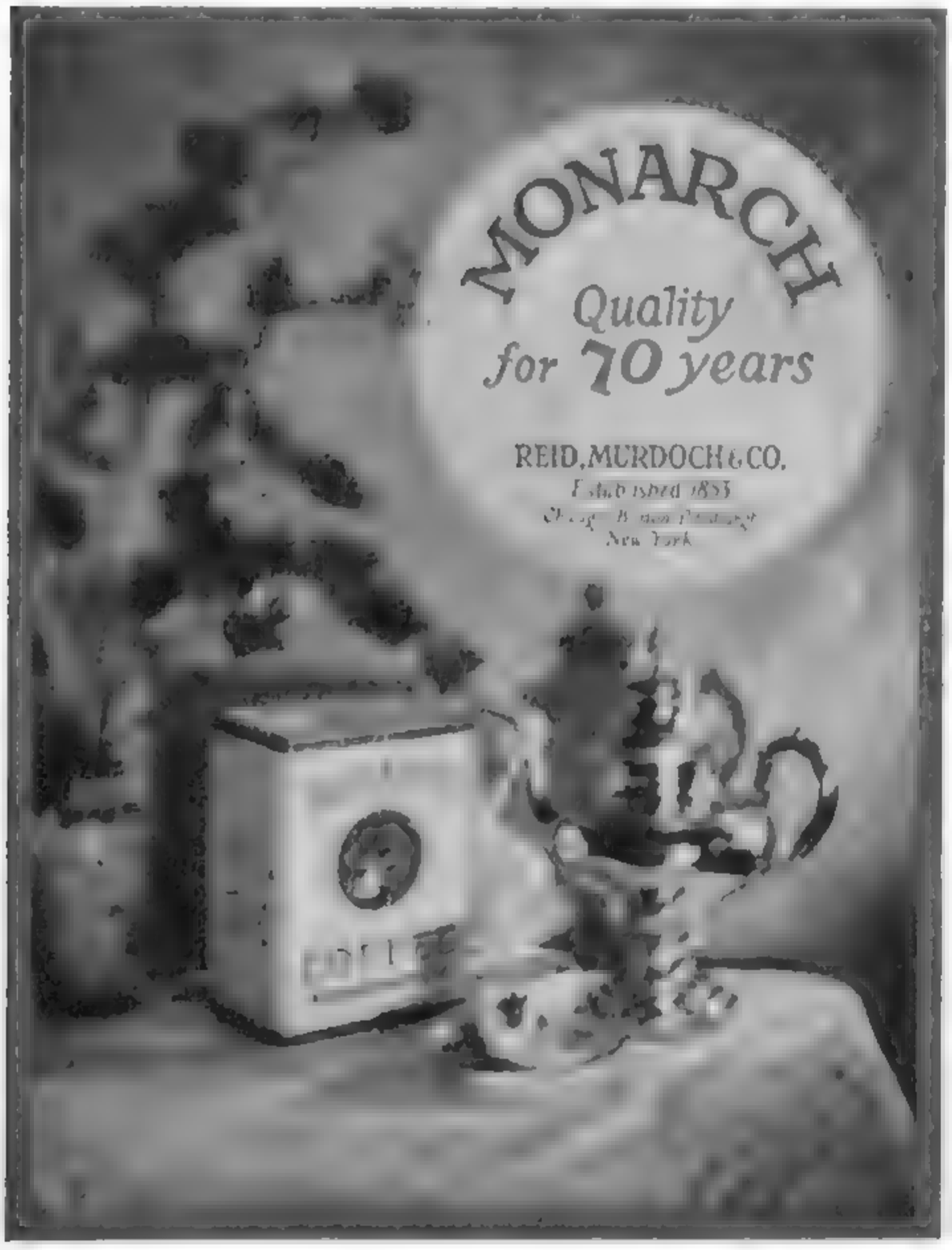


# ROOM AND BATH ON A TRAWL

## FISHERMAN

(Continued from Page 19)

also known as the wolf fish—is a veritable bulldog of the sea, snapping ferociously in its rage, and woe to the hand or toe, leg or arm that happens to be in reach. It has not simply bulldog teeth that bite and hold fast, but a rock-crushing mouth.

"And one of the cleanest fish in the ocean," remarks the skipper, "because it eats nothing but shellfish, grinding them up, shells and all. Good white meat, and a good market price, though not what it used to bring when they smoked it for the free lunch counter in barrooms"

Do you know the thrill of hauling in your line when you get a bite, and wondering what kind of fish you've hooked and how big it will be?

Well, multiply that by several tons, and you get approximately the thrill of otter trawling. But before we examine the catch the trawl must be got overside again as quickly as possible. With luck and no holes in the net, or merely a few small ones that can be quickly sewed up with the netting needles, we may be towing again in thirty or forty minutes. But there are times when tide, bottom and mishaps put both trawls out of action five or six hours at a stretch, and all hands are kept busy repairing

Mending the Nets is a grand old subject for the artist, who usually shows an aged fisherman placidly working on gear strung along the beach at ebb tide.

### Found on the Ocean Floor

Only the shimmering art of the moving picture could depict the work of mending the nets aboard a trawler. They are wet, foul, slimy, and strung along a narrow rolling deck in what appears to the novice a headless, tail-less tangle. The material is tarred hemp twine about the diameter of a lead pencil, with which new meshes are quickly knotted to close holes. It happens to be a season of the year when the fish are on the hard bottom, destructive to gear, and during the trip both trawls are mended so often that it seems as though none of the original material is left at all. In the eighteen hours of steaming from Boston to the Banks one or the other of the watches worked continuously mending net and splicing wire cable, and when we began fishing, there were times when both trawls were out of commission. Once Jimmy Doyle lost the whole bag, cut off clean by some obstruction on the bottom. Again, toward the end of a watch, he brought up a three-foot steel trawling anchor wrapped round and round in the meshes so that it had to be cut out. And then the skipper brought up, in the next haul, a four-hundred-pound anchor with a wormholed wooden stock that looked as though it might have been submerged forty or fifty years.

When the trawl is over again the watch turns its attention to the fish. Before the next haul they must be sorted, cleaned, washed and stowed away in ice. Seldom more than an hour passes before the marketable varieties are under the hatch.

"We give him each a state room!" says the old hand intrusted with this work, pointing to the different varieties in his cool workroom below, where a ton of crushed ice is used to two tons of fish.

"Of all the different vessels I've been on," says the wireless operator as we steam along, towing, "people are more interested in hearing about these fishing boats than any other experience. This service is part of our training, one of the steps toward a berth on a passenger liner or with a world-cruising party. Last week I applied for a better job in Boston, and when they asked what I'd done I told them about trawling. 'Go down to New York the next time you have a chance,' the manager said, 'and tell them that story just as you told it to me, and you'll get a berth, all right!'"

"What seems to interest folks most?"

"Well, I guess it's the idea of dragging the floor of the ocean and bringing up the unexpected. Besides every kind of common fish on the bottom, we may bring up strange ones, and things besides fish. One trawler hauled up a dead elephant not long ago, probably thrown overboard from a freighter carrying a cargo of live animals for the zoological gardens. Captain Briand here brought up a child's express wagon in such good condition that he had it repaired for his own children. Rolled off the deck of a liner, I suppose. I hope the kid didn't go with it! We haul up anchors—they're quite common—and pieces of wrecked ships lying on the bottom.

"One of the strangest hauls I've heard of was also made by our captain. The trawl brought up a steel drum, and when they set it against the foc'sle to be out of the way, some kind of liquid oozed out and froze, though the weather was not cold enough to freeze water. Thinking that it might be some sort of war stuff that had been washed off the deck of a vessel bound for France, they notified the navy-yard people in Charlestown. An expert came aboard, chipped off a small piece of the stuff that had oozed out, took it to a safe distance and lit it with a match. It flashed like powder—a drum of explosive or poison gas, enough to blow the trawler to pieces! You bet they lost no time in following his instructions, and lowered it gently overboard to be towed away by the Navy.

"Anchors are common, and come up in all sizes—you will find a representative collection stowed away aft, and several tons of them on the company's dock in East Boston. Sometimes they are sold for use again. One of this company's trawlers brought up, a few months ago, a special anchor made for a five-masted sailing ship; it weighed nearly three tons and had thirty fathoms of iron chain besides, and was so badly tangled that it took fifteen hours to get it aboard and out of the way of the trawl. Sometimes a trawl strikes something too big to be moved; I read the other day about an English trawler fouling a wreck that tore out her forward gallows and hurt two men badly, one being thrown overboard."

Haddock are the most important variety in the otter trawler's catch.

Next in importance come cod. If the market happens to be a little off, as may be the case in summer, small cod are sold for salt fish.

### The Toothsome Lemon Sole

Next is the dainty lemon sole, a flat fish distinguished from the coarser flounder caught near shore by its light golden hue, and for which a quality comparable with white English sole is claimed—and disputed. This fish must be carefully packed to avoid bruising by its own weight, and turns out better when the dressing is done after landing.

Generally there are a few halibut in the catch, ranging from ten to fifty pounds each, aristocrats, to be cleaned and put down in ice immediately, because in constant demand at good prices. Halibut illustrates what may be done with a specific fish if people take the trouble to give it a good name. Years ago Boston fish dealers introduced halibut by including free samples with shipments of other fish, and it has become as much a fixture on the hotel or restaurant bill of fare as roast beef, though other sea fish of just as good eating quality have reputations still to make. The main catch of halibut is made in other waters by men fishing with hook and line from dories, and the fish is such a fighter that under those circumstances it is often necessary to cut him loose to prevent disaster. But halibut aboard the trawler give no such trouble.

The wolf fish or cat often weighs upward of fifty pounds, a slaty gray fighting devil, writhing and snapping in his anger as though he could actually see his enemies, and often taking hold of a stick so firmly that he can be lifted by the grip of his terrible teeth. He is good meat, too, and goes into his icy stateroom after being gutted.

These are all ground fish, for which Boston is the great market, living on the bottom, in contrast to the mackerel, bluefish, weakfish and other faster-swimming varieties generally caught in offshore traps. Among them are found a few pollock, cusk, hake and similar varieties, after which there are various odds and ends, together with the waste fish, or scrap, in fishing parlance, decidedly an interesting part of the haul.

(Continued on Page 177)

# The FADA Neutrola Grand

## ~ new beauty, new perfection in Radio

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The de luxe five-tube FADA Neutrodyne, with self-contained loud speaker. Receiver and cabinet in genuine mahogany, artistically decorated with wooden inlay. Ample space for all batteries and charger. Drop desk lid that hides receiver when not in use Price, exclusive of tubes and batteries, $295

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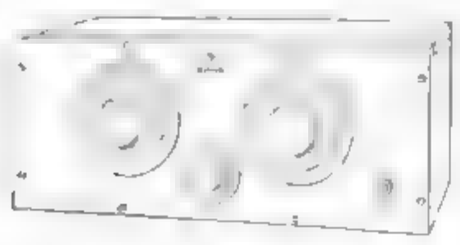

FADA Neutro Junior No. 195
Three-tube Neutrodyne. A wonderful performer. Price (less tubes, batteries, etc.) $75

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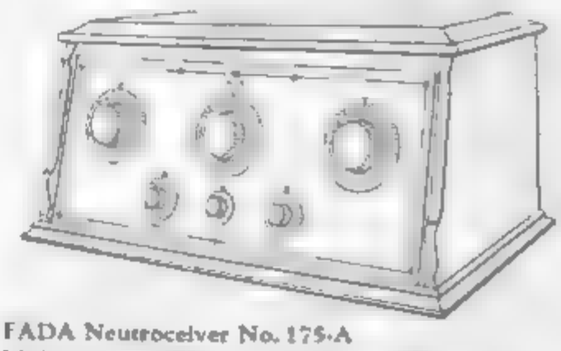

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# St. Petersburg

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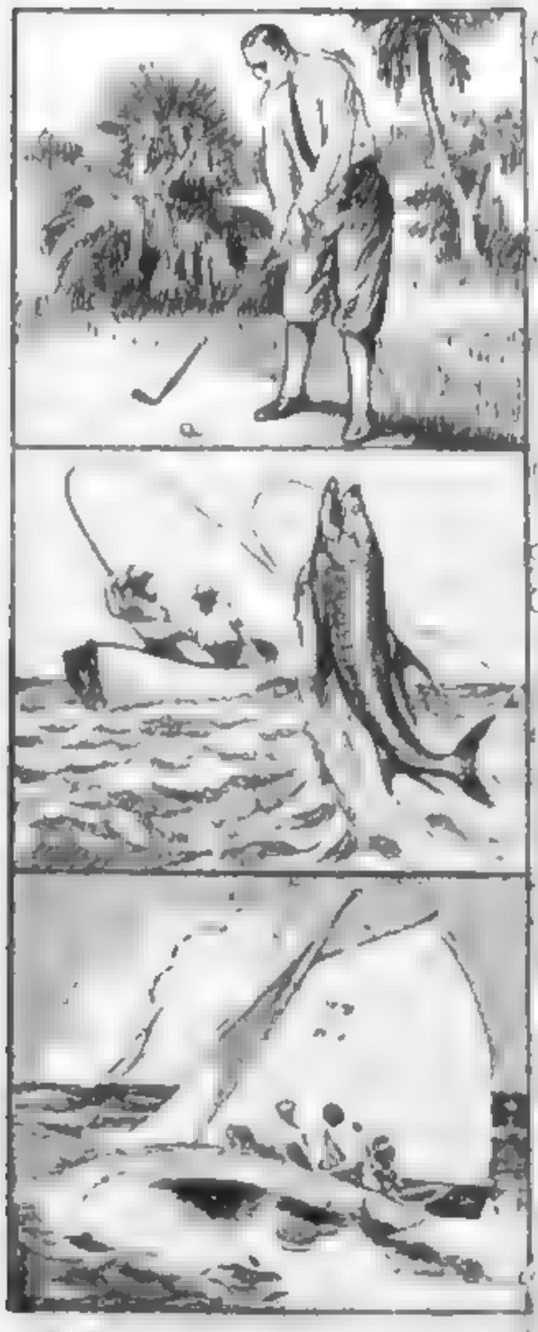

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It's like a thumb sticking out from Florida's West Coast—so the Gulf wraps it around with the genial warmth that flows steadily from the southern seas. Sunny!—a daily paper, keeping its famous bargain, has had to give away its "edition FREE on any sunless day" only 75 times in 14 years.

Here is life! Eager growing greenery of the semi-tropics, flourishing palms and radiant flowers. Bay and coastline wander alluringly for explorations by boat. No waters equal these for gamey tarpon and abundant kingfish. Gliding motor roads wind through scenes like pictures.

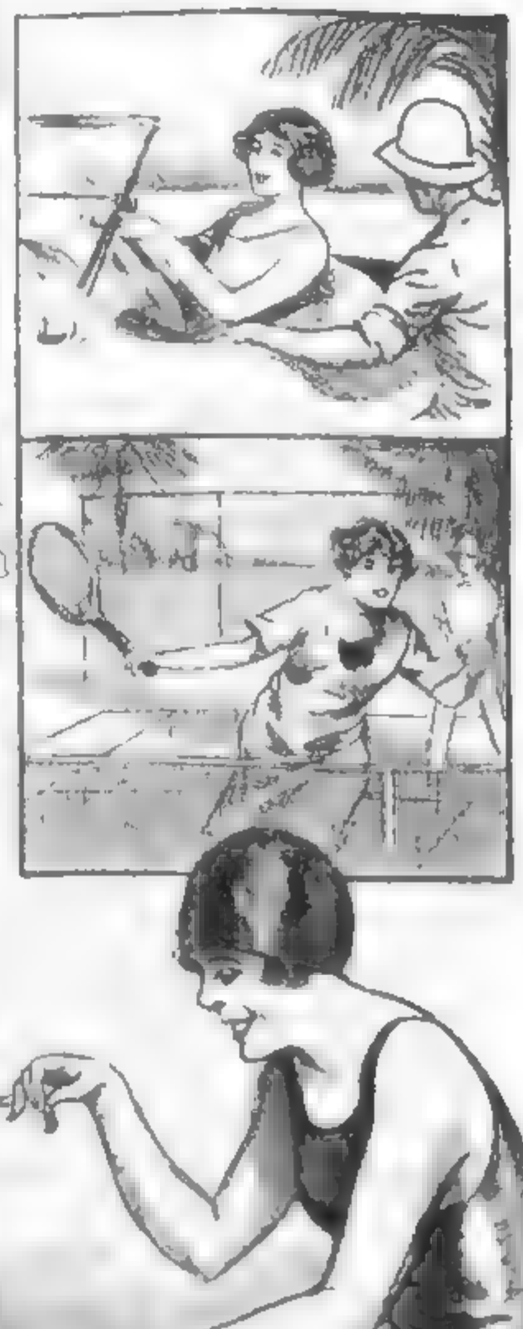
Here are spicy recreations or quiet rest, for every mood and taste. Golf, tennis, roque, bowling on the green, checker and chess tournaments. Daily band concerts in beautiful Williams Park. In the early spring the New York Yankees, with Babe Ruth, and the Boston Braves train here and provide an added entertainment, playing frequent games with the many other major league teams training in Florida.

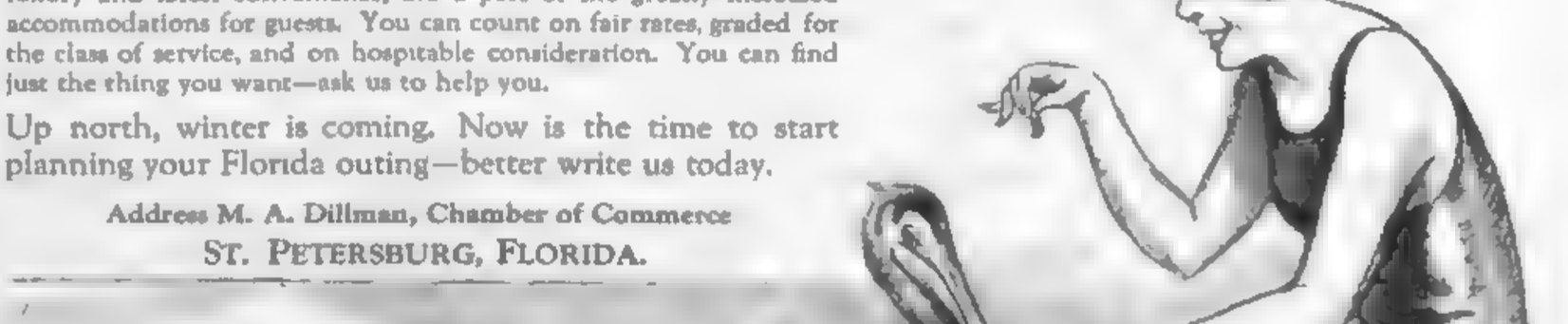
**Festival of the States**—a famous, colorful carnival week crammed with thrilling pageantry and entertainment, during which associations of comradely people from all sections of the Union vie with each other in making each year's celebration bigger and more picturesque than the last.

**Now many fine hotels.** Sumptuous new hostelries with every luxury and latest convenience, are a part of the greatly increased accommodations for guests. You can count on fair rates, graded for the class of service, and on hospitable consideration. You can find just the thing you want—ask us to help you.

Up north, winter is coming. Now is the time to start planning your Florida outing—better write us today.

Address M. A. Dillman, Chamber of Commerce
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA.





*Coupon*

M. A. Dillman,
Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Florida.

I am planning to spend a part of this winter in Florida. Without obligating me, please send me St. Petersburg booklet illustrated in full colors.

Name

Address

I would also like information regarding

(Continued from Page 174)

According to the bottom, for instance, there may be several live lobsters in the checkers when the fish have been stowed away. No epicure ashore ever had a finer, fresher morsel than lobster broiled on a fire shovel under the boiler, and eaten from the fingers without seasoning of any kind. If the epicure wants that he must go afloat and make friends with Tony, the fireman on watch.

Fine fresh scallops also come up in the net from the right bottom; not many of them as a rule, perhaps not more than three or four to a haul, but absorbingly interesting to a small boy, if there is one aboard, because the fishermen sort them out, and he extracts the meats to make a little pocket money, selling them by the gallon when he gets back to Boston.

Then there may be a half dozen or more squid in the catch, after a couple of days' fishing during which not a single specimen appears. The squid is a small octopus, about six inches long in these waters, once used for bait if it was saved at all, but now bringing good prices among the Greeks and Italians in our foreign quarters. There are two ways of cooking it. For American taste it is best to split down the gelatinous body and fry alone or in flour or butter, but the Greek firemen aboard fry it whole, ink and all, and insist that the head and tentacles are the most savory morsel. The ink used by this creature to camouflage its movements is sepia, a basis of India ink, and it is put up with canned squid for Mediterranean folks, who have eaten it many centuries.

This leaves the scrap, which is the squeal of the fish business. Otter trawling has been opposed and condemned on the ground that it destroys fish that are not used. The truth of the situation seems to be that every method of fishing has its waste, and that in most cases the waste is only apparent, not real.

### The Succulent Scrod

"My! Think of the poor families in any city that would be glad to get those fish!" says the novice as he sees the watch cleaning out the checkers after the marketable fish have been stowed below. According to the catch, there may be several hundred pounds of what looks to him like good fish.

"If we took them in," answers the skipper, "they wouldn't bring seventy-five a hundred pounds, and your poor families wouldn't buy them at any price. They're thin fish. They may look all right to you, but just pick one up and feel its ribs. Fishermen sell thin fish just as you'd sell thin people. Those that aren't thin have been thrown out because they're too soft."

Some of the squeal in the fishing industry can be saved by solving certain market problems, with a little teamwork by folks ashore.

On this cruise we caught a good many small haddocks—more than usual, the skipper said. This fish, in weights from four pounds upward, is used for its fillets. Haddock between two and a half and three and a half pounds are too small for that purpose, but excellent for the Boston local delicacy known as scrod. As people who know good things to eat locally will order pompano in Florida and Columbia River salmon in Oregon, so they order scrod in Boston, its native home, where it is good. Real Boston scrod is a baby haddock or cod, split, boned, and cooked by an expert. The dish is often listed on restaurant menus in other cities, but is apt to be the tail of a large cod, flavorless and coarse grained, a disappointment to anyone who knows the dish in Boston.

The Hub's requirements are limited, however, and will always be as long as other sections of the country let the Bostonians have scrod to themselves. On that account a trawler may be ordered to bring in only a certain weight of small haddock, and the rest are rejected because the price of less than one cent a pound would not pay for icing and transporting, and they would take up space and ice needed for fish worth five to twenty-five cents a pound.

The Boston fish dealers are now beginning to introduce this fish to their customers, following the fisherman's time-honored method of including free samples in shipments of other fish. When the rest of the country discovers Boston scrod and the fisherman has his market, there will be no waste. Not so many years ago lemon sole were practically unknown inland, and, indeed, I have heard of fishing communities along the Atlantic Coast that will not eat any kind of flat fish. The Boston dealers began putting sample fillets of sole in their shipments, and today there is an eager market for this fish wherever sea food is distributed. Swordfish was likewise popularized by free samples, and today brings the fisherman from twenty-five to fifty cents a pound, one of his most profitable products if he succeeds in getting the fish, for sword fishing is the greatest gamble of the industry.

### Skates and Monks

Another variety with little market standing in Boston is the skate, or ray, bony as to its grotesque body, but with wings that make as fine a morsel as ever went into frying pan, and thoroughly appreciated by the foreign-born connoisseur on the East Side of New York.

Another creature appreciated in New York but hardly at all in Boston, is the angler, or monkfish, one of Father Neptune's living jokes.

Several men fishing for sport from a small boat off the New Jersey coast were having good luck, except a silent chap who patiently baited and threw his hook in again and again, with never a nibble.

"Mister, you ain't catchin' a single thing!" remarked the sympathetic boatman.

"No, and I don't expect to," said the patient man. "I just like to come fishing, but I never do catch anything."

The words were hardly spoken when there came a tremendous tug on his line. Everybody got excited and the boatman stood ready with a gaff to haul in a shark, at least. After much careful playing and shrewd counsel the patient man hauled in a monk.

Imagine a lady's hand bag of about one-half-bushel capacity, and on the end of it a body so small in proportion that it is little more than a wriggle. Imagine this creature lying on the bottom of the ocean with a couple of filaments attached to its head to serve as lures for other fish. When hooked he opens that capacious mouth, so his captor hauls in something that resists like an open umbrella. When he comes up in the trawl, after engulfing a half bushel of the fish that are handiest, the angler usually lies on his back grinning, with two ridiculous small fins that look like hands trying to clasp his great monkish paunch.

And there you have the monk! Boston tosses him overboard, but New York knows his skinned body as lamb's leg, sometimes also dubbed Hebrew halibut because it is esteemed by Jewish people. Many of the Banks fishermen like it, too, and will put down a few monks' tails lightly corned to take home.

There is the sculpin, with its repulsive skin, fins and tentacles, considered good food by the Indians, but thrown overboard by the fisherman. And there is the comical kaiser, or gurnard, that puffs up enormously when thrown back into the water; probably good food, too, but thus far rejected on appearance. There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but handicapped by their names. The fisherman knows that the wings of the skate are fine eating. But try to persuade the wiseacre ashore to eat fish whose popular name probably gave rise to the expression "cheap skate," or anything with the angler's vast substantial smile and a name suggestive of monkey. They must be marketed under some other name if they are to taste as sweet.

"Paul, put that big monk in the ice for me, will you?" I chaff the genial French-Canadian who has the icing job in the morning watch. "I'd like to take him home for a pet!"

Paul's eyebrows lift slightly, and his mouth tightens in dry French-Canadian appreciation of the joke.

"Yeh, I put him in! But I don't think him leeve—he's too lazy!"

According to variety, from 30 to 70 per cent of ocean fish are wasted in cleaning, but apart from the scrap very little of our catch went overboard; chiefly the watery offal. The heads, tails, fins and trimmings go ashore to be made into fish meal, some of which is now used as poultry and cattle feed; so it is really human food in secondary form.

And whatever did go overboard is food for food fishes, later to be caught for human consumption. On the whole, the day's scrap of a trawler is insignificant compared to the destruction of fish by the fish themselves.

Fishing the comparatively limited area of the Doggerbank, about eleven thousand

ROB ROY—The new storm welt keeps feet dry; rich calf *inside* and out; soft toe and blucher cut for greater comfort; a foot-friendly shoe.

STYLE *that* STAYS

ONLY comfortable style stays in any shoe. ROB ROY is built with the *inside* of the shoe like the *outside* of your foot.

More than a million men know the good looks and daily comfort of BOSTONIANS.

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$7 to $10

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY · BOSTON AND WHITMAN · MASS.

Drive Warm and Snug

ARVIN puts heat in Your Car

FORD (Regular) — $1.75
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*At all dealers. Quickly and easily installed.*

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WILLSON Industrial Goggles have been adopted by leading railroad companies and furnished as regular equipment to their shopmen - - - Stronger endorsement could scarcely be offered. *Safety is the railroad watchword.*

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CONNETT

since 1815

OVER a century of faithful adherence to the highest ideals of craftsmanship has won for Connett Hats a position in the industry which is equalled by few and excelled by none.

The Connett Rutland is typical of all Connetts in the unusual quality of its felt and the refinement of its design. This particular model has met more than customary favor this fall.

Connett Hats are sold by the best hatters throughout the country.

Write us today for our booklet, "The Finishing Touch".

E. V. CONNETT & CO., Inc.
Orange, New Jersey

*The Connett "Rutland" is priced at $7—other Connett styles at $5, $6, $8, and $10 (slightly higher west of the Rockies.)*

square miles, British and European trawlers catch about five billion pounds of fish yearly, where we, from our continental shelf, with between three and four times the area, catch less than half as many, about two billion pounds annually.

Sort out the thin and soft food fish that nobody wants to eat, and there are still some good fish going over the side for market reasons beyond the fisherman's control.

New York knows little of scrod; even the word, which is a derivative of "shred" in the dictionary, but has come to have a New England meaning of its own, a verb as well as a noun, a scrodded fish being a young haddock or cod split and boned for broiling or frying.

### *Fish Enough for All*

In the Boston market, on the other hand, and the territory that it serves, there is virtually no demand for certain fishes that New York appreciates. The destructive dogfish, or small shark, is generally not worth dressing for Boston, though under the better-sounding name "grayfish" it is coming to be known as excellent food, fresh, smoked or canned. During the winter months trawlers of this fleet are often ordered into New York, and in that event take the dogfish to the pushcart market, hardly known at all in Boston. The New York pushcart merchant's customers know its merits and understand how to cook it skillfully, just as they know how to make a fine dish of the carp that we despise.

On this trip the Ocean made less than forty successful hauls in about ninety-five hours of fishing, because in some cases a whole watch of six hours was spent in repairing the trawl. At the rate of five miles to the haul, in a ninety-foot path, we dragged something like four square miles, against which the area of Georges Bank is eighty-five hundred square miles, with four thousand square miles more in adjacent fishing grounds. Steam trawling is a surer way of getting fish in large quantities regularly than hook-and-line fishing, because, regardless of weather or the disposition of the fish to bite, it goes down where they live and brings them up. But the impression made by a trawler on the abundant life of our Banks is so slight that one trawler frequently works over the track of another within a few hours. It is the food on the bottom that attracts the fish. The large meshes of the trawl allow that food to escape. Nature pipes the call to the second table, and the abounding marine life closes the slight gap. As with insect life, and man's feeble spraying and dusting of crop enemies, the only real impression is made when something beyond human control upsets one of the balances in marine life.

Along with the work, there are plenty of opportunities to chat with the crew and get the fisherman's own views of his calling and the food products with which he competes for the favor of the housewife. It is a life of hard labor, never less than twelve hours, and perhaps sixteen during the four days and nights that we fish. But breathing spells come when the watch sits down for a smoke before the next haul is made; or the passenger can help clean up the catch, sorting the fish and asking questions, if he makes up the lack of sea legs in the slippery checker by having a handhold convenience. Or the watch off duty is hospitable if he goes visiting in the foc'sle forward. The latter is carefully portioned out, twelve bunks for twelve men, but roomy nevertheless, with a big stove for drying soaked garments. There are no lace curtains, nor white sheets or pillow cases, but don't take the cook's word about fishermen never washing. This is their home between five and six days a week, and they are scrupulous about its cleanliness and comfort, and a fisherman's job is a continuous salt-water bath.

Fishermen will assure a stranger that a man is a fool to come fishing if he can get a job ashore. A dog's life—you ought to see it in winter when the trawlers work during weather that buffets big liners and keeps other craft in port. Those are the times when gear must be handled in freezing weather, and fish cleaned in a snowdrift, and the trawlers come into port armored in ice.

But ask the Bluenose or Newfoundlander what sort of job he would like to land ashore, and he begins to hedge. He is sure that he'd miss the water—in summer, at any rate. Shore jobs that pay as well as fishing all year round are mighty scarce. Along with the cold weather and rough seas of winter go good prices for fish. And there's really a little stage stuff in the ice incasing the trawler in winter, because she doesn't get it out fishing on the Banks, but from the spray going into port. On one occasion, for a thrill, a movie director filmed a Boston trawler incased in ice, but she was lying at the dock and he had to beseech the crew, who figured as fishermen chopping themselves out, not actually to hit the ice, for one or two vigorous raps would have knocked his picturesque effects to smithereens!

Among themselves, fishermen are constantly discussing two things marking the speculative nature of their calling—the price of fish and the skill of captains. For according to market prices the fisherman shares in the speculative ups and downs of his product, while unless he works under an efficient captain there may be so few fish to sell that prices won't matter. Everybody aboard a trawler except the firemen—even the cook—gets a percentage of the money that the catch brings in market. This is in addition to salaries and wages regularly paid officers and crew, besides board. A percentage known as the stock, figured on the price for which the vessel's catch sells, is distributed according to salaries and wages. A vessel may go in today and stock fifty or one hundred dollars extra for each man, while another arriving tomorrow finds fish cheap and the extra money disappointing.

The ability of each captain in locating and catching fish is discussed as keenly as stock-exchange quotations, with brisk rivalry to ship under a killer, as fishermen call the captain who knows where to find and get the fish when others fail. If he is a high-liner leading all other skippers in the grand total of the year's catch, his men stick to him with such tenacity that there have been cases where a high-line captain, being unable to put to sea for a week by reason of sickness, found that not one of his men would leave the vessel, knowing that when he came back lost time would be made up by big catches. However, this is true of the hook-and-line fishermen rather than the steam trawlers, which work on schedules in fleets.

### *Fishing on Shares*

The captain's ability as a seaman is also highly important to the fisherman, because upon it lives often depend. Where men work watch and watch on a trawler, too, they soon distinguish between the officer who understands how to manage repair work so it is quickly done, as contrasted with the skipper who keeps both watches on deck for ordinary mending jobs. A Banks fishing vessel of whatever kind is a democratic institution. Men choose their officers according to ability, while the skipper in turn selects his crew for ability and faithfulness; it is particularly important to have men who will certainly be on hand when sailing hour comes, and nothing so quickly blackens the record of a fisherman as failure to turn up, which may hold the vessel. But when captain and crew have taken each other's measure, the share system makes for democracy. Authority and obedience to orders are absolute. In the excitement of getting the fish, language may be specific and opinions frank. At the same time, when there is no need for discipline, the fisherman's crew is a family.

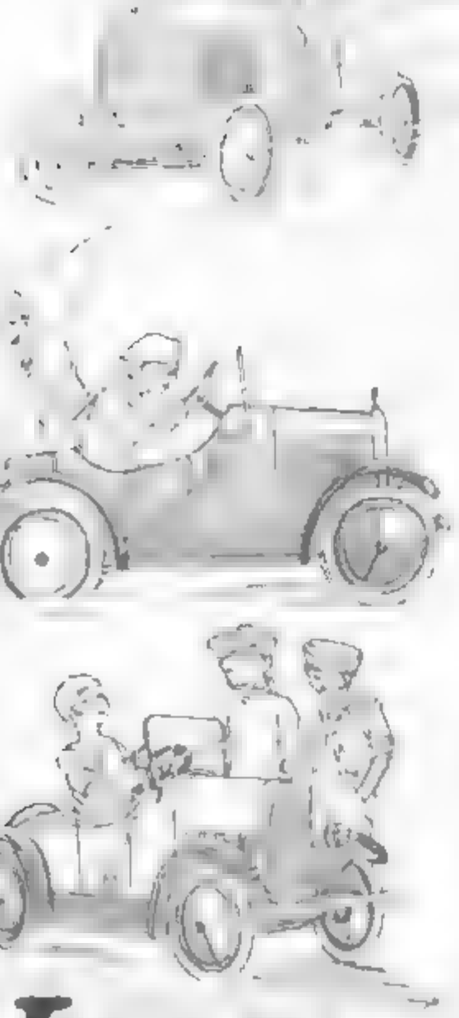
Fishing on shares is so strongly established that even the steam trawlers operated by a corporation follow it, while among the individual hook-and-line fishermen the share system is often extended to a dozen or more vessels belonging to different owners, in the effort to overcome the speculative handicap of catches and prices—that is, a poor catch or unprofitable prices in one vessel is offset by a pooling arrangement with others.

Big business is just beginning to get into the fish industry. Fish have been handled, and still are, by dealers operating in too small and local a way to use the methods of big business. In illustration of the fish dealer's viewpoint, they say on Boston Fish Pier that when this modern plant was designed an architect canvassed dealers to find out how much space they needed, and almost to a man the latter asked for exactly the same space occupied in their old locations, showing how the idea of growth has been lacking. And the idea of organization, though now gaining ascendancy, is still new. The other day one of the industry's leaders came back from an inspection

(Continued on Page 181)

# STEELCRAFT

Prices $15 up



## A New Thrill for the Kiddies

Already every boy and girl in America is keen for one of these new Steelcraft Juvenile Automobiles. At least it seems that way at the rate orders keep pouring in.

And why not? For here is, without question, the finest gift in the world for your child.

The Steelcraft Juvenile Automobile is exactly what your little tad has been looking for. For they are replicas of the big cars—just like yours—in line, in finish, in color and in construction.

You have a wide choice, for the line of Steelcraft Juvenile Automobiles includes the following models:

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| **Packard Eight** | **Jewett Roadster** |
| **Jordan Playboy** | **Durant Special** |
| **Chrysler Roadster** | **Stutz Racer** |
| **Buick Six** | **Overland Redbird** |
| **Cleveland Six** | **Star Four** |

**Rickenbacker Flyer**

Also they are unusually strong and substantial, for they are built of the same materials, and by the same methods, as are the big cars. Regular automobile steel is used; regular automobile construction is followed. Such parts as fenders, disc wheels, axles and springs, are the same in design and material as used in the full sized automobiles.

Steelcraft Automobiles are not fragile things, that will go to pieces with the first rough usage. Your child can bump them and thump them, in alleys and lots, over cobble-stones and curb stones. Any place he wishes. It is almost impossible to put them out of business.

The company building and marketing this line are the largest makers of sheet metal parts in the automobile industry.

Better get your boy or girl one today. Let him be one of the first in his neighborhood to spring the big surprise. Give him or her the thrill of their life.

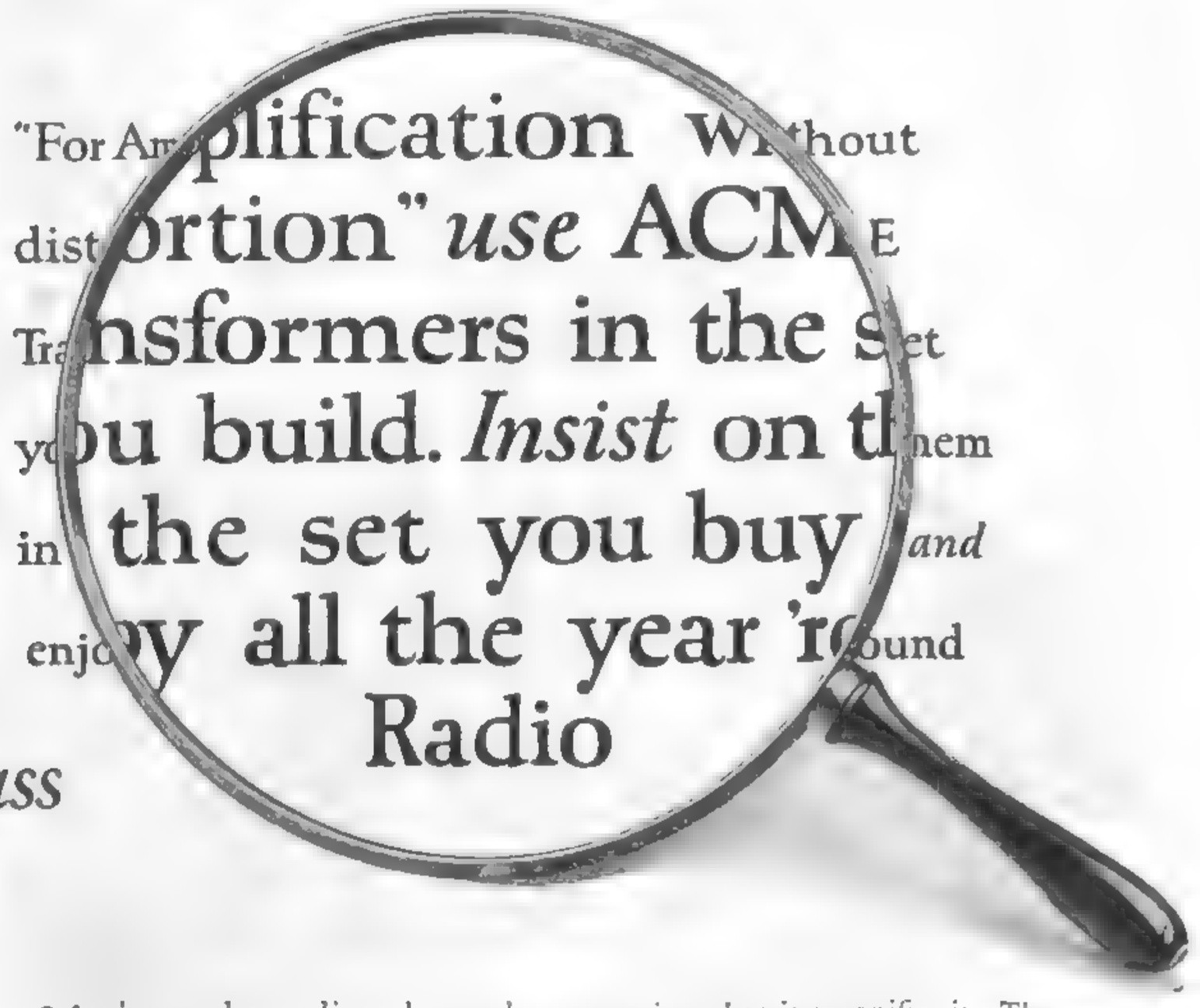
For sale at all leading toy stores, department stores and hardware stores. Write us if your dealer cannot supply you.

To Toy Buyers: This big Saturday Evening Post campaign is working right in your town now. If you don't get the business, someone else will. Better write us today for catalog, prices and discounts.

THE MURRAY PRODUCTS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

# *Juvenile Automobiles*

# The Amplifying Transformer *is the* Magnifying Glass *of* Radio




*like the reading glass*

You've used a reading glass and you know what it is and what it does. It makes small printed type look bigger, so that you can read it easily and comfortably.

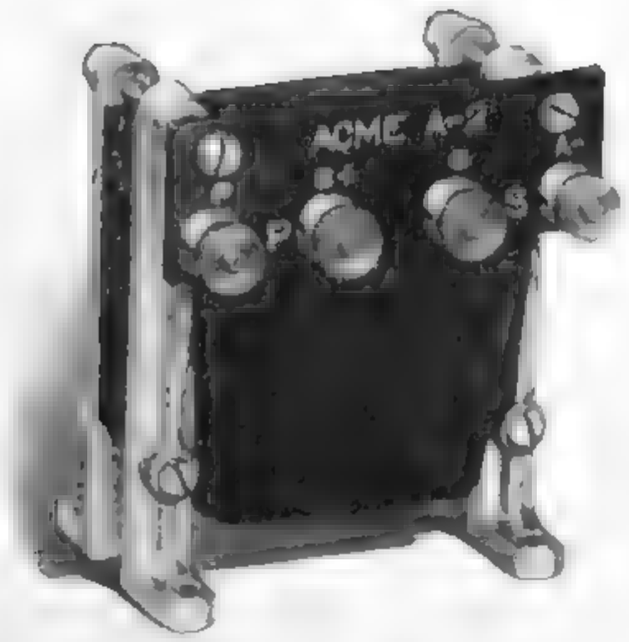
Now the Amplifying Transformer does just the same thing for sounds. It takes sounds which are too faint for the human ear to hear and increases, or amplifies, their volume so that you can easily hear them loud and clear. Amplification is the key to radio.

But it is very important that the Amplifying Transformer does not distort the sounds at the same time it increases their volume. A transformer that distorts is like a reading glass that blurs the type at the same time that it magnifies it. The Amplifying Transformer must not only amplify the volume but must also give it to you exactly like the original sound—pure in tone and quality, loud and clear in volume.

The Acme Apparatus Company, Pioneer Transformer and Radio Engineers and Manufacturers, are known everywhere radio is used for "Amplification without Distortion." That's radio in a nutshell.

Send 10 cents to Dept. 174 for booklet, "Amplification without Distortion."

Use Acme Transformers in the set you build. Insist on them in the set you buy




ACME A-2
*Audio Amplifying Transformer*

*Nationally Distributed*

ACME APPARATUS COMPANY, Cambridge, Mass.
*Transformer and Radio Engineers and Manufacturers*

# ACME ~ *for amplification*

(Continued from Page 178)

tour of England's fish markets and was scheduled to speak at Boston's famous City Club. Another leader who realizes the value of organization and exchange of ideas tried unsuccessfully to get someone to doff fish clothes and go with him to the lunch. Every man he asked had about the same alibi—a shipment of fish expected any moment that had to be looked after personally.

"Say! This morning I came by Bill Blank's country place," said the disgusted would-be host. "He has fifteen hundred cows there. That's a lot of cows to milk twice a day, but he's going to be at this affair. If Bill Blank can get other men to milk his cows, why can't we get men to look after a shipment of fish?"

But the package idea is bringing about changes that promise to be far-reaching. For the first time it is possible to guarantee the quality of fish, assuring the retailer and consumer that the package article is fresh the day of shipment, and fit for sale to the end of that week. It eliminates the heavy expense of express charges on offal and extra icing. It puts fresh fish into the butcher's and grocer's stocks. It is making new customers for ocean fish, building up more than one concern to the magnitude of corporation business in other lines, and will eventually make it possible to produce, dress, distribute and advertise on a scale in keeping with so staple a food article.

"Consider our handicaps," said a Boston dealer. "First, there is Friday, with the ingrained popular notion that fish are to be eaten only on that day, and chiefly for religious observance. With a nonperishable factory article it would be mighty hard to produce six days a week and sell but one. With a delicate food article like fish, it amounts to producing most of your output Tuesday and Wednesday, having it on hand Thursday, selling it Friday, and loafing until the following Tuesday.

"There is the popular notion that fish is poor food because cheaper than meat, and the fact that it really is eaten by people not able to afford meat every day. But there must be some food value to fish if a fellow like the Finnish runner Stenroos can live on black bread and fish, and at forty, after not having run a race in fifteen years, come to Paris and win the Olympic Marathon over the world's best athletes. Find our hardiest Northern races, and you will find fish eaters.

"Then, besides the local nature of the big Eastern fish demand, when we succeed in finding inland customers, their trade falls off in summer, because they are then eating their local fresh-water fish. The latter are more attractive in appearance, the shimmering speckled trout and bass, the golden perch, the silvery whitefish and lake herring, while our ocean fishes, and particularly the ground varieties caught by the trawler, are dark skinned. "What kind of meat has it?" the housewife wants to know, looking at a haddock or a cod, and decides to purchase a more attractive and familiar fresh-water fish. However, we can overcome that by displaying the split fish on a block of ice; some day we may be able to fork out a warm cooked sample from a frying pan.

"People used to eat salt fish regularly, and this country was built up on our salt-fishing industry, but the young generation of Americans turns up its nose at salt fish, either dry or pickled, and the trade is kept alive only by the demand in tropical countries and the appetite of our European immigrants for salt fish. However, we believe this can be remedied by putting up better products—lightly salted and perhaps spiced specialties, instead of the hard, dry, salted and heavily brined fish of other days, and mild-cured and smoked fish."

### Orders by Radio

"Fish have been handicapped by government neglect in comparison with other food articles. Uncle Sam has spent money freely to develop modern methods in meat packing, fresh milk, cheese, fruit and other products of the farm and factory, but his work in fisheries has thus far been largely scientific. Now the Bureau of Fisheries is beginning to pay attention to fish from the food standpoint—variety, supply, modern methods of handling, dressing and distribution. The time will undoubtedly come when fish are handled under Federal inspection, like meats."

And the fish business is handicapped by certain popular notions, things widely believed, but not really so—what people think about radio, for example.

"Now that they've got wireless on fishing boats," says the man in the street confidently, "they can keep the fish out on the ocean until prices go up."

Wireless has brought several valued changes in the fisherman's business, but not that one. Formerly, in sail, fishing vessels went out beyond communication with orders to come in on a certain day. They came in on that day whether they had fish or not. There was no way of telling ashore what had been caught. And often they all came in together, causing a glut that lowered prices without any particular advantage to the consumer. With radio, owners and dealers on shore know each vessel's catch every morning and can tell within a few thousand pounds what each day's arrivals will be in each variety of fish, as the figures are publicly posted.

On the Ocean we began fishing Saturday morning, in the expectation of reaching Boston the following Thursday, for Friday's demand. Another steam trawler in the same fleet, the Spray, reached the Bank and began fishing twenty-four hours later, but had better luck. So there was a very good chance that the Spray, with more fish, might be ordered home instead of ourselves. In that case we would have stayed out until Sunday to catch the Monday market. Everybody aboard both vessels kept close track of the catches by wireless. Each crew was determined to beat the other, and keen eyes watched the other fellow's haul in to see whether he had a full bag or a torn trawl. The outcome was that both vessels caught the same quantity within a couple of tons, and Boston sent out the glad tidings that both were to come in. Generally radio is used to order fish into the market rather than keep them out. When prices are satisfactory fish in the vessel on Georges Bank can be landed in Boston in about eighteen hours, offsetting a scarcity that might otherwise increase prices unreasonably.

Radio plays its part in the fisherman's safety. News of a crippled vessel or a crippled man goes ashore immediately, and help is summoned or instructions are given. Accidents happen in the rough winter weather, bones are broken when even fishermen are thrown out of their bunks, and vessels are ordered in, or to transfer the injured man, or medical instructions are received from physicians ashore.

### Why Fish Cost Money

Radio also gives the fisherman his bearings in fog or bad weather. "The liner she's a lady," and besides having her own radio compass, receives prompt attention from the navy shore stations when she wishes to know where she may be. The fisherman can ask for his bearings, too, and get them, sometimes with the Navy's polite inquiry, "How are the fish?" or concern for the destroyer fleet, as the hardy steam trawlers have come to be known. The Navy believes the tradition that, left with nothing but lead, the fisherman will find his way into port. The tradition is true—he may lose a ship, but as long as he has his lead and something to float on, he will never miss a market!

Then there is the cold-storage notion.

"I suppose this fish was caught a year ago," remarks the man in the street, sitting down to his fish course. Actually, very few of the fish coming into a big market like Boston go into cold storage, and those the seasonal varieties that cannot be taken all year round, such as mackerel, swordfish, salmon and halibut. Certain fish improve by a little aging in the cooler; a fisherman wants his halibut at least five days in the ice before cooking, to bring out the quality. Many consumers seem to have the belief that fish, as well as other foods, is put into cold storage after spoilage has begun, to check it, which is quite wrong, not to say unlawful. Fresh fish quickly frozen have been compared to your own catch, hooked through the ice in winter, frozen stiff on the way home, thawed and cooked—which nobody ever thinks poor quality. The ground fish caught by steam trawlers can be taken every day in the year, and there is no necessity for carrying them over from one season to another. Arriving at the pier before the exchange opens at half past seven in the morning, they are sold to wholesalers and are on their way to the retail dealer before noon, passing through the smooth-working distributing machinery so quickly that the wholesaler in many cases does not see the fish he has bought, sale being by descriptions of variety and quality.


Needles · FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts

$2.00
with collar $2.50

*On sale at the best stores in your city. Ask for them*

NEEDLES SHIRT
FRUIT OF THE LOOM
COLOR GUARANTEED

NO shirt is a genuine Needles FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirt unless it bears this sewed-in label, *woven in colors*. Color and wear *guaranteed* or money refunded. Write for unusual free booklet.

L. NEEDLES-BROOKER CO.
200 Fifth Avenue New York

Ralston *Smart Styles* for Young Men

**Always Authentic; Never Eccentric**

THE fashions that go into Ralston Shoes have dash without "flash." They bespeak the man who attracts attention by seeming to avoid it. For example, the "Avon" with its smart *Broadway Bal Pattern* is the shoe that dresses your foot without making it look "dressed up."

Send for Ralston Style Packet and name of the nearest dealer.

*Ten Dollars, Nine and Eight.*

**RALSTON SHOEMAKERS**
**951 Main St., Brockton, Mass.**

Ralston

*The "Avon" Model*

Fall Flannels

A "SIGNAL" shirt held in the hand looks even better when on you! You may then rest easy because you know your shirt is up-to-date in style and in tailoring; rich in the tones of its plaids; fits and is fitting. In a word, a "Signal" is always a "class" shirt of superlative quality flannel.

Signal *The better Dealers sell "Signal" shirts. If yours doesn't—send us his name and your and on a postcard. Our new Style Book with leading flannels in facsimile color gladly sent on request*

Signal Shirt Company

Dept. S-I, Racine, Wisc.



# Do You Know a Woman Who Wants Extra Money Now?

Or rather—Do you know one who doesn't?

The Girls' Club of The Curtis Publishing Company offers to every woman a means of earning extra money. Right away! No fees are required! No business training is necessary! Plenty of time is left for other duties whether at home, at school or down town.

baby and herself with Girls' Club dollars

## "The Woman's Way"

The Girls' Club way of earning money is "The Woman's Way." There's no secret about it. Husbands co-operate with their wives. Unmarried girls win compliments on their success from friends and relatives. It is open to you!

How much do we make? From $5.00 up to $200.00 extra every month. And we enjoy ourselves while doing it. We make new friends, new contacts through our work. No drudgery in connection with these dollars. We spend gladly because we earn with light hearts.

Let me know if you want the facts about our plan. I'll send you full details at once. With Christmas almost here and a world of pretty things beckoning from shop windows, you'll want to clip and mail the coupon below.

THE MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
247 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Dear Manager: Please tell me how I can make money by your plan.

*Name* _____

*Street* _____

*City* *State* _____


faithfully lived up to. Again, whatever you put into cold storage ties up money, and the fishing industry's idea is to keep every dollar possible working as hard as a fisherman.

"Fish cost nothing—they just grow," complains the man in the street; "why should I pay sixty cents for a haddock that God put into the ocean to be caught free of charge?"

True, the haddock brought himself to a weight of four pounds entirely at his own expense. But it costs money to catch, shrink and sell him. The expenses of a steam trawler average, roughly, around two thousand dollars a week, during which it will make one trip and bring in, say, fifty tons of gutted fish, at a cost of about two cents a pound. These will be sold, in the case of haddock, at four cents a pound, and the wholesaler purchasing them wires quotations to his customers, the retail fish dealers. The retailer buys at five to seven cents, pays freight, and sells according to the way his customers want fish. If he has a cash-and-carry trade his price will be around fifteen cents a pound for the whole fish, making a four-pound haddock cost sixty cents, while if he dresses it to two pounds' weight, delivers by automobile and carries charge accounts, the price will be about thirty cents a pound. These figures compare favorably with prices, expenses and profits in other retail lines.

Strong in the back and thick in the head were the chief qualifications of the fishermen until just yesterday—and that is a fisherman's way of putting it. From the time when the Disciples fished in Palestine, until very recently, fishing gear showed little improvement. In the Jordan and Lake Tiberias there are about thirty-three varieties of fish, mostly carplike, resembling those of the Nile, and the Disciples evidently caught them in casting nets, thrown over the fish and closed with a trap line. The net and trap have grown bigger, increasing the catch, but until yesterday all fishing gear was handled with human muscle. The Disciples rowed out to where the fish were, and with the exception of sail, until yesterday, there was little improvement in the method of reaching the fishing ground. Fishing was hard, dangerous, dirty, and men kept away from home often months at a stretch. So unless he was strong in the back and slightly flattened in his brainpan, the fisherman got a better job ashore, or at least saw that his sons got better jobs. Because the methods of fishing were crude the product was crude, fresh fish being marketed in comparatively small quantities, most of the catch on our Banks taking the form of salt-incrusted, odorous codfish for our inland forefathers, or the still lower grade known as bacalao, relished by the protein-starved people of the tropics, one of the first products we had to trade with at all at the close of the Revolutionary War. While it was necessary to make salt fish, and trade it along with lumber and shingles for the opulent West Indies planter's sugar, rum, molasses and coffee, the New England Yankee kept to fishing—he had to. But now he works in the factory ashore, and the Nova Scotian and Newfoundlander, under the same necessity, man the Banks fisherman of all types.

But there is a new day coming—coming fast—in fact already here. Sail and oars are giving way to power—steam, gasoline and oil engines. Trips are shorter, radio keeps the fisherman in touch with the shore, and his product goes into the channels of distribution fresh, on a footing with other food specialties.

Tomorrow the otter trawler may have the eight-hour day along with quantity production, and room and bath for the fisherman along with electric light.

# THE POLKA-DOT HOUNDS

(Continued from Page 45)

When she had gone upstairs again Mr. Spear continued to gaze coldly at the door of her exit. Suddenly he turned to his son.

"Where did she get that money?"

Victor yawned.

"I'm sure I don't know, papa."

The old man beckoned his son to come nearer. He tilted his head over and spoke from the side of his mouth.

"Do you suppose, Victor—do you think for a moment that she—that she is a bad woman?"

The recording angel must cancel much weakness in the character of Victor Spear by his answer.

"Shut up, papa. You make me sick to talk like that. What's the matter with you?" Mr. Spear cowered back in his chair and whined.

"Wait a minute, Victor. She's not like other women. Take those dogs she's got upstairs, for instance. I can't see how she prefers those things to her own flesh-and-blood father."

"Do stop carrying on about those dogs. They don't hurt you. Here, it's time you went to bed." And Victor Spear performed the nightly rites for his father.

Years of his father's confounding the multitude of china dogs which thronged the house had made no dent on the mind of the son. To him they had been there forever. They meant nothing in his life.

Yet tonight Victor Spear felt a little will-o'-the-wisp tenderness for his sister, and when he reached the landing he paused for a moment to look carelessly at her pets. If they had been there he wouldn't have noticed their presence; but because they were gone he did feel their absence.

"H'm! I wonder what she did with those two black-faced brutes that were always on this end of the bookcase. H'm! I wonder ——"

A line of thought had started in Victor Spear's head. It plagued him, teased him and returned again and again to tickle his fancy. And within a few days it had settled right down to live with him. Wherever he moved it went with him.

The first ten days in August Anna Spear always spent with her mother's sister on a farm below the White Mountains. No one but Miss Spear could have called it a holiday, for then she sewed, baked and laundered enough for three strong women. But as with most things in her life, it was a habit which had started while she was young enough not to be trusted with the duties which later gradually became hers. In earlier years Victor also had taken his vacation with her; but when such manhood as he possessed became his, he chose a different playground.

Her return from the country was marked by no celebration or fanfare. To the least detail it was identical with all her homecomings—at least up to a certain point.

She opened the front door and stood wearily in the dim hall for a moment. She removed her hat carefully and hung it up. She stepped to the foot of the stairs to look up at her dogs. The sound of a chuckle unsuccessfully contained came from the parlor. She looked in the mirror and saw her father, his hand over his mouth, his head and shoulders shaking. Again she gazed up toward the shelves, not being able to believe that she had at first seen correctly. There was not a dog in sight! Her emotion was slow to act.

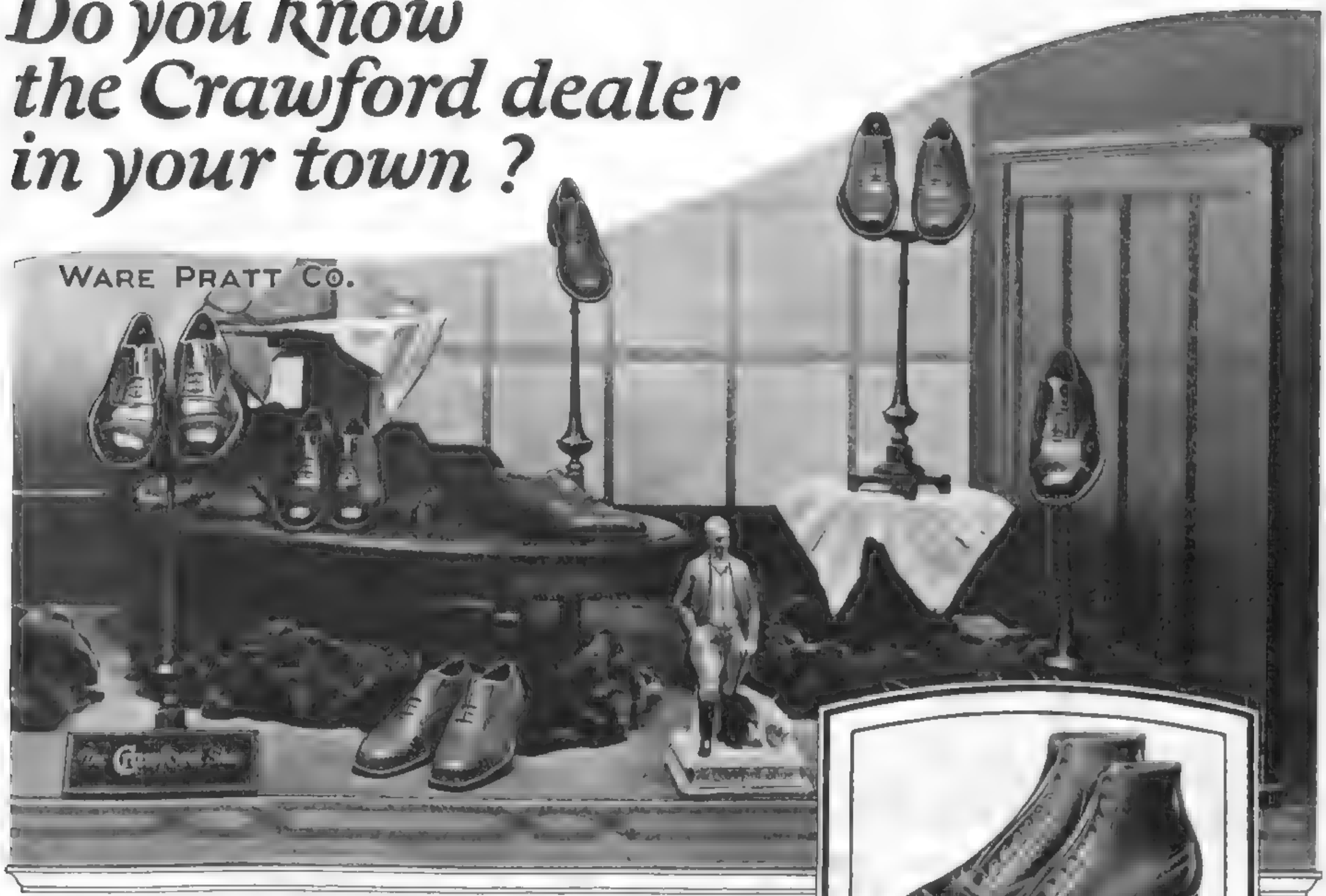
"Good evening, papa. I hope you've had a pleasant day. Aunt Connie sent her love to you. I had a very nice vacation." And she stood looking up the stair well, only partly aware of her father's giggling.

The Hunniwell blood was strong in her. It was from a far-dated aristocracy whose spirit might lie dormant in an inheritor through countless petty slings and arrows of misfortune and then flash out bravely before a real crisis. Miss Spear decided that her dogs were gone and yet held her peace. She walked back to the kitchen and started the potatoes. It never entered her calculations that she could devise no more keen method of torturing her father and of stifling the entertainment he anticipated.

While her father ate she was upstairs. She had not expected to find any part of her collection remaining, so received no further blow. Ammonia fumes in the chemistry laboratory could bring tears to her eyes, but sorrow might not rival science in that respect. Several times, however, she rubbed the back of her hand across her cheek, surprised to discover how rough seemed her hand.

(Continued on Page 185)

# *Do you know the Crawford dealer in your town ?*




A Crawford Shoe window, Ware Pratt Co., Worcester, Mass.

# Crawford Shoes
## FOR MEN

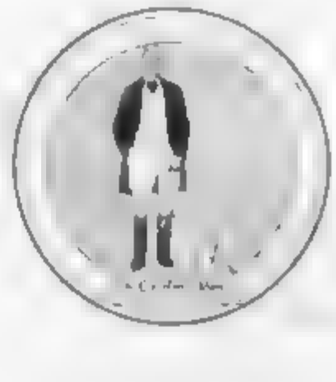
The Crawford Dealer in your town has been selected with the same exacting care used in making Crawford Shoes.

To buy a pair of shoes from him is to get maximum value—for his merchandising principles forbid anything short of the best, in service as in merchandise—that is why we have selected him.

And in Crawford stores you are assured of shoes smart in line and genuine in quality, and a type of service that will please you.

The Crawford Hunting Man in a store window is a token of high grade merchandise and assurance of intelligent, courteous attention to your needs—it marks a store where it is a real pleasure to buy.

A stylish shoe that will stand hard usage. Tan calfskin, brass eyelets, with the new waterproof Barbour Stormwelt between sole and upper.



*Most Styles $8.00—a few $9 and $10*

THE CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

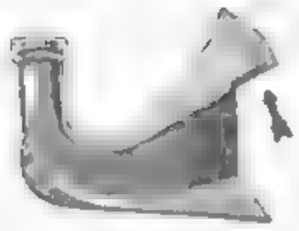
MAKERS OF MEN'S FINE SHOES SINCE 1883

THE SONORADIO—*A combination phonograph and radio—the latest triumph of Sonora tone reproduction. Will instantly reproduce tones received from the air or from a record*

# *A voice from the Air-A song from the Record* - - reproduced with the same clear tone *in all its original beauty*

THE air is full of music—countless waves darting over the world with the speed of light, bearing joy to those who can catch and guide them into their homes.

Science has done this—as it previously worked another miracle: compressing into "records" the music of the masters of song and string.



A cross section of the Sonora tone chamber

*In all Sonora instruments the "horn" or tone chamber is made of many thicknesses of wafer-thin veneer—laid with alternating grain to neutralize vibration*

Yet the full glory of it all can easily be missed.

Sound and tone are delicate. To be perfectly reproduced, whether from record or radio wave, they must be freed from mechanical imperfections—made to flow forth in all their original loveliness.

For eleven years Sonora has had one single aim—perfect tone reproduction. Into the heart of every Sonora instrument—phonograph, radio-phonograph, or radio speaker—is built the famous Sonora tone chamber—an exclusive Sonora patent.

### *Perfect Tone—from radio or phonograph*

This tone chamber is all *wood*—but not solid wood, for, like solid metal, thick or thin, solid wood will add vibrations of its own.

Instead, ply upon ply of thin, seasoned wood is moulded around a form as perfect as the science of acoustics can make it. Each wafer-thin layer is set at cross-grain to the next. Between each pair of plies are spread sheer films of gum which function like the quicksilver coating on a mirror, neutralizing vibration and reflecting every faintest sound—not a single tone is added—none taken away.

Whether it be a symphony interpreted with the delicate beauty of stringed instruments—a marvelous voice—or the exhilarating rhythm of a foxtrot—Sonora reproduces it in all its original color.

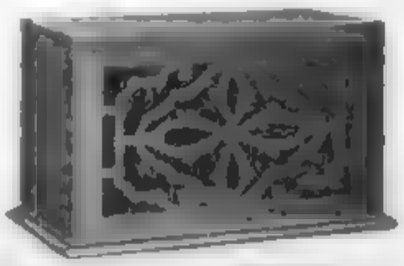
There is a Sonora for every home—and to fit every purse, from the Radio Speaker for $30 or the compact portable at $50 to the most beautiful period models—gems of the cabinet maker's art. In every Sonora you find two things—matchless tone reproduction built into an exquisite piece of furniture.

Go to your music dealer and ask him to play the Sonora for you. You will find after hearing it that tone reproduction has taken on a new meaning for you. Sonora Phonograph Co., Inc., 279 Broadway, New York

THE SERENADE—*This compact phonograph is especially suited for rooms of moderate size. Price $150*

THE QUEEN ANNE—*One of the exquisite line of Sonora period models Price $25*

*In the* SONORA RADIO SPEAKER *for $30.00, the famous Sonora tone chamber has been made available for all radio users. You can now have the same pure tone in radio that Sonora has made possible in the phonograph.*



Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

(Continued from Page 182)

Her brother Victor came in while she read to Mr. Spear. He was still prim, but decidedly nervous. Anna had felt dumbly that he would explain things. Victor had realized long since how ineffectual postponement of a confession was in his home, and as nothing irked him more than responsibility, he had learned to shift it as soon as he could.

"I suppose you noticed, Anna, that the dogs are gone?"

"Yes; all of them." And then she added with the irrelevancy of acute pain, "No one dusted the shelves after they had been moved."

"What? Oh, yes. I want to tell you about them." Victor looked up quickly as his father snickered. "I wish you'd be still, papa. You make me sick."

Mr. Spear subsided into an audible mouthing of his slippery-elm lozenge.

"You see, Anna, the Saturday after you went away, Mr. Stone loaned me his golf clubs and I played in the afternoon. I was playing by myself, and I find that when you play by yourself other players have the right to pass you."

Hunniwell Spear broke in with a proud voice: "Victor made a score of 162." Mr. Spear's pride was based on his understanding that the same system of scoring was employed in this sport as in three o' cat.

Victor corrected him sternly.

"It was 160, papa. Don't you remember I told you how I found three balls on the fourth hole and played them all and took the best score?"

Mr. Spear stood mildly corrected, although not at all convinced of his error. His son continued:

"On one of the flat places you drive from, it was the seventh, Judge Hutchins and another man passed me. You know that big place he has up on the Worcester Road. They were talking and I couldn't help hearing. Golf is a great game. You get in touch with so many important men."

"What did he say?" inquired Anna, who felt that each minute saved now might somehow rescue her dogs.

"I'm telling you. The other man said, 'Billy, we made a blank-blank mistake in letting the public in on the common of that Big Dakota well.' He didn't say blank-blank, but I couldn't really say what he did. 'The blank thing has actually got an ocean of oil under it. And we've sold 60-odd per cent of the stock. Am't it ——' And the judge said, 'What's it selling at?' And the other man said, 'Nine, and worth five hundred dollars if it's worth a cent.' Maybe you don't understand, Anna, but that's big business."

Anna admitted her lack of comprehension, but suggested that her brother speak further.

"That's big business. That's one of the reasons every ambitious man should join a golf club. You rub shoulders with bankers and things."

"But what did you do with my dogs?" And neither her brother nor father had ever heard her voice tremble before.

"I'm telling you. So the judge said, 'Well, if you're sure that's the case, let's buy it up. If we do it slowly it shouldn't cost more than fifteen dollars a share at the outside.' And the other man said, 'Billy, I'm surprised at you. You talk like a Sunday-school superintendent. Blank-blank, what's the use of being treasurer of the concern if I can't issue a report that the blank well's full of water? And then you buy it up when it flops. I can't have my name connected with any purchases. I've got one share. I had to have that to be a director.'"

Victor Spear paused as though to let his pronouncement sink in.

"You see, Anna, it was a straight tip that a man would be crazy to let go, coming like that from big men on a golf links. So I bought all I could."

"And—and did you sell the dogs?"

Miss Spear leaned forward as though to hear that every lifeboat had been stoved and the ship was settling.

"I got five hundred dollars for them and bought one hundred and fifty shares on margin. Don't you worry. We'll be on Easy Street and you can buy all the dogs you please."

"But she can't bring them into my house if she does," cackled the old man. "She'll have to choose between her own flesh-and-blood father or those crazy things. I've told her before and I'll tell her again."

"Shut up, papa," said Victor, sensing a little the tragedy which filled the world for his sister. Until this moment he had never troubled to think that any deep emotions might surround the grotesque horde that to him had been a lifelong commonplaceness. At fifty, the man reared and living in the shadow of Notre Dame takes no inspiration from its lacy majesty; that is, unless he be a rare soul, and Victor was not that.

Miss Spear stood up and stepped into the hallway. Her brother saw her putting on her improbable hat.

"Where are you going, Anna?" Victor was frightened. He hadn't expected a row, but questions and words he had anticipated. "It's nine o'clock, Anna. You can't go out now."

"I'm going out to get Mr. Cornwall when he goes by. You sold the dogs." Mr. Cornwall was the night policeman.

Victor Spear was white with terror. Crime in his act had never occurred to him. Also his sister had never yet failed him on threat or promise. She made few of either, but they were made and kept with the inhuman, immutable stolidity of the acts of an Old Testament God.

It may be that through her loss the wells of her emotions were plumbed and made active for the first time in her life, but she did heed the childlike pleas of her brother, in which he promised things he couldn't remember and which she didn't hear. In the end she did what she had never done but once before. She changed her mind.

When the change was visible Victor rushed to the desk and wrote quickly:

"Here it is, Anna. I've made over all my right and interest in that stock to you. Here, papa, you witness it."

The old man closed his mouth and did as he was commanded. His senile shrewdness had warned him that he would do well to remain static for the time being.

Her brother put the paper in her hands.

"I don't want it," she said, lifting up her dress and putting it away in some concealed reticule in her skirt. "Who did you sell the dogs to?"

"To that man on Tremont Street. He sold them at auction last Friday."

There was nothing which Victor Spear wouldn't do willingly for his sister now. He still mistrusted his fortune in breaking up her habit of a lifetime.

Anna nodded rather vacantly.

"I see. They're all scattered around by now then. I thought perhaps —— Well, if you'll fix papa I'll go upstairs. Good night."

"Good night, Anna," said Victor, going as far as the stairs with her.

The old man, his head pulled into his neck like a turtle, gazed sharply at the doorway and said nothing until his son returned.

"I certainly do not understand women."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Victor fretfully.

"I could have sworn that she would have you arrested. They're beyond me." And then he added, as though a fresh angle to the situation had come to him, "And you know this whole thing is on account of those dogs." But Victor Spear discouraged forcefully what might well have been his father's masterpiece on his favorite theme.

Upon occasion, that quite well-known comparison of the relative strangeness between truth and fiction operates beyond the fairest dreams of its most optimistic friend.

Now Miss Anna Spear's mind was so completely filled with the useless purpose of evenings in which she had not to tend her pottery beasts that she forgot many things, besides letting the potatoes bake too long. Also she forgot the paper her brother had given her, and his mood was far too respectfully timid to mention it to her.

Eventually she took it to Mr. Tucker at the bank and requested him to look into the matter, which Mr. Tucker proceeded to do. And a few days later, of an evening, a well-mannered visitor called upon Miss Spear. His card bore the information that he represented a certain firm which could, upon request, purvey investment securities to those having the wish to purchase such.

"I have called, Miss Spear," said he, removing the newspaper which persons of his calling invariably carry high up under their left arms, "to offer my services in the sound placing of your funds. Of course, you realize that what is good for one person is not good for another investor. Now in your case I should recommend certain underlying mortgages of prime worth." Here he ruffled the pages of his paper with the adroitness at a card pack of a professional player. "Please note these quotations.


# Better Brakes Greater Safety

## How the GARCO METHOD Brings Control and Higher Brake Efficiency to any Car

Faulty brakes are often due to incorrect application of brake lining. This causes projecting rivets, squeaks and scored drums. The lining wears away quickly and brakes fail to function. Unsafe, unsound practice.

GARCO METHOD of relining brakes does away with these troubles, because GARCO Asbestos Brake Lining is used and *correctly* applied by an electrically-driven machine. Tubular brass rivets are *countersunk* below the surface of the lining so that all the braking surface is in play. No projecting rivets, torn lining or scored drums.

**GARCO METHOD OF RELINING BRAKES**

assures safety and dependable brakes. In your neighborhood there is a brake specialist who uses the authorized GARCO METHOD. He will line your brakes quickly and at a flat-rate charge. Write us for his name.

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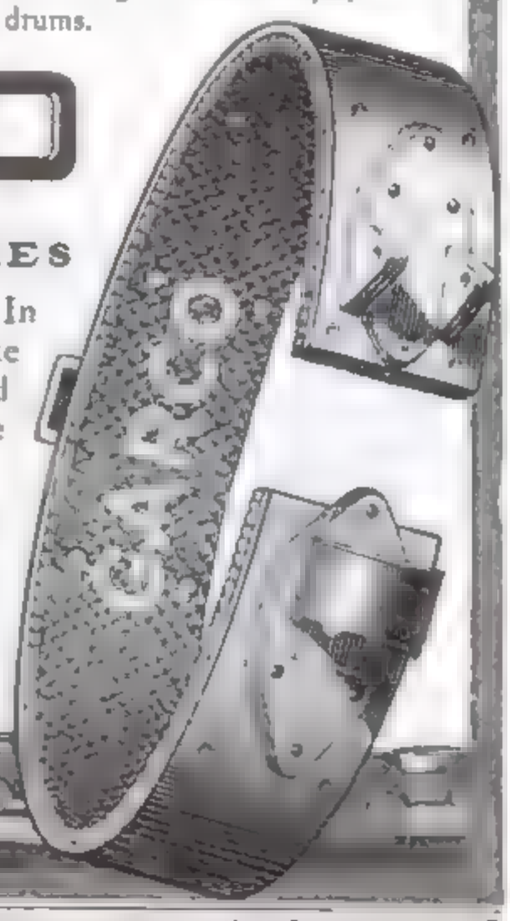

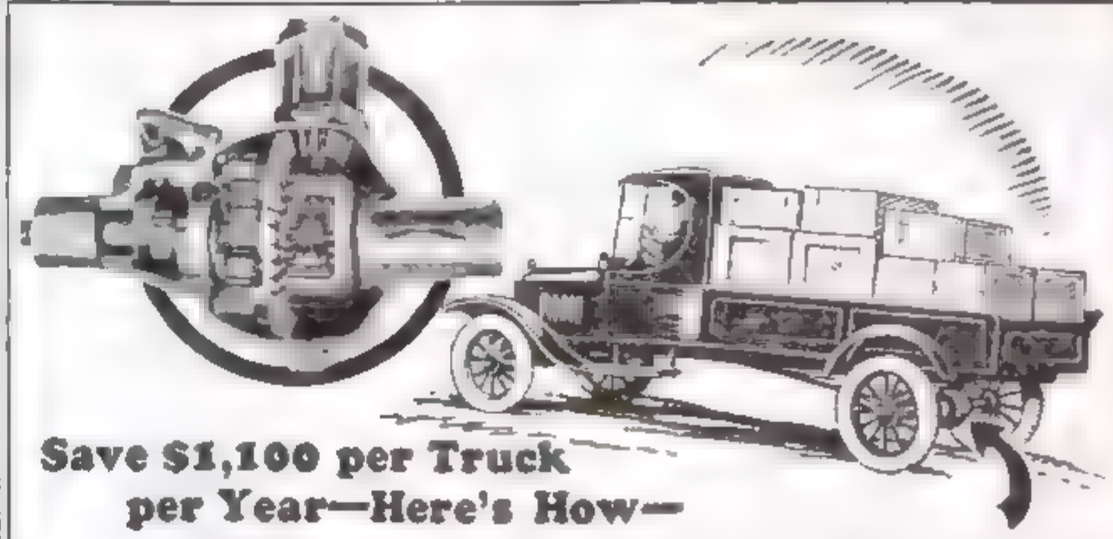

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*FREE* This coupon good for Free Demonstration at nearest dealer, or for Free Booklet. Dept. 30-E

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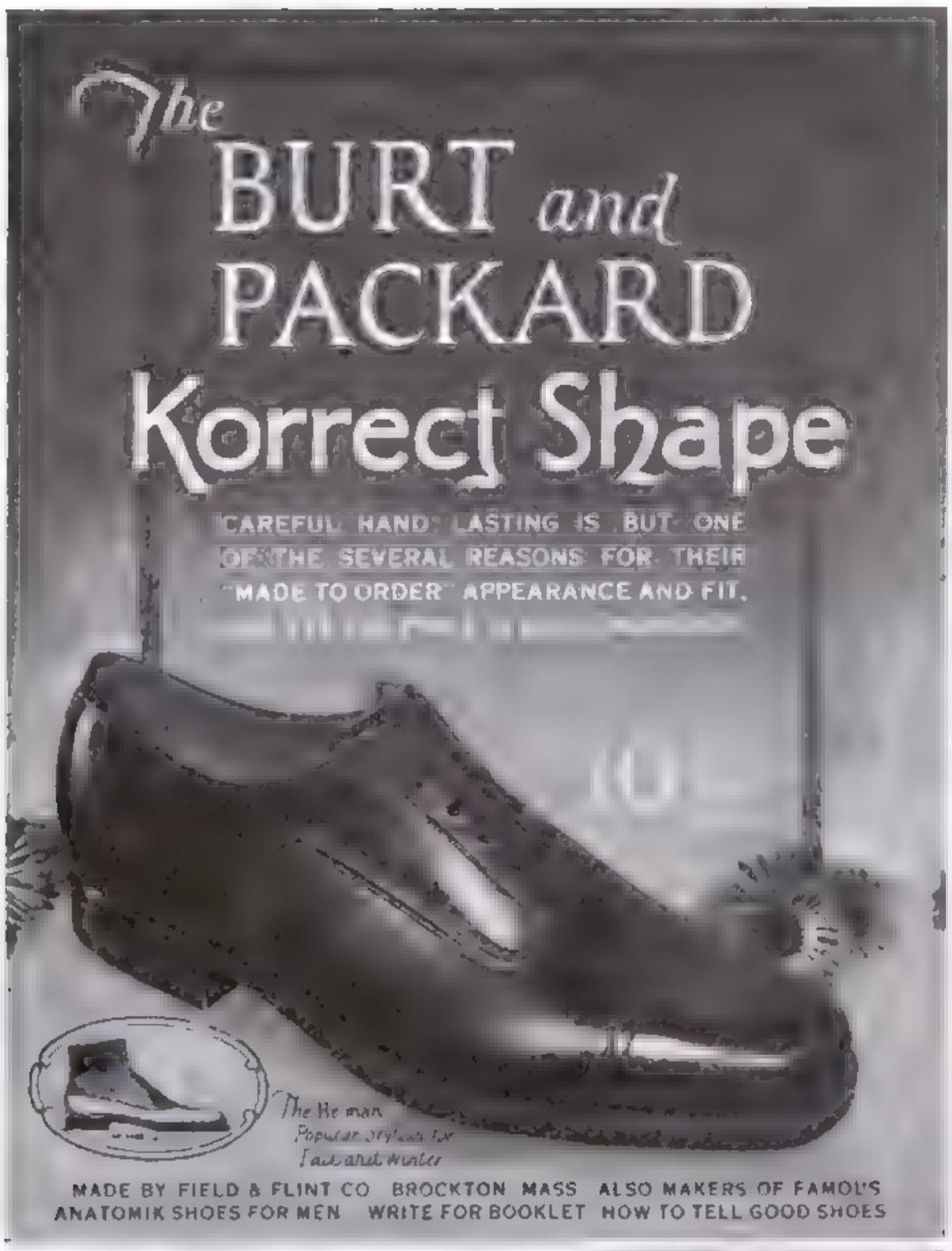
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# He Made $175.00 For Christmas

IN FACT Leo Adler of Oregon made more than $175. To be exact, he made $183.22 during November and December of last year. And he earned it in three ways: (1) By looking after renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in his vicinity; (2) by securing new subscriptions for these favorites; and (3) by sending in the orders for our publications as Christmas gifts to friends and relatives.

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246 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I would like to share in those Christmas profits. Without obligation please tell me how I may.

*Name* _____

*Street* _____

*City* _____

*State* _____


They are excellent. Any one of these which I shall mark for you is exactly suited to your particular need."

"Oh," said Miss Anna, "do you mean that you want me to buy a bond?"

"Precisely, Miss Spear. You catch my meaning perfectly."

"I'm sorry I can't help you. I—I don't buy bonds."

"But, Miss Spear, what do you intend to do then with that tidy little fortune you took out of Big Dakota Oil?"

"What?" came a surprised stage whisper from Mr. Spear in the front parlor.

"It's only papa; he doesn't seem himself lately," explained Miss Anna. "I'm sorry I haven't heard about what you say."

"You mean you've made a fortune and you don't know it? You've taken a profit of sixty-three thousand dollars out of the Street and you ask me is it true! Oh, baby!"

"Anna," came from the next room, "don't stand out there and let any strange man call you baby. It's not modest."

It is a commentary upon the enterprise of certain business firms that they thus know of fortunes before the fortunates. Three days later Mr. Tucker from the bank advised her of the truth. The bond salesman had spoken it. Anna had money in her own name.

There was little visible difference between Miss Spear with and Miss Spear without a competence, yet there was an inward change. Whatever her china dogs had meant to her, she had, through her years of gathering them in, collected most available types. There were few which she could secure beyond those she had had. She had almost reached the end of her hobby's road. But now there was a new road, an open highway ahead of her, with an infinite choice of dogs to resecure. She had a fresh start and a new zest to the play, and under it Anna Spear bloomed, in a limited way.

She took a day off and went into the country where she knew of a pair of curly shouldered spaniels with tails that curved up along their backs. She had known them for years, but they had cost eleven dollars. And returning on the train, she chose the back seat of the car so she might surreptitiously bend down and smooth her cheek against their black spotted backs. There was sunshine; not important, of course, for nothing was that to her, but still a wan warmth again in the world.

She placed these dogs on a shelf in the stair well and thought pleasantly of all the other dogs she had yet to acquire.

And the next day when she returned from her classroom and stood a little less wearily in the hall of her home for the regulation moment to remove her improbable hat, she heard Hunniwell Spear's voice declaiming to a neighbor who had chanced in.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Brockway, it's a fine art. Of course, there are dogs and dogs, but what I maintain is that some pieces are rarer than others. Those are the ones to search for. As I've frequently said to Anna, take the wheat and leave the chaff. If you'll look at that pair of black-and-white ones above the stairs you'll see what I mean. Notice how their tails curve over their backs instead of around their legs. Those are exceptionally fine. That's the kind I encourage Anna's getting."

Miss Spear raised her eyes again to look at her two only dogs. Yet they did not seem lonely. Already she saw their host of companions and sensed the thrills of obtaining them.

She walked quietly through to the kitchen, prepared supper and stepped to the dining room.

"Everything's hot, papa. I sort of feel that maybe you'll come in and eat with me tonight. We've got chocolate éclairs."

Hunniwell Spear stirred contentedly in his chair and spoke with relish.

"No," he said vehemently; "no, I won't. When my daughter ceases to put those clay images ahead of her own flesh-and-blood father, then I'll take my place at the head of the family board."

The good sound grievance which he had missed keenly during the recent dogless days had returned to pleasure him.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)*


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Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

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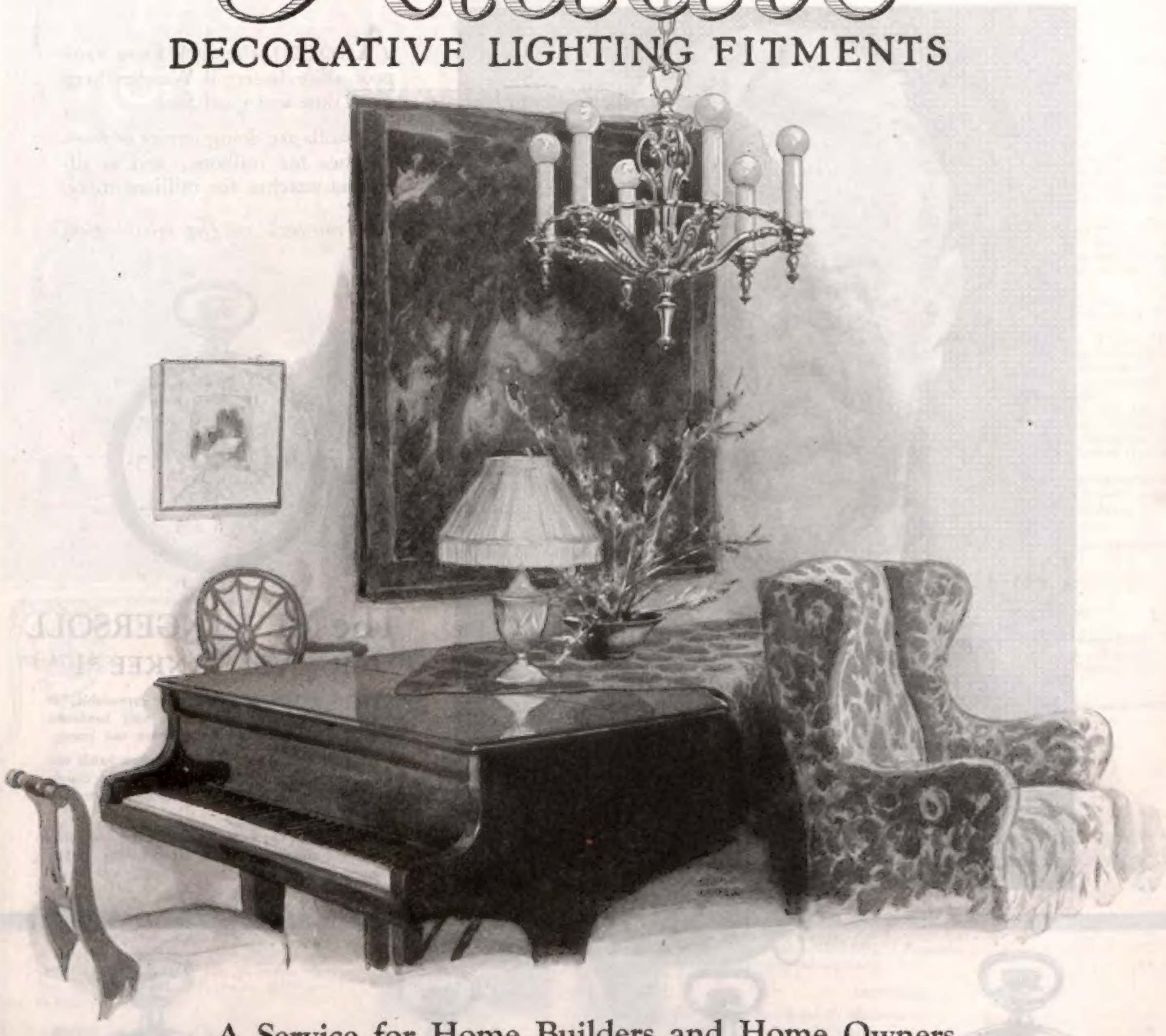
# Riddle

## DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS



### A Service for Home Builders and Home Owners

From time to time we have received many requests for specific suggestions for proper lighting of homes and apartments. As a result we recently organized a planning department in order to make the services of our experts in decorative illumination available to home builders and home owners in laying out correct installations. This service is available through any Authorized Riddle Dealer or by writing us direct, without any expense or obligation. If you are planning new residential building of any kind or if you wish to modernize the lighting of your present home, our planning department will be glad to send you, on receipt of plans (blue prints will do), or rough sketches indicating size and general character of rooms, door and window openings, electric outlets now in use or planned, and height of ceilings, a definite suggestion in portfolio form with color illustrations of the fitments specified.

*Riddle Fitments have now become widely recognized as the standard of residential lighting. If you are interested in beautiful homes you should have a copy of the Riddle folder, illustrating in color the various styles in hanging pieces, ceiling and semi-ceiling types and single and double wall sconces. A copy will be sent on request.*

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

*Originators of Cast Aluminum Decorative Lighting Fitments*

*Armstrong's Gray Jaspé, laid with a border of black linoleum, is the floor of this library reading-room.*

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LINOLEUM floors are natural to public buildings because, point by point, they answer the needs of public buildings. The public library demands silence, and the linoleum floor provides that silence, for linoleum is largely composed of sound-deadening cork.

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### *The low upkeep of linoleum floors*

Floors of Armstrong's Linoleum effect a real economy in janitor service and maintenance costs. Two thin coats of wax thoroughly rubbed in at the time of laying, then a daily going over with a dust-mop slightly moistened with liquid wax—that is all. Ordinarily, no scrubbing, no need for refinishing, as with wood floors. And, with all its other virtues, linoleum is springy and waterproof—and hard to stain. Of what other floor can so many good things be said?

In every section of the country architects have specified Armstrong's Linoleum floors for the finest libraries, hospitals, courthouses, and other public buildings. Consult your architect regarding the kind of linoleum floors you should have in any public building with which you are connected, or for your shop, store, office, theatre, or other place of business. In your city there is sure to be at least one merchant who makes a specialty of installing linoleum floors for business use. Ask him to show you samples of the plain colors in Armstrong's Linoleum—Jaspés, two-tone effects; tile inlaids; marble inlaids. Patterned linoleum floors, laid with borders of black linoleum or plain colors, impart an exquisite finish to any room. Inquire about them, and ask for estimates.

### *Write for this book*

Our 48-page book, "Business Floors," contains colorplates of new designs and gives complete information regarding linoleum floors and their care and upkeep, together with directions for laying linoleum floors over concrete or wood. Write for a free copy.

*Look for the* CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Division*, 835 Liberty Street, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

# *Armstrong's Linoleum*

## *for Every Floor in the House*

# Reflects Perfect Cleanliness

***Just see how Old Dutch makes*** the bathroom sparkle and shine! So refreshing and pleasing! Walls, tiling, tub, mirror, fixtures, etc., reflect perfect cleanliness—not only are they clean but sanitary and hygienic as well. Keeping them so is a small task when you use Old Dutch.

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*"There is nothing else like it"*

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